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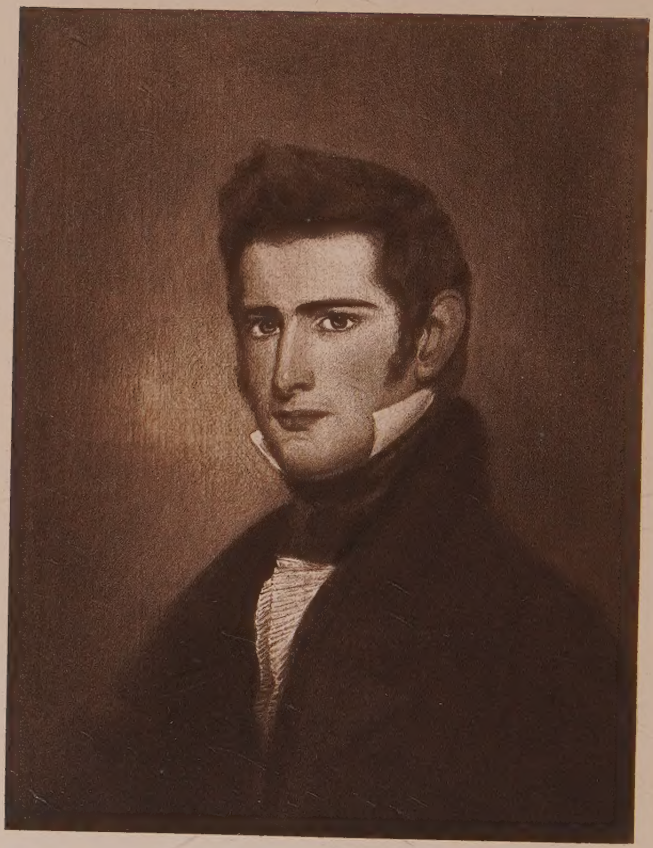

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Letters and Journals of Samuel Gridley Howe

Edited by his daughter

LAURA E. RICHARDS

The Greek Revolution

With notes and a preface by

F. B. SANBORN

BOSTON: DANA ESTES & COMPANY
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TO MY MOTHER

Julia Ward Howe

The Hero

"O for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!

"O for the white plume floating
Sad Zutphen's field above,—
The lion heart in battle,
The woman's heart in love!

"O that man once more were manly,
Woman's pride, and not her scorn;
That once more the pale young mother
Dared to boast 'a man is born!'

"But now life's slumberous current
No sun-bowed cascade wakes;
No tall, heroic manhood
The level dulness breaks.

"O for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear!
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!"

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
To the time her proud pulse beat,
"Life hath its regal natures yet,—
True, tender, brave, and sweet!

"Smile not, fair unbeliever!
One man, at least, I know
Who might wear the crest of Bayard
Or Sidney's plume of snow.

"Once, when over purple mountains
Died away the Grecian sun,
And the far Cyllenian ranges
Paled and darkened, one by one,—

"Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,
Cleaving all the quiet sky,
And against his sharp steel lightnings
Stood the Suliote but to die.

"Woe for the weak and halting!
The crescent blazed behind
A curving line of sabres,
Like fire before the wind!

"Last to fly and first to rally,
Rode he of whom I speak,
When, groaning, in his bridle-path
Sank down a wounded Greek.

"With the rich Albanian costume
Wet with many a ghastly stain,
Gazing on earth and sky as one
Who might not gaze again!

"He looked forward to the mountains,
Back on foes that never spare,
Then flung him from his saddle,
And placed the stranger there.

"'Allah! hu!' Through flashing sabres,
Through a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian charger
Up the slopes of olives sped.

"Hot spurred the turbaned riders;
He almost felt their breath,
Where a mountain stream rolled darkly down
Between the hills and death.

"One brave and manful struggle, —
He gained the solid land,
And the cover of the mountains,
And the carbines of his band!"

"It was very great and noble,"
Said the moist-eyed listener then,
"But one brave deed makes no hero;
Tell me what he since hath been!"

"Still a brave and generous manhood,
Still an honour without stain,
In the prison of the Kaiser,
By the barricades of Seine.

"But dream not helm and harness
The sign of valour true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.

"Wouldst know him now? Behold him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind.

"Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labour
And childhood's heart of play.

"True as the knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers,
Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears.

"As waves in stillest waters,
As stars in noonday skies,
All that wakes to noble action
In his noon of calmness lies.

"Wherever outraged Nature
Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labour,
Wherever groans a slave, —

"Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own.

"Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear!
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here?"

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Introduction

It is a pleasure to comply with the wish of Mrs. Richards that I should preface her biography of my ancient friend Doctor Howe, with some remarks about the Greek Revolution of 1821–30, which first gave him the opportunity to develop, on the stage of active life, those traits of genius and practical good sense which made him, in the years of my acquaintance with him, the leading philanthropist of America. He was not, as a person but slightly gifted in reading character said of Howe, "a born revolutionist," but a born philanthropist, and well aware that the service of mankind often requires political revolutions. That begun in Greece eighty-five years ago, like that of Paris in 1830, and that culminating in our American Civil War, — in all which Doctor Howe bore a manly part, — were distinctly in the interest of mankind, and promoted a higher and better civilization.

In the case of Greece, historic associations and the genius of Byron gave a romantic tinge to the warfare against the Turks and their Egyptian mercenaries, with whom Howe fought in 1825. But the sound practical results of the Greek emancipation have fully justified Howe's enthusiastic devotion to the cause throughout his life of seventy-four years. Those who now speak the Greek language in all parts of the earth are but eight or ten millions; and of those less than 2,500,000 dwell in free Greece. Yet the sympathies and the wealth of the whole Greek race go to the expansion or the enrichment of the little kingdom; and it has held its own and gone on growing ever since the fleets of England, France, and Russia

won for its decimated people the sea-fight of Navarino, which Wellington termed "an untoward event." Time has negatived his description: Greek independence has harmed no nation but the Turkish, and it will in time turn them out of Europe, and regain more of the ancient lands of Hellas. The wrangles of unchristian sects among nations nominally Christian had allowed Mohammedans to acquire all the earliest Christian lands; and it was not till the nineteenth century that Christendom began slowly to recover what had been taken away in the Levant during the centuries of Moslem conquest. The first considerable prize wrested from the Turkish Sultan in Europe was the small nucleus of the present kingdom of Greece, which by 1829 had been assured to the Greek Christians by the churlish and jealous monarchies of Europe. And justly thus assured; for the strength of the Greek cause was originally in the orthodox national Church. It was parochical Christianity, localizing and fortifying the national spirit, which gave the people their early savage successes against the Turks in the revolt of 1821. How far this revolt was from the mild wisdom of Franklin and Washington, now so much esteemed in Greece, may be seen from the early encouragement given to it by Ali Pasha of Janina. This cruel despot was the first active promoter of the uprising, outside of the Greek race itself, and he is still reckoned by many Greek writers as one of the heroes of their Revolution. The courage and capacity of Ali were never questioned; his arduous and bloody rise to power gave him the opportunity, and his dubious position between the Porte and the enslaved Greeks furnished the selfish motive in paving the way, as he did, for the Greek Revolution. Had there been no Ali Pasha, there might have been no revolution until the general European commotion of 1848–49;

had he made himself independent of the Porte, as his Albanian compatriot, Mehemet Ali, did in Egypt, there would have been no free Greece in their time, for he would have replaced its numerous tyrants by his own shrewder despotism. As it was, he not only trained several of the Greek captains (Odysseus in particular), but set them the example of revolt, and gave them the opening for victory by his prolonged resistance to the Sultan's armies.

Rising gradually from one grade of power to another, Ali of Tepeleni had become, by the time of the French Revolution, the most powerful Pasha of his native Albania, —winning the favour of the Porte by suppressing refractory Beys and drawing power into his own unscrupulous hands as viceroy of the Sultan. Ambitious to govern in his own name, he did so for some years, with an appearance of equity and a patronage of Christians, which won favour in Western Europe, and finally made Sultan Mahmoud his foe. In 1820 he declared Ali a traitor and sent an army against him and his flourishing capital, Janina. Ali had the address to call to his aid the brave Suliotes, whom he had conquered and expelled from their country; and the Suliotes, in turn, allied themselves with the Greek Christians, who had long planned a revolt. This war of Ali went on, with varying fortunes, until the early spring of 1821 saw the Greeks of the Danubian Principalities and of the Peloponnesus in full revolt. In the Principalities, now Roumania and Bulgaria, they were soon suppressed, but in Greece, aided by the stand of Ali in Albania, they became formidable. By the time Ali was assassinated, in February, 1822, the strongholds of the Turks in Southern Greece were mainly in the hands of Greeks, with the exception of Nauplia, Patras, Modon, and a few others; and Nauplia soon yielded. Kolokotrones, the old Klepht, Petro Bey Mavromichali, and

Odysseus were the army leaders; the Greek navy was ranging the seas in defiance of the inactive Turkish fleet, and was preparing for those extraordinary sea-fights which eventually cost the Turks almost their whole navy. Thus the capacity and treachery of Ali practically ensured the Greeks their first success.

But this success stimulated rivalries and selfish ambitions among the captains, and the death, at a few months' interval, of Marco Botzaris at Karpenisi (August 22d, 1823) and of Byron at Missolonghi (April 19th, 1824), deprived Greece of two leaders who could together have united or controlled the waywardness of the chieftains, soon quarrelling with each other and fomenting civil war. Hardly was Byron in his coffin than his uneasy friend, Trelawny, was posting off from Missolonghi to the cave of Odysseus on Parnassus, with cannon and ammunition to fortify that captain against his rivals, and soon after (August, 1824) was denouncing Byron in abusive terms. In his letter from the cave (May 27th, 1824) Trelawny wrote to George Finlay, then with Odysseus:

"I trust you are still with my captain. I arrived here yesterday with a splendid suite and fifty-five horses loaded with stores for Odysseus,—a small brigade of mountain-guns, three hundred of flannel cartridges and grape-shot, and twenty picked artillerymen, accompanied by a Captain Fenton, an approved good artillery officer. He was chief engineer to General Mina,— that's enough, — and to seal all he is a Scotchman of the right good sort,—independent, will do anything, and wants nothing in payment. . . . Tell O. I will get lots of powder and otherwise attend to his proper interests, as by that means I am best serving Greece,—so I think. I want to complete some plans for rendering this cave the most beautiful as well as strongest

fortress in the world. I have Gilo with me, and all the tools and necessary things to do everything. . . . Do your utmost to get immediate supplies for Odysseus. I want him to defend Thermopylæ, and Fenton, Gilo, and myself to fortify it. Don't let him take any Germans, — they are all charlatans."

A little more than a year later (June 5th, 1825) this same Fenton plotted to murder Trelawny in the cave, just before the murder of Odysseus in Athens by his former lieutenant, Gouras. Doctor Howe gives some account of this piece of treachery, and of the young Englishman, Whitcomb, who fired the shot intended to kill Trelawny, but from the effect of which he gradually recovered. He was seen at Athens by Eugene de Villeneuve, July 30th, 1825, and by Sir Emerson Tennent at Smyrna, August 13th. The latter says:

"This day arrived at Smyrna the corvette *Sparrowhawk*, with Mr. Trelawny and his wife on board, — Captain Stuart having succeeded in effecting their rescue, after with difficulty prevailing on Gouras to grant them an exit from the cave, — still in the hands of Odysseus' wife and her adherents."

Villeneuve says:

"I saw Trelawny at Athens; he was accompanied by his wife, hardly fourteen years old, but lovely as an angel. It was when Odysseus was proscribed and a fugitive that he married this sister; she spoke English with surprising facility. Trelawny told me the story of Fenton and his wounds; he said he would go to Zante to be healed completely. Then he would return to the cavern, which he never meant to abandon till he could bring away from it his treasure, his friends, and the rest of his wife's family."

He never did this, for soon after the widow of Odysseus

gave up the fortress, and was allowed to live quietly in Greece; her son Leonidas was sent to the military school of King Ludwig in Bavaria, and died at Munich of cholera in 1832. In 1865 Helen Kareli, the widow of Odysseus, removed the bones of her husband from his rude grave at the foot of the Acropolis wall in Athens to the great cemetery across the Ilissus, — first holding a funeral service for him at the Metropolitan Church, forty years after his murder. She was buried beside him in 1879. Trelawny outlived her, as she outlived Doctor Howe, spending the last fifty years of his wild life in America and England mostly; finally his ashes were buried beside Shelley's at Rome.

Odysseus commanded the Acropolis and governed Athens when Howe landed at Monembasia, and his enemy, Mavrocordatos, was in power, in the Peloponnesus, under the central government, which had at times very little power and almost no money. George Finlay, who at first sided with Odysseus, presently joined the party of Mavrocordatos, and became intimate with Doctor Howe. Finlay's friend Dr. Julius Millingen, of whom Howe speaks in his journal, soon gave up the Greek cause, took service for a time with Ibrahim Pasha, and afterward practised medicine in Smyrna and Constantinople. With Howe's associate in the colony at Hexamilia, David Urquhart, and with George Finlay at Athens, Doctor Millingen, according to his son Frederick (Osman Bey), formed a cabal in the Anglo-Turkish interest, some years after 1835; and they were correspondents of the London *Times* and allies of Sir Stratford Canning in his diplomatic career at Constantinople.[1] Howe's acquaintance with Urquhart faded out, but he continued his friendship with Finlay, although they differed on many

[1] See "Les Anglais en Orient," by Osman Bey

points touching the Greek character and policy. At a sale of some of the effects of Byron in Poros, Howe, Miller, and Finlay were present, and Howe obtained the poet's helmet, while Colonel Miller had the gold-mounted sword. Miller, of whom Howe makes frequent mention, returned to America in 1826, and was living at Montpelier, Vt., when the Greek Committee of New York requested him to take charge of supplies amounting to nearly $50,000 in value, collected in New York and New England for the poor Greeks, and soon to be sent out in three vessels. Colonel Miller did so, and sailed from New York in the *Chancellor*, March 11th, 1827, arriving at Nauplia May 23d. There Doctor Howe met him, and was engaged by Colonel Miller to aid in the distribution of the supplies. How this was done the following pages will show. Colonel Miller reached Boston on his homeward journey, May 20th, 1828, and there again found Doctor Howe, who had returned home to raise money and obtain further supplies, in which he had much success. Howe then hastily printed his "History of the Greek Revolution" and went back to Greece, where he founded the colony several times mentioned in this volume. He could not revisit it in 1832, because of his imprisonment in Berlin; but he did so twice afterward, — in 1844 and 1867.

Every reader must be impressed, as I have been, with the genius, resource, good sense, and chivalry of this young Bostonian, in the varied and exacting services which he could render to the cause of liberty and philanthropy in the eight years covered by these journals and letters. His diction is not always classical, his knowledge not always exact; but his head is clear and his heart in the right place, — his hands skilful always to do what is needful at the time. As Thoreau said of Osawatomie Brown, "He

would have left a Greek accent slanted the wrong way, and righted up a fallen man." And the effect of the whole is that of a romance of knighthood.

F. B. Sanborn.

Concord, July 4, 1906.

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Doctor Howe

CONTEMPORARY MAP
OF
Southern Greece and Candia
TO ACCOMPANY
JOURNALS AND LETTERS
OF
SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE
GULF OF LEPANTO
GULF OF PATRAS
GULF OF ARKADIA
GULF OF ÆGINA
ARCHIPELAGO
CANDIA or KRITI
MOREA
THIAKI or ITHACA
KEPHALONIA
ZANTE
KERIGO
KHIO I.
Andro I.
Tino I.
Nikaria I.
Mikoni I.
Zea
Ghioura
I. Syra
Thermia
Serpho
Paros
Naxia I.
Siphanto
Kimolo or Argientera
MILO
Sikino
Nio
Polikandro
Amorgo
Santorini
Anaphi
Kerigotto
Candia
Gulf of Khania
Gulf of Koroni
Gulf of Kolokythi
Nauplia Gulf
Spezzia
Hydra
Ports of Poros
Monembasia or Napoli di Malbasia
Arkadia
Prodano
Modon
Cape Gallo
Kolokythi
Gozo
Gozo-poulo
Kalo-limniona or Fair-Haven
Paximadi
Hiera-petra
Koupho hisi
Engraved by J.&C. Walker.

Letters and Journals of Samuel Gridley Howe

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY

THE story of my father's life has twice been briefly told; first by my mother, in a memoir written in 1876, for the special purpose of printing in raised type for the use of the blind, and again in 1891 by Mr. F. B. Sanborn, in the series of "Lives of American Reformers." More recently, my sisters have published a volume dealing with my father's work among the blind, and especially with his education of Laura Bridgman.

All these volumes have necessarily been limited in scope, and the full story of this many-sided life is still to be told. This can best be accomplished in his own words, and therefore the present volume is compiled from his journals and letters, never before printed, with only so much narrative as may be necessary to supply missing links.

The Howes are a numerous race, to be found wherever we find the Anglo-Saxon. In this country all of the name seem to have descended from James and Abraham Howe of Roxbury, admitted freemen in 1637–38; from Daniel and Edward Howe of Lynn, and from John Howe, who came to Sudbury in 1638.

The name is met with in every rank and every profession; Howes have led armies, governed cities and dioceses, invented sewing-machines, kept taverns. They have been known as honest, sturdy, industrious people, remarkable for a certain hard-headed shrewdness and caution; as a race, not perhaps remarkable for anything else (in spite of the above-mentioned governings and inventings), unless it be a singular likeness of physiognomy. Now and then I meet a man with straight, clear-cut features, keen eyes, and thin, close-shut lips; most often his hair is sandy, but not by any means always. His name may be Jones or Robinson, but if I say to him, "You have Howe blood!" he is safe to answer "I have!"

A portrait of the late Bishop Howe of Rhode Island, taken in middle life, is a speaking likeness of my Uncle Joseph, my father's elder brother; yet the relationship between these two branches of the family is too remote to trace.

I read in the record of the Howe Family Gathering, at South Framingham, in 1871, that "so far as known, but one of them" (the New England Howes) "was ever executed for a crime, and that was Mrs. Elizabeth Howe of Ipswich, hung for witchcraft in 1692." The chronicler adds: "but her virtues, just as those of her great Master, sanctified the altar; and her name, now as the mists of superstition break away, becomes illustrious."

Honest, thrifty, capable, unremarkable; thus (in spite of many notable exceptions) we may class the Howes at large. Now and then, though, something flashes through the strain, as if a diamond had caught in the shuttle of the weaving Fates; or, to change the metaphor, among the respectable egg-laying barn-door fowls appears now and then a black swan. Such an one was my father; and I would wager something that his grandfather, Edward

Compston Howe, who was one of the "Indians" of the Boston Tea Party, was a black swan, a dark-haired Howe. I may add that when my mother heard of this ancestor and his exploit, she exclaimed, "Doctor Howe is explained!" And I like to fancy the skylarking patriot with something of my father's eagle look; the lithe, erect figure, the noble head with its profusion of jet-black hair, the eyes of blue fire, which were yet the tenderest in the world, the whole presence like the flash of a sword.

Most of the dark Howes have brown or black eyes, but my father's eyes took their colour from those of his mother, Patty Gridley; and on this side he could claim distinguished descent, for his mother was of the family of Jeremy and Richard Gridley, the former attorney-general of the royal province of Massachusetts Bay, and the latter a gallant soldier and engineer, who served at the taking of Louisburg in 1745, fortified Bunker Hill the night before the battle, and, under Washington's orders, aided in preparing the siege-works which finally drove the British from Boston.

My father, Samuel Gridley Howe, second son of Joseph Neals and Patty (Gridley) Howe, was born in Pearl Street, Boston, on November 10th, 1801. His mother was a woman of great beauty, and of lovely and sympathetic nature, and though she died while my father was a very young man, he worshipped her memory all his life long, and never failed to speak of her as one of the strongest and best influences of his life. He used often to tell us how, when he was a little fellow, playing among the floating ice-cakes in the Back Bay (a most congenial and characteristic sport), he fell into the water and narrowly escaped drowning, but was rescued, and brought dripping into his father's office hard by. My grandfather was of the sandy and cautious type of Howes, and had little sympathy with

adventure. "Go home," he said, "and tell your mother to whip you!"

"I went home," my father used to say, "but my mother did not whip me!" and we felt in his voice the tenderness of her caress.

His father was a maker of ropes and cordage, and had a large ropewalk near the site of the present Public Garden. This business was at one time extremely profitable, and my grandfather prospered in it; but in the War of 1812 he had the misfortune to supply the United States government with large quantities of ropes and cordage, for which he was never paid; and from these heavy losses he never recovered. Grandfather Howe was strongly democratic in his principles, and sent the boy to the grammar school, "that his life might be rooted in the common ground with his fellow citizens." In 1812 my father entered the Boston Latin School, where he met with rough and cruel treatment. The principal belonged to a class of headmasters now seldom met with, in this country at least, the class that gives pain for the pleasure of giving it. One day my father was called up to be feruled for some slight offence; and the master, probably seeing something not wholly submissive in the child's demeanour, told him that he was "going to make him cry." He did not succeed, though the little hand was beaten nearly to a jelly.

So far as I can remember, my father had no pleasant memories of his school-days. Boston was a hotbed of faction in those days, and there was fierce feud between the Democrats and the Federalists. There were only two or three of the former in the school, and my father was one of them. One day the Federalist boys seized the Democrats, and threatened to flog them unless they would abjure their opinions and join the party of their persecutors. One of the little boys, terrified, yielded and com-

plied; but my father stood out, and was hustled through the passageway and flung headlong down the stairs, the head-master looking on with no sign of disapproval.

Spite of these and other trials, my father learned his lessons and passed the required time in the school, and in due time was ready for college. Harvard was strongly Federalist, and no son of my grandfather's should go there. These were hard times in the family, and only one of the three boys could be sent to college; my grandfather's method of deciding among the three was characteristic of the man. Calling them up before him, he opened the big Family Bible, and bade each in turn read a chapter aloud. "The one who reads best," he said, "shall go to college."

Probably there was little doubt as to the choice, for my father was always an admirable reader; at all events, it fell upon him. Joseph went into business, Edward to sea, while Samuel entered Brown University, in 1818, in the seventeenth year of his age.

My father always spoke of his college days with a curious mixture of real regret and humorous pleasure. He was truly sorry that he had not studied harder, had not turned to better account the precious years whose value he came to know so well in later life; and yet — he had had such a "good time!" He was born with a passion and a talent for practical joking, which never left him through life; and he gave full swing to both during the years at Providence. It could not be helped. The very ardour of temperament which led him on from scrape to scrape was that which later was to carry him through fire and water, to sustain him —

> "In the prison of the Kaiser,
> By the barricades of Seine."

But the college authorities could not be expected to understand this. When the president's horse was led up to the

very top of one of the college buildings and left there overnight, or when ink was squirted through a keyhole at a too curious tutor whose eye happened to be on the other side, the authorities only felt that here was a naughty lad who was getting himself and others into trouble, and bringing discredit upon the college; and Sam Howe was rusticated once and again.

These were what he in later life called "monkey shines." He regretted them, as I have said, but there was no keeping the twinkle out of his eye, as he told how funny the old horse looked, stretching his meek head out of the fourth-story window, and whinnying mournfully to his amazed master passing below.

Many years after, my father, being in Providence at Commencement time, went to call on his old president, Doctor Messer, then living in retirement, for the express purpose of apologizing to him for the "monkey shines." The old gentleman received him with a look of alarm, and motioning him to a chair, took his own seat at some distance, and kept a wary eye on his former pupil. My father began his apology, but Doctor Messer interrupted him.

"I declare, Howe," he cried, moving his chair still further back, "I am afraid of you now! I'm afraid there will be a torpedo under my chair before I know it."

My father used to tell this story with great gusto; and he was apt to follow it with another, telling us how, some years after leaving college, he chanced to meet an old classmate, who exclaimed, "You must be Sam Howe!"

"I am his son!" said my father, quietly.

"His son!" cried the poor man. "Good heavens! I must be an old fellow indeed, if Sam Howe can have a son as old as you are."

Another classmate, Doctor Caswell (himself at one time

president of Brown University), has thus described my father's personality in his college days:

"He was a mere stripling, but nature had been generous in giving him an attractive physique. He was of middling height, slender in form, erect, agile, and elastic in his movements. With fine features, a fresh, pink complexion, a keen blue eye, full of purpose and meaning, and of mirth as well, with open, frank, and genial manners, he could not fail to win the kind regard of his youthful companions. He showed mental capabilities which would naturally fit him for fine scholarship. His mind was quick, versatile, and inventive. I do not think he was deficient in logical power, but the severer studies did not seem to be congenial to him. In all practical matters he saw intuitively and at a glance what was the best thing to be done. In any strait or difficulty, or any sudden emergency of danger, if there was any possible way of escape, nobody need inform him what it was. Before anybody else had time to think, his plan was formed."

The last sentence shows that Doctor Caswell knew my father well. This flash of vision, with the act following instantly, was one of the things that marked him through life. His lightnings always struck, though often no thunder was heard. Many instances of this quality will appear in these pages, but I cannot refrain from quoting here two anecdotes which I have already told elsewhere.[1] One is a story my mother used to tell us, of a time when she and my father, with my sister Julia, then an infant, were travelling in Italy *in vettura*. One day they stopped at the door of an inn, and my father went in to make some inquiries. While he was gone, the driver saw his opportunity to slip in at the side door to get a glass of wine; and, the driver gone, the horses saw their

[1] "When I Was Your Age."

opportunity and ran away, with my mother, the baby, and the nurse in the carriage. My father, hearing the sound of wheels, came out, caught sight of the driver's guilty face peering round the corner in affright, and saw at once what had happened. He ran at full speed along the road in the direction in which the horses were headed. Rounding a corner, he saw at a little distance a country wagon coming slowly toward him, drawn by a stout horse, the wagoner half asleep on the seat. Then the lightning struck. My father ran up, stopped the horse, cut the traces, leaped on his back, and was off before the astonished driver could utter a word.

Probably the horse was equally astonished; but he felt a master on his back, and, urged by hand and voice, he sprang to his topmost speed, galloped bravely on, and quickly overtook and stopped the lumbering carriage-horses. No one was hurt. The horses were turned back, and soon they came in sight of the unhappy countryman, still sitting petrified in his wagon. He was liberally rewarded, and probably regretted that there were no more mad Americans to steal a ride and pay for it.

The other story is of a time within my own recollection, when we were living at "Green Peace," in South Boston, not far from the Perkins Institution for the Blind. We were sitting at the dinner-table one day, when a messenger came hurrying to say that a fire had broken out at the Institution. In those days there lay between Green Peace and the Institution a remnant of the famous Dorchester Heights, where Washington and his troops had once made their camp. Much of the high ground had already been dug away, but there still remained a great hill sloping back and up from our garden wall, and terminating, on the side toward the Institution, in an abrupt precipice some sixty feet high. The bearer of the bad news had been forced to

come round through several streets, thus losing precious minutes; but the "Doctor" did not know what it was to lose a minute. Before any one could speak or ask what he would do, he was out of the house, ran through the garden, climbed the slope at the back, rushed like a flame across the green hilltop, and slid down the almost vertical face of the precipice. Bruised and panting he reached the Institution, and saw at a glance that the fire was in the upper story. Take time to go round to the door, and up the stairs? not he! He "swarmed" up the gutter-spout, and in less time than it takes to tell it, was on the roof, cutting away at the burning timbers with an axe, which he had got hold of, no one knew how.

That fire was put out, as were several others at which he assisted.

But I have come a long way from Brown University, and must go back and take up the thread of my story.

The merry mischief-making college days came to an end, and my father found himself equipped with a sound knowledge of Latin, and a very thorough one of English; with a passion for history, romance, and poetry, and with the world before him. He graduated in 1821, at twenty years of age.

It is a pity that none of my father's college letters have been preserved. I have often wondered how the sober family, then living in Pleasant Street, felt about him in those days. Skylarking was not in Grandfather Howe's line, nor in that of Joseph, the steady, intelligent, plodding elder son, already doing well in business. The sisters idolized their black swan, but did not understand him; perhaps no one did except the lovely blue-eyed mother. I fancy there must have been some trepidation in the household when Sam came flashing back from college. Clearly, this was not to be a maker of ropes, nor would his record

go far to procure him a desk in an office. What would Sam do?

Probably the family anxiety subsided when my father announced his determination to be a physician. Here would be an end to skylarking, and medicine was a most respectable profession. Grandfather Howe probably looked on with a quiet heart as the youth plunged eagerly into his new work. No more "monkey shines!" He studied ardently, under Doctor Ingalls and the other great medical teachers and practitioners of the day, Jeffries, Warren, Jackson, Bigelow, Channing. He learned rapidly, and took his medical degree at Harvard in 1824.

When he began these studies, my father little knew for what service he was about to prepare himself, to what strange and distant fields he was to carry his newly acquired knowledge. He probably expected to practise medicine in Boston; and as the idea of receiving money in return for aid given to the suffering bodies of his fellow men was at this time abhorrent to him, it is not likely that he would have made a fortune in his profession.

But, as usual, the Fates knew very well what they were about, and now the time was coming when he also was to know.

CHAPTER II.

GREECE IN REVOLUTION

I HAVE spoken of my father's great love for poetry and romance. Byron was at this time, as always, his favourite poet and hero. I can see and hear him now, with kindling look, reciting some passage in his ringing, musical voice.

> "Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
> Along Morea's hills the setting sun;"

or the more familiar "Isles of Greece;" and I have sometimes wondered whether, had it not been for Byron, he would ever have seen those isles and hills which he was to know so well. The full stream of his restless and resistless energy would certainly never have been content to flow within the canal-banks of an ordinary "family practice;" but it might have been turned into some other channel. Just at this time, however, Byron's example as well as his poetry was a beacon to him as to many others, and lighted up a scene as romantic as any in modern history.

The Greek Revolution was well under way. For three years the people of Greece had been fighting bravely to free themselves from the unbearable tyranny of the Turks, and from every Christian country young and ardent spirits were joining their standard. The term "Philhellene" may not mean very much to-day, but in the early twenties of the nineteenth century it was a word to conjure with. It meant a man, generally a young man, who was ready and eager to give up ease, custom, money-getting, and go overseas to fight a savage foe among savage mountains, all

for love of freedom, and of that dear land which was next in his affections to his own, the land of the imperishable Ideal.

Most notable among these knightly souls was Byron himself; and, as I have said, his example, even more than his glowing words, fired many hearts in England and America. It was most natural that my father should long — indeed, it would have been strange if he had not longed to follow that gallant spirit, and to join the crusade against the unspeakable Turk. But far deeper feelings than those of romance and hero-worship contributed to form the resolve which was shaping itself in his mind. The instinct of helping those in need, especially those who were striving to help themselves, or, as he used to express it, the "sympathy for the under dog," which was to be the ruling passion of his life, was beginning to assert itself. He saw the great opportunity, and recognized it.

There was another factor in this decision which should be briefly indicated. My father was at this time ardently attached to a lovely young woman, who returned his affection, but from whom circumstances had permanently separated him. This disappointment weighed heavily on his spirits, and was an additional reason for his wishing to find active and congenial occupation as far from home as might be.

Precisely when the plan became a fixed resolve I do not know, but it was characteristic of him that the flash of decision did not come till he had something to justify it, something definite to offer to the land he would serve. To fight was good, but to bind up wounds was better. He determined to offer his services as surgeon to the Greek army.

The resolve was not an easy one to carry out; he was young, alone, without money or influence. If it was natural

for him to make it, it was no less natural for his family to oppose it. Once more we may imagine the consternation in Pleasant Street. No one in the family had ever thought of such a thing, heard of such a thing, as a lad's giving up his prospects and his profession, — at least the decent and reputable practice of it among respectable people, — and going four thousand miles to fight Turks and aid Greeks. What was Hecuba-Greece to Sam Howe? It was impossible, inconceivable.

Grandfather Howe at first set his face firmly against such a piece of Quixotism. But he might as well have been named Canute as Joseph. It may have been at this time that my father took up the watchword which was to serve him through life, "Obstacles are things to be overcome!" He overcame this one, though it must have been one of the stoutest foes he ever encountered.

One of the very few friends who felt any real sympathy with the undertaking was Gilbert Stuart, the painter, whose kindness my father always remembered with gratitude. This good man bade him God-speed. His friend, William Sampson, also came to his aid; Edward Everett gave him a letter of introduction to a Greek acquaintance of his; and Grandfather Howe, unconvinced but kindly, contributed a small sum of money. Thus slenderly equipped, my father sailed on a brig bound for the Mediterranean, and thence made his way to Greece, landing near Navarino, and reaching Tripolitza in the winter of 1824–25.

The following letter to his friend and benefactor, William Sampson, is interesting as showing the frame of mind in which my father left this country:

MALTA, December 20th, 1824.

DEAR WILL: — Arrived safe and sound upon *terra firma*, it is one of my first impulses to sit me down and

commune with thee; had I nothing to speak of but my obligations to you, still gratitude, duty, bids me endeavour by every means to express to you that I am not one who forgets or undervalues favours. . . . I am not a man of words, William, and I cannot bear to *prate* of friendship and affection; but believe me, I can never forget that, when others were held aloof by cold maxims of worldly prudence, you, with a generosity only equalled by its delicacy, gave to me unsolicited the assistance of which I stood so much in need. . . . But you will say: "How are your spirits? Has not the sea air and a distance of four thousand miles from home damped your courage?" Not a whit, Will! not a whit. And, far from regretting that I have come here, I only regret that I am not at this moment in Greece. My prospects are no more certain than when I left Boston; however, I find the affairs of the Greeks to be in a flourishing way, and that they are likely to free themselves from the tyranny of the Turks; but whether they will not find oppressors in some of the allied sovereigns is doubtful. Enthusiastically attached as I am to republican institutions, and sincerely as I wish for the welfare of Greece, I must say that it would be better for them to have a government much more despotic than ours, even more so than that of England. A republic must have for its cornerstone a dissemination of knowledge among the people; without this the elective franchise cannot be properly exercised, nor can the people be aware of the gradual encroachments of men in office upon their rights; and in this respect I am sorry to own that the Greeks are deficient.

I shall sail from here in a day or two, and hope to reach Greece before the first of January; if I succeed in getting a commission in their army or navy, I shall remain in the country for some years, perhaps for my life; but if I am disappointed, why, I shall only have to wend my way

back again, and sit down to drag out my days in the dull, monotonous round of a professional life. My chance of return is not great, but I care little for that. There are a few (but very few) in America to whom I am sincerely attached, and whom I should rejoice to meet; but besides that, what is there for me to wish for? Suppose I should succeed according to my most sanguine hopes, — what then? Shall I toil away my best days in amassing a fortune? Are the lists worth entering, when the only goal is gold? I know that I shall never be rich, for I do not set sufficient value upon money; and it puzzles me much to account for the ardour, the enthusiasm, with which young and apparently noble spirits enter into the race for this bauble; to me the prize seems paltry — the strife ignoble. . . .

In an autobiographical letter written to Horace Mann in 1857, my father speaks thus of his first days in Greece:

"In the winter, the much-dreaded expedition of Ibrahim Pasha, with the Egyptian army, landed at Modon. Attempts were made by the Greek government to get up an army to oppose them, and Mavrocordatos accepted my offer to go with them as surgeon. The President and Mavrocordatos came to the south of Peloponnesus with such forces as they could raise. At first there was an attempt to organize the army, and I attempted to create hospitals and to provide ambulances for the wounded. But after the capture of Navarino by the Turks, everything was thrown into confusion. Mavrocordatos fled to Napoli.[1] The dark day of Greece had come. All regular opposition of the Greeks was overcome. The Turks advanced fiercely and rapidly up the Peloponnesus. I joined one of the small guerrilla bands that hung about the enemy, doing

[1] Now called Nauplia.

all the harm they could. I could be of little or no use as surgeon, and was expected to divide my attention between killing Turks, helping Greeks, and taking care of my bacon.

"I was naturally very handy, active, and tough, and soon became equal to any of the mountain soldiery in capacity for endurance of fatigue, hunger, and watchfulness. I could carry my gun and heavy belt with yataghan and pistols all day long, clambering among the mountain passes, could eat sorrel and snails, or go without anything, and at night lie down on the ground with only my shaggy capote, and sleep like a log."

This extract has been printed before, yet it seems best to reproduce it here. The following extracts from my father's letters and journals of the time have never appeared in print.

NAPOLI DI ROMANIA, March, 1825.

MY DEAR FATHER: — I have at last a good opportunity of writing direct to America, and what is better, I have time to give you a full statement of my situation, prospects, and feelings.

First of all, I am glad, sincerely glad, that I have come to Greece; for I believe that, independent of the real service that I shall be of to the cause of liberty here, I shall improve myself more in one year, than I could do in Boston in five. I speak the French language with ease, begin to talk Greek, and am commencing the study of the Italian language.

My commission as army surgeon is filled out, but I shall not enter upon my duties until the army commences active operations, which I hope will be in a short time; as for my salary, I have nothing, and care nothing about

it; the government are not able to feed and clothe their poor, suffering soldiers, and I have not the heart to demand money, when I can support myself by private practice. As for this last, I have as much as I wish, and I am told that I ought to make money, but I let my patients pay as they choose; and paying me money I find is like pouring water into a sieve; my money runs away as fast almost as it comes in; I mean to retrench, but shall not pinch myself. I shall see and learn all that I can, live well, and not worry myself about the future. Good fortune, a knowledge of anatomy, and a steady hand, have carried me successfully through several surgical operations, which have got me some fame; this day I amputated part of a hand, and this week I am to cut a tumor from the face of a merchant; I will venture to say that I shall perform more surgical operations in one year than any surgeon in Boston, except at the hospital; so you see that this knowledge of surgery alone will compensate me for everything. . . .

I shall not attempt to give you an account of my way of life in this strange land, since you will see Captain Smith, who will give you a particular account; you can hardly conceive how glad I was to see him; his vessel being the first American that has shown the "star-spangled banner" in a port of free Greece.

I have clothes enough to last one year, at the end of which time, if not before, I shall probably put on the Greek dress. I am only sorry that I did not bring out more books with me, particularly medical ones, and should Captain Smith return I shall try to make arrangements to get more. At least send me all the books I left at home, particularly Pinkerton's voyages and travels, Shakespeare's plays, and what others may be useful or interesting. . . .

As for the affairs of the Greeks, I do not hesitate to say

that they will turn out successful; although at this moment the Turks are making formidable preparations, and have opened the campaign earlier than at any former period; but the Greeks are full of courage and confidence, and in their own wild and daring way will contrive to manage any number of men that can be brought against them. They have nothing like a regular army, in fact the nature of the country will not admit of an army to manœuvre to any advantage; it is rocky and mountainous, and in many parts it is impossible to pass through the country, except by narrow defiles which will admit but one man at a time.

The Greek soldiers are ill-clothed, worse fed, and paid, as one may say, nothing at all; they are ignorant, not one in twenty being able to read or write; but they are very shrewd and cunning by nature; active as goats in the mountains, and brave, if you will let them fight in their own way, which is like that of our own Indians, firing from behind the rocks and trees.

Their sailors may be said with truth to be equal to any in the world; in fact I was told by one of our navy officers that they are decidedly the best sailors he has ever seen. The government do not own any of the ships which compose their navy, but they pay their owners a certain sum for the use of them, and give them a share of the prizes they take. They have always beat the Turks in the naval engagements; I have a perfect confidence in their superiority. . . .

There are here, at this time, four Americans, Lieutenant-General Jervis, Captain Miller,[1] Mr. A——, and his Excellency, myself.

[1] Jonathan P. Miller, of Randolph, Vt., a soldier of the United States army.

General Jervis has been in Greece three years, has been in many engagements, has become a complete Greek in dress, manners, and language; he is almost the only foreigner who has uniformly conducted himself with prudence and correctness; and he has reaped his reward. He has gained the confidence of the Greeks, he has rendered great service to their cause, and now is made lieutenant-general, which, though in reality not amounting to anything at present, will be of great consequence to him in future life, he being not more than twenty-five years of age. He is a man I am proud to own as a countryman. Captain Miller you have seen. He is as brave a man as ever stepped foot in Greece; has the most sterling integrity, and an entire devotion to the cause of liberty. You would laugh to see him; he has his head shaved, has on the Greek *floccata*, and petticoat trousers, and with his pistols and dagger stuck in his belt, and his musquet on his shoulder, cuts a most curious figure. He serves as a captain, and if his life is spared he will be of the greatest use to the cause. Of Mr. A—— I know little, and wish to know no more; he gives himself out for a lieutenant of our navy, which I do not believe to be true. The other foreigners are principally Germans, who do but little honour to themselves or service to Greece. The English have pretty much all died or left the country; poor Byron is dead, Lord Murray[1] is dead, Stanhope[2] is recalled, and England can boast of but few men who have enlisted from proper motives in the cause of freedom and humanity. It astonishes me much that young men of fortune do not come to Greece; that they do not enlist heart and soul in this most sacred of all causes, and gain for themselves the gratitude of a nation and a place in history; more particularly, too, when they have such a

[1] Lord Charles Murray.

[2] Col. Leicester Stanhope, afterwards Earl of Harrington.

scene before their eyes as is presented by the treatment of Lafayette in our happy and flourishing country. . . .

DOCTOR HOWE'S JOURNAL IN THE MOREA

Here, under date of "April, 1825," the actual journal begins. It is written in an ordinary blank-book, bound in rough sheepskin, small enough to carry in the pocket. The ink is faded, the handwriting very small and crabbed, now and then almost illegible, and in many places only decipherable by aid of a magnifying glass. The broken record is evidently jotted down at odd moments, by the camp-fire or in the wayside *khan.*

Started five hours since from Tripolitza, in company with General Jervis, as he is called, and about forty-five soldiers; came within about half a mile of this village, when it began to rain very hard, and we were obliged to take shelter in it. Squatted down upon a sort of straw pillow placed on the ground, I enjoy all the luxury of a Grecian hut; which, in point of elegance, ease, and comfort, although not equal to the meanest of our negro huts, is nevertheless somewhat superior to the naked rock. We have two apartments, but no partitions between them, the different rooms being constituted by the inequality of the ground, we living up the hill, while the servants and horses live down in the lower part; and the smoke of our fires, rising to the roof and seeking in vain for some hole to escape, comes back again to me. . . .

Tuesday, April 18th. The space of country we have passed over to-day is the most delightful I have ever seen. One valley, or rather plain, was particularly fine; it was enclosed on four sides by mountains whose bases were beautifully variegated by bright green spots, cultivated

grounds, and blooming foliage (?); higher up were the gnarled oaks, and above all the cap of snow rose to the very skies. The plain, as level as a floor, was spread with deepest green, and meandering from each end came two beautiful little streams, which united in the middle and together rushed down a chasm in the earth and became completely concealed, the river going underground and through the mountain, and coming out on the other side. In the centre of this plain is a pretty little village, which we found entirely deserted; it being on the great route for the soldiers, the inhabitants are unable to find them provisions, and have fled to escape their extortions and oppression.

At night we quartered ourselves upon a priest, the head man of a village. His appearance was truly remarkable, and his conduct hospitable. After sitting down to a little table, the old man solemnly asked a blessing, and then, turning to each of us, he said, "You are welcome!"

Learned that the President (Konduriotes) is stationary at a small village one hour hence. As we passed through the beautiful scenery this morning, young Whitcomb,[1] an Englishman, who has become almost disgusted with the Greeks and his reception, exclaimed to me, "This atones for all! I would fight and die for Greece, were it only for her beauties of nature."

Wednesday, April 19th. Arrived at the President's. He received me very kindly, and made out an order for Jervis to conduct me to the camp; and after half an hour we were on the route again. By some misunderstanding, Miller, Whitcomb, myself, and about fifty men got divided from Jervis and went to different villages. We stopped at Andrasa, a ruined town which was formerly of great im-

[1] Mentioned afterwards as an accomplice of Fenton in the attempted murder of Trelawny.

portance, there being about ten thousand Turks formerly within it. Here we heard distinctly the roar of cannon at a distance in the direction of Neokastro; heard sundry absurd accounts.

Thursday, April 20th. Came in a man this morning from the field of battle. His account is probably exaggerated, but he says that the Turks attacked the Greeks, cut up one thousand men, and killed Hadji Christo, Kosta Botzaris, and two other brave generals. Started on the route; in about an hour met a wounded man upon a horse, a ball having passed through the thick part of his thigh. A little farther, met another wounded in the same manner. The road was filled with soldiers retreating, their captains having been killed or missing. The roar of cannon becomes more and more distinct. We are in sight of the sea, of the castle of Koron, and are within fifteen miles of the field of action, and I begin to find that I must fight as a common soldier or retreat, which I will not do. My medicines are behind at Tripolitza. I have instruments and bandages only, but those in no order; no arrangements for the wounded, and, since I cannot be useful in my profession, why, here goes life and soul for Greece and liberty! It appears that Mavrocordatos [1] is some way ahead of us. He was at the attacked post twelve hours before, and passed on to visit the others. Should he be lost, this campaign is lost for a certainty. The accounts we receive of the battle towards night are rather more favourable. However, every one is so flurried and so disconcerted that we cannot depend upon the accounts. . . .

5 o'clock P. M. Came to a halt at a small village; know nothing yet except that there has been and still is hot fighting, and that, too, very near us, for the heavy peal of

[1] Alexander Mavrocordatos, at that time Secretary of State, and in charge of the expedition against Ibrahim Pasha.

cannon comes deeper and oftener, and the country is in consternation. See much of the evil effects of the loose manner of Grecian warfare. As we came up to a village to-day, we found the inhabitants posted on a hill, and we stood at a distance, hallooing and parleying, before either side could be satisfied that the other was not an enemy. Some other captains have come up to us, and in this little village we have three hundred soldiers. To-morrow we shall go on, and probably have a brush with the enemy, who may brush me out of existence. Should fifty or seventy-five Turkish horse fall upon our three hundred men, I fear they would rout and cut us up to a man. For unless the Greeks are among the rocks, they cannot do anything with their enemy's cavalry; and as far as we can learn it was the Arabian "tactics,"[1] led on by those infernal scoundrels the Italian and Austrian officers, who made yesterday, and are probably still making, such bloody work among the Greeks. And hark! hark! the thunder-peal comes louder. Perchance that shot sent some being to his long home; my friends [and] acquaintances are in the fray, and where may now be Santa Rosa, Collegno, and Kallerges, — perchance fighting still like heroes; perchance the cannon I hear rings their knell; or perchance they have been for hours cold and lifeless. Well, it is all one — die on a field of battle or on a bed; and could I choose, I would rather my soul should with one pang, one bound, escape control, than to lie for weeks upon a sick-bed, with all the pain and misery of disease, augmented by the anticipation of death, and the kind but cutting attentions of friends and relations. . . .

There followed one of the countless skirmishes in which the Greek troops were constantly engaged, with varying

[1] "Taktikos" in Greek were "regular troops."

success. My father was in many such engagements, fighting or tending the wounded, as the moment might require. In his journal he is constantly complaining of the irregular character of the Greek soldiery, and their utter lack of discipline. In his "Greek Revolution" he describes them thus:

"Ypsilanti endeavoured to act as generalissimo, but found innumerable obstacles in his way. One of the most important of these arose from the character of the soldiers, and their ideas of military duty. Here it may be well to look into this character, and we shall see in each individual that of the whole mass. A Greek soldier is intelligent, active, hardy, and frugal; he will march, or rather skip, all day among the rocks, expecting no other food than a biscuit and a few olives, or a raw onion; and at night, lies down content upon the ground, with a flat stone for a pillow, and with only his capote, which he carries with him winter and summer, for covering; baggage-wagon and tent he knows nothing of. But he will not work, for he thinks it disgraceful; he will submit to no discipline, for he thinks it makes a slave of him; he will obey no order which does not seem to him a good one, for he holds that in these matters he has a right to be consulted. In a European army, a body of Greeks would be called cowards. They never can be brought to enter a breach, to charge an enemy who has a wall before him, or to stand up and expose themselves to a fire. The invariable practice is to conceal their bodies behind a wall, or a rock, and fire from under cover. They wear pistols, but never come within reasonable distance to use them; they have yataghans, but the only service they are of is to cut off the head of a slain enemy. As an army, then, and compared to Europeans and Americans, they are not brave; but it may be doubted whether Europeans or Americans, in the same situation, would be any braver. It is not individual cour-

age which is wanting, it is the *esprit de corps;* it is that confidence which long habits of discipline give to the soldier in his arms and his comrades."

Again he says: "They had no tents, and were quite unencumbered with baggage; the capote of a Greek soldier being his cloak by day and his bed by night; and his *fustanella* (a garment made of white cotton, in form of a Scotch kilt) is his handkerchief, table-cloth, and towel."

My father's slight knowledge of ancient Greek was of little assistance to him in understanding the rather barbarous jargon then spoken among the common people of Greece (a matter greatly amended in our day), and it was some time before he could have anything like free intercourse with his fellow soldiers; I cannot doubt, however, that he managed to make himself understood when it was necessary. He used to say, with a laugh, that the first phrase he understood was a compliment to himself. As he lay stretched by the camp-fire one evening, he heard an old chief say to his companion, with a glance at himself, "*Ti eumorphon paidi!*" "What a handsome youth!" I may add that this is the only allusion I ever heard him make to his personal beauty, which was remarkable.

My mother, in her account of these years of strenuous fighting, says that my father's description of them reminded her of Paul's synopsis of his years of trial. "In journeyings often, in perils of robbers, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness."

He was never inclined to talk about himself; his own exploits interested him far less than those of any one else; but speaking of these days once, many years after, he said: "I knew more than once what probably you never had any realizing sense of, to wit, the sharp gnawing of real hunger. You know only what a *good* appetite is; you

don't know what a ravening vulture it becomes when it grows *bad*. I have been months without eating other flesh than mountain snails, or roasted wasps; weeks without bread, and days without a morsel of food of any kind. Woe to the stray donkey or goat that fell within our reach then; they were quickly slain, and their flesh, cut up hastily in little square bits, was roasting on our ramrods, or devoured half-raw."

I remember asking him once, in childish disgust, if wasps were not "horrid" to eat. "Not at all," he replied. "Roasted to a crisp, and strung on a straw like dried cherries, they were not at all bad." And he added, "I was often thankful enough to get them!"

In 1867 I was in Greece with my father. It was the time of the Cretan war, and he had brought supplies to the starving women and children of Crete. I shall speak of this visit in its proper place, but I cannot refrain from telling now one little episode of it. We were at Argos, where many of the Cretan refugees were congregated. Not far from the city were the ruins of Mycenæ, the twin lions guarding the gate. We visited the Treasury of Atreus, and never knew that the ground under our feet was full of gold cups and crowns and jewels, soon after to be dug up by Doctor Schliemann. A few miles further on my father showed us, in a rough, tangled field, a low wall, built of huge Cyclopean blocks of stone. "This was Tiryns," he said. "It is close by here that we used to hide." Then he hunted, and found a passageway some twenty yards long and three feet high, built of stones closely fitting and slanting together to a ridge in the middle. This was one of the galleries leading to the fortress, he said; for Tiryns was a fortress when time was; and then he told us how, often and often, in the war-time, he and his comrades had taken refuge in this cavern, and had

lain there safe, if not comfortable, while the Turkish horsemen scoured the plain in search of them.

Whittier's beautiful poem, "The Hero," has been often quoted in speaking of my father, yet I make no apology for prefixing it to these pages, as every word of it is literally true. Of the incident related in it (saving the life of the wounded soldier), my father speaks thus in his letter to Horace Mann:

"Sumner" (Charles Sumner, the statesman) "*wormed out* some of my adventures in Greece, and one which he related to Whittier got embalmed and preserved, like an insect in amber. Out of very ordinary material the poet made quite a scene — for example, transforming the sorry beast I rode into a gallant barb. The wounded soldier would, of course, have had his head hanging at the Turk's saddle-bow in a short time, if I had not mounted him on my beast; and he always swore he owed me his life, and claimed the privilege of sticking to me, and preventing any one but himself from picking and stealing my rations. But the affair was not worth embalming, save in Francesco's memory."

I take up the thread of the journal again, after omitting some unimportant passages.

Friday, April 23d, 1825, 2 P. M. After travelling four hours in various directions, we have found a village where for some reason, forcible only to weak minds, we are to spend the rest of the day and night. Our guides ran away this morning, and we have made no headway at all. At one time we were within five or six miles of the Turkish camp; now we are within five hours (fifteen miles) of Neokastro,[1] four hours of the Turks, and six of the Greeks' main body, as nigh as we can calculate. Learn that the cannonade

[1] This was during the siege by the Turks of ancient Pylos, now Navarino.

yesterday and the day before was by the Turks at Neokastro; but do not know whether they carried it or not. Probably not, since it lasted into the very evening, and the Greeks would not give up just when night came to relieve them. All the women fled from this village on our approach, for Jervis's black servant being in the front, a cry was raised that the Arabs had come; and the devil of a she have we to get us something to eat. As for me, I am as hungry as a wolf, and could eat the Spartans' black broth without seasoning.

About an hour since, some of our soldiers went out to get some sheep, as nothing eatable is to be found in the village. In a few minutes we heard musquets, and knew that the shepherds were resisting. Went up on the edge of the hill, and saw the fight; the fire was in all directions, from behind rocks, trees, etc. Probably about eighty shot were fired, when it became quite dark, and the fire ceased. In a few minutes I was called to a soldier who had been wounded; the ball struck him just under the ear, passed on to the vertebræ, turned, and glanced out. The wound is not mortal. No other soldier was hurt, nor have we yet heard of any of the shepherds. To-morrow we are off for the camp, where I hope to find Mavrocordatos.

Sunday, April 24th. Arrived yesterday at the Grecian camp, where I found Mavrocordatos. He received me well: took dinner with him, and received orders to go back to Nikaia, a village fourteen miles from this, where a sort of depôt for the wounded has been established. In the evening, went forth to see the camp. The fires were all lit, and around each sat fifteen or twenty men, eating and drinking, or smoking and talking, with all that careless glee, that recklessness of the future, which characterizes soldiers. In one or two places they had set fire to large trees, and the flame, ascending to the top in a broad

sheet, and stretching on each side to the branches, threw around its flickering arms like a giant of fire.

This morning got a little detained in the camp. At ten o'clock came in the news that the enemy were rapidly advancing upon the camp; and all was in a moment in confusion. The soldiers took to the houses which they were to defend, the horses, baggage, and servants were ordered into the church, and all was ready for a desperate fight in half an hour. For myself, my feelings were singular, but I think not those of fear. I was about to eat when the alarm was given, but afterwards had no appetite. The country was open behind me; my horse was saddled, and I had my orders for Nikaia; but I chose to stay and partake of the fight, although I felt certain that the chance of my life was small. I went to Mavrocordatos, and told him that I was willing to obey orders, but should prefer staying. He said, "Stay!" I girt on my pistols and dagger, took my musquet, and put myself in the post of General Jervis. I was struck with Miller's conduct. When he heard the enemy were upon us, he said, solemnly, "Come, let us eat; we shall need it." After this he threw himself down on his face in a corner of the hut, prayed a few minutes, then rose, and said, with enthusiasm:

> "'Now welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock,
> Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock,
> But woe to his kindred and woe to his cause,' etc."

. . . Mavrocordatos appears perfectly cool, nor could I see the least appearance of that cowardice with which he has been charged. I am now sitting writing in his quarters, where he is transacting business with his usual precision and despatch; he said to me, "I do not wish for the enemy to come, but would not give a pin to have them keep away." . . .

3 o'clock P. M. The enemy have advanced close upon

us, but will in all probability delay their attack till to-morrow morning about daylight; this being their usual time for an onset. I have been around our camp, and find no signs of fear among the soldiers, and not much danger of the place being carried, unless the enemy come on with very great numbers, and more coolness and determination than is generally possessed by the Turks. However, to-morrow morning we shall know all. Received a note from Count Santa Rosa,[1] who is now in Neokastro. Went on to a hill a mile distant, from whence we could have a view of Neokastro, the enemy's camp, and what was as interesting, the old castle of Pylos, where were of yore Nestor and others renowned in song. The Turks made an attack upon this place two days since, but without effect. They are probably meditating another upon Neokastro, but I am in no fear for it. There were some acts of personal courage shown the other day by the Greeks in their sortie, which would have been honourable to any nation.

Monday, April 25th. To our surprise, the enemy, instead of attacking our camp, have fallen back upon their own, and we shall not see them probably for twenty-four hours at least. I am almost sorry that they did not come this morning, for the soldiers were all ready, and would have made a good stand; but now I fear a surprise. I am counter-ordered, and shall stay in the camp for the present, at least, since there is no other surgeon, and there probably will soon be much work for me. Mavrocordatos leaves the camp to-day for Skarla to see the President, and says he shall return the day after to-morrow. This I doubt, and hate to have him go; for with such a man I feel some confidence that the place will not be lost from neglect. We are about twenty-five hundred strong, and, well conducted, would show fight. A camp in any country must

[1] An Italian noble, killed a few days later.

be a place where men are obliged to endure inconvenience and hardship; but in Greece it is more particularly so. There is not one tent among the whole; the soldiers have nothing to eat but meal, which they contrive to cook in some way or other, and for love or money one cannot have the commodities of life; and this is a time of plenty, it is a place they have deliberately chosen, and they have not been here a week. . . .

Tuesday, April 26th. Mavrocordatos left the camp yesterday at three P. M. He told me to wait his return to-morrow. I think it will be many to-morrows before the old head comes back. . . .

5 o'clock P. M. At eleven this morning we had an alarm that the enemy were about to fall upon our camp, and the scene of confusion and hubbub was renewed. I did not believe the report, and gradually the alarm subsided. I was sent for to see General Skourtas, and while in his quarters a messenger came with the news that a body of troops was actually close upon us. I could not doubt this, and my heart bounded with delight that something was about to take place which I should be obliged to take an interest in. I was in the right mood for a fray, and could and would have gone into the fight with all the relish in the world. Each man was soon at his post, every gun was ready, and each eye was strained to see the foe. They drew near calmly and confidently, marched up to our breastwork, — when lo! they turned out to be a reinforcement of Greek troops! However, if these alarms do not have the effect of throwing the soldiers off their guard, they will have a good effect.

Wednesday, April 27th. Some villagers came into camp to get me to go and see a shepherd who had been shot by the soldiers while he was defending his sheep. I rode about two hours over an exceedingly rough road, and found

the man in a very pleasant little village. He was badly and dangerously wounded in the leg. The villagers treated us most sumptuously, and sent fowls home with me. At night cut a ball out of the hand of a soldier who had just been shot.

Thursday, April 28th, 1825. The day fine, and as warm as the last of May in New England. Miller and Whitcomb left the camp, the first for Missolonghi, the second for Gastouni; I hope to see again their faces in ten or twelve days. Miller, I am certain, will return, if alive; but Whitcomb is such a fickle-minded, harebrained boy that it would puzzle Solomon to calculate his course. That he is brave there is no doubt, but he has not one spark of generous or philanthropic feeling toward Greece, and his only motive in coming was the hope of distinguishing himself. Rather than sacrifice this hope he would have poor Greece struggle on years more, in a contest which is racking her to the very vitals. How opposite in every respect, how inferior in worth to the noble and generous, though stern, enthusiast, Miller. Ambition in every man I applaud; without it he is not, cannot be, great; but let it not control everything else, let it not stifle humanity and philanthropy! . . .

Yesterday heard some cannon from toward Neokastro; to-day it is reported that two English vessels endeavouring to enter the harbour were fired on by the Turks, and one lost her masts; this I do not believe, for the Turks cannot command the entrance; I myself have seen the Greek vessels going in and out. Report that another portion of the English loan has arrived at Napoli. Mavrocordatos, *on dit*, will arrive to-morrow.

Friday, April 29th. Nothing of consequence turned up in the little world of the Grecian camp. Wrote part of a letter to Wm. Sampson, another to my father. Had a bad hand to sew up; it was cut from side to side very deep.

Found out a most beautiful natural bath, very retired, in which I shall bathe every day of my stay here. It is formed by a little brook which comes tumbling down the hill, and, pitching over a rock into a little basin about four feet deep, runs on continually, leaving the bath full; it is surrounded and overshadowed by thick foliage, and is the very place where I should have expected, in days of yore, to have found some fair nymph bathing. Alas! where are now the nymphs and swains, so beautifully sung by poets of old? transformed into ugly, silly girls, and dirty, lazy loons!

Saturday, April 30th. More and more wounded, not by the enemy, but by the bursting of guns, by playing with swords, yataghans, etc. Wrote to Masson [1] at Hydra. Not a word from Mavrocordatos. A small troop of Turkish horse were out on the plains just below us; they overtook three unfortunate Greeks, butchered two of them and cut off their ears; the third, whose throat they had partly cut, counterfeited death, and escaped, though horribly wounded. Called to examine some men who had just been whipped for stealing cartridges; they had counterfeited great agony, and frightened their punishers. This is the first instance I have ever known of a Greek soldier being beaten, and it did not seem to go down well with them; they said to me: "These are Roumeliotes,[2] and brave men; shall they be beaten?" But I am glad to see this beginning, as it will show the soldiery that they are not quite independent of their officers.

Sunday, May 1st, 1825. This is the first Sunday that ever passed over my head without my knowing it. There is not the least observance of it here, and it is only by an

[1] A Scotch Philhellene, of whom Doctor Howe says, "Since his arrival he has shown himself to be one of the few Philhellenes who are not entirely Phil-themselves."

[2] Then used for "Greeks."

almanac or journal that one can tell which day of the week it is. Rode out to a hill four miles distant to get a view of the enemy's camp and Neokastro. There are four Greek vessels-of-war within the harbour, and we saw, lying off, a large ship of the line said to be English; we could not distinguish her colours, and possibly it may be the *North Carolina*. I strained my eyes to find the stars and stripes of my country, but in vain.

Monday, May 2d. A squadron of about thirty sail has appeared off Neokastro, probably Turkish, and five hundred men, among whom Jervis and his troop are included, are ordered on to a little battery at the entrance of the harbour. Saw another striking and lamentable proof of the want of subordination in the Greek army; about forty of Jervis's men refused to march, nor could anything induce them to do it. He urged, upbraided, threatened to no effect. "We will follow you where you choose; we will die with you," said they; "but we will not go to be shut up on a little island, without hope of escape." And, when he told them that, if it was more dangerous, it was more honourable, "A fig for the honour!" says one. "We fight for money, not for honour!" There is no resort; he must march without them, although they have pay in advance.

2 o'clock P. M. Jervis has just gone, and I am alone; nearly as isolated as I should be in the deserts of Arabia, for in the whole camp there is not one man who speaks English, there are but five or six who speak French, and as for Greek, I cannot hold any conversation in it. But no matter; although lonely, I am free and independent, and I thank God that intercourse with my kind is not essential to my happiness.

Tuesday, May 3d. A heavy cannonading in the morning in the direction of Neokastro; rode out to a hill and saw the fight; it was from the Turkish battery before the

town, and was returned from within. The Turkish squadron, consisting of fifty-five sail, lay off, and near them, almost within cannon-shot, was the Greek fleet of eighteen sail. Four of the latter entered Neokastro, where are four more Greek vessels, for what purpose I know not; it seemed to me a rash step; for, should a slight breeze spring up, the Turks might bear down upon the rest of the Greeks before these could get out. There is some appearance of disposition for action, and I have returned home, that I may get dinner and then go to a hill in another direction which commands a better view.

3 P. M. At noon the Turks attempted to run their fleet into Modon, and the Greeks, with only two of their ships, daringly resisted them. The cannonading was heavy, and as the peal of the guns came roaring over the water, I felt as much interested in their effect as if my own country had been engaged. Their gallant little ships, enveloped in smoke, and belching forth fire, ran boldly alongside the heavy Turks, and did all that could be done to prevent their transports getting in; but it was in vain; the enemy were four times their force, and succeeded in running in five vessels; the rest of the Turkish fleet, about sixty sail, lay off becalmed.

Wednesday, May 4th. I am in a sad pickle; Mavrocordatos is away; Jervis is gone, and there is not one soul in the camp who knows English or French, and the alarm is that the enemy is close upon us. The soldiers begin to abandon the quarters in this part of the camp; and, so far as I can understand them, they wish me to remove to the centre of the village. Some talk of flying; and, what puzzles me most, is that General Ranco, one of the bravest men in Greece, has just left the camp. Civede, who alone could talk to me, left two hours since. God only knows what it means!

7 P. M. The soldiers have all fled from the quarters around me, either into the thicker part of the camp, or into the mountains; the danger is more pressing. Went to the house of Skourtas, who is now commander; he told me it was necessary to sleep in his quarters to-night, and if necessary, to be ready for flight early in the morning. . . .

Thursday, May 5th. The morning was clear and delightful, and instead of the roar of musquetry and the clashing of swords, I was awakened by the twittering of birds, and by the bright sunbeams playing on my face. All without was bright and beautiful; all within was beastly, dirty, and disgusting. The room was bad enough originally, but was made ten times worse by the filthy soldiery, fifteen or twenty of whom lay snoring around me. General Skourtas, whose room was next to mine, was no better off.

Last night about one thousand men left our camp, alarmed by the approach of the enemy, and, as they passed my door, I could have shed bitter tears for poor Greece, who has so much to struggle against with so limited means. Some of the men who knew me stopped to beg me to go with them. I told them if all the camp fled, I must go too; but, while any remained, I should stay. The generals did not appear to make any attempt to stop them; in fact, they could use no other means than those of persuasion, for they have no hold over them. When I arrived at Skourtas's quarters, I found there a sort of council of war, but he was the only general present. Hadji Christo has taken another position nearer Neokastro; Ranco has left to visit the President; thus deprived of our only good soldiers, no wonder if all things go wrong. The result of the council seemed to be, if the enemy came on, we should retreat this morning; and to-

day, though they seem ready for a run, we do not start. The policy is just that middling, undecided one that I should expect from a man like Skourtas. He is unwilling to quit his post, yet fears he cannot hold it. If it is necessary to retreat, why in the name of mercy does he not retreat in time, and not wait till the enemy, with the finest horse in the world, are at his heels to cut his troops up, as they did only twenty days since? . . .

Luckily I found among the *capitani*[1] a Pole who speaks French, and with whom I have had some acquaintance. Finding that all my countrymen were gone, and that I was like a cat in a strange garret, he invited me to go with him if we should have to retreat, and I very gladly accepted his offer. I found his quarters by far the most agreeable, as well as soldierlike, of any I have seen; his soldiers had formed him a kind of little bower, in which he had a mat spread, and his few goods upon it. He is a brave, good-natured fellow, who has served Greece from the very commencement of the struggle.

The sea-fight began again to-day, and continued with vigour till 1 P. M. About an hour before the cessation of the cannonading it was very heavy, and the roar of the guns came in one, long-continued peal. . . .

Friday, May 6th. Still no enemy near us, and I begin to think there will be none. Mavrocordatos is said to be within five hours' march, with three thousand troops; but, properly speaking, he brings on a flock of three thousand men, each with a gun and two pistols. . . .

The danger thickens around us, and much more around Jervis. The Turks have succeeded in landing two thousand troops, and seem determined to take Paleokastro; if they succeed in this, Neokastro is lost without a doubt. . . .

[1] The chiefs of the Greeks were so called.

9 P. M. Mavrocordatos arrived, not with three thousand men as was supposed, but with two hundred; he has, however, raised men who will be here soon. After staying here four hours, he started with five hundred men for Paleokastro, and wished me to go with him; but, as the devil would have it, not a baggage-horse could be found, and he started without me, ordering me to follow to-morrow night. It is only two hours from here, but the road is impassable in the daytime, on account of the Turkish horse, who are always scouring the plain through which it passes. It seems always my luck, since in the army, to be left behind, but I will obviate this in future by buying the first baggage-horse I can find. Civede, in fact everyone who can talk to me in French, except the Pole, Dziesawoski, has departed with the prince, and I am alone among the hogs; however, I hope to be off to-night, whether Skourtas goes or not, for I am tired to death of the place and its people. I might have gone to Kalamata. At Paleokastro I shall suffer hardships enough, I know, but it is the scene of active operation; will, in a day or two, be that of war, and I prefer it to the dull inactivity of a town life. God speed the Greeks, and make them speed me on my journey!

Saturday, May 7th. No preparations for departure, and my little stock of Job's panacea begins to run low; anything, anything but inactivity! trouble, toil, danger, are preferable. With Mavrocordatos I am content generally, for he makes things fly about him in a lively manner, and one's hours do not drudge on quite so heavily; but patience, patience! 'twill be all the same an hundred years hence.

9 P. M. They (*i. e.* the Turks) have attacked Paleokastro to-day, it appears. After some fighting they were repulsed, but maintain their ground near the place, thus

cutting off all communication between us and the fort. Here is the devil to pay again! At the very moment that I am most wanted, I am obliged to be away, and here I must stay with this stupid old fool of a general, who does nothing but drink and sleep day and night! Talking with one of the officers to-day about his abilities as a general, said he, "Set abilities aside. You are a surgeon; do you know how to make shoes? He is a sailor; can he lead here in a place he never saw before? It was only through the old goat's ignorance," said he, "that we lost three hundred men in the combat a few days since."

But what vexes me is my inactivity; and, worse than that, there are men here sick, and I am obliged to say, "I have no medicine; I can do nothing for you;" for by the plan of Doctor Kephalas (as I feel certain), my box of medicine has been kept behind. When I think of the scoundrel, my blood waxes hot, and, if my suspicions of him prove well founded, woe be to his nose if I get it between my thumb and finger! In all the foolish confidence of youth, I trusted him as a man of honour, who would have some regard for me, whom he saw a stranger, serving his country without fee or reward; instead of that, while he pretended all the affection and friendship in the world, he was secretly working against me, and trying to undermine me in the opinion of Mavrocordatos and the President; damn the fellow! I have a mind to start for Kalamata this very moment, if only to get my things from him. It is a good plan; I will think of it to-night, and talk to Skourtas about it to-morrow; as to staying here, sucking my paws a week longer, I cannot stand it; there is something to be done around me — everywhere but here.

Sunday, May 8th. Anything but a day of peace and rest, for at sunrise began a furious battle by sea and land between the Greeks and Turks; the fleets were engaged till

four P. M., and the fight still continues on land. I went out on to a hill, and, as I gained it, there opened on my view one of the most interesting sights in the world, a sight that would fill a saint with enthusiasm and warlike feeling. To the right, enveloped almost every moment in a cloud of smoke, from which fast flashed the lightning, lay five Turkish frigates, and two small Greek brigs which daringly, obstinately, and effectually opposed their passage to Patras; to the left were fourteen other Greeks and about thirty Turks, enveloped, like the others, in smoke, and fighting with the greatest fury. Now we could plainly see masts, hull, everything, in one of the vessels, and in an instant the vivid fire flashed from each side, the thick white smoke burst forth, spread, rose, enveloping the whole vessel, and in a moment more, the long, loud thunder came, rolling over the water, and breaking on our ears in one continued peal. About noon a vessel was seen bearing away from the rest with all her speed, but she was like one who flies with a deadly wound; she was on fire; a pillar of thick black smoke rose above her, and was borne away in a cloud by the wind, but still rose, still followed. In a short time the fire seemed partly extinguished; but soon the smoke broke forth again, and she bore in for the land, which hid her from our view; probably they extinguished the fire or threw her powder overboard, for we did not hear the explosion which I expected. By land the enemy attacked Paleokastro with cannon and musquetry, the report of which latter we could hear very distinctly. Close on the plain below, appeared a troop of Turkish horse, at the sight of which a brave Bulgarian captain seized his musquet, and commanded his men to follow, hoping to have a shot from the foot of the hill. As the troop came more in sight, the Greeks around me began to discharge their musquets in the air to the number of two hundred; this

startled me; made me think the enemy close upon us, and prepare myself for a fray; but I found it was only a custom which they have of always discharging their musquets when an enemy appears in sight, that they may frighten him. Came a letter from Mavrocordatos, demanding fifteen hundred men.

I was called to-day by a young Greek captain to see a patient at his quarters. I went into an upper story of one of the huts, and found there, lying upon one of their mattresses, a most beautiful young girl. At the sight of me, she started up, and seated herself at the head of the mattress, shaking her thick black locks about her face, and hanging down her head from shyness or shame. I was thunderstruck, and should not have been more astonished had I seen the ghost of my grandfather. Here in the camp where I thought there was not a female, not even the ugly old hags who generally hang round it, I suddenly came across a most elegant young creature, with as much natural and unaffected grace as I have almost ever seen. Her confusion and partial undress made her the more interesting, and entirely destroyed my equilibrium. I had entered with all the gravity of Hippocrates, expecting to see some sick man, and I came upon an invalid angel! and my feelings were as unlike Hippocrates' as would have been those of any other young man of three and twenty. However, summoning up my sobriety, I proceeded to inquire into her case, and found she was suffering only from a little headache, which the fond captain was anxious to relieve. I found afterwards, on inquiry, that she was not his wife, only his *chère amie*. She is a Turk, and it is unlawful for him to marry her; but it is almost the same, and in these cases, I believe, the Greeks seldom take another wife, but continue attached to their *amie*.

CHAPTER III.

GUERRILLA WARFARE

Tuesday, May 10th, Kalamata. Twelve hours from the camp. On Sunday night about 10 P. M. I went to bed; that is threw myself down in my greatcoat upon a blanket. All was still; about a dozen soldiers were snoring around me, and I lay meditating about an hour; then I heard a low rapping at the outer gate, and presently two men entered the yard, and passed by my door, which stood open, into the chamber of General Skourtas. After a few minutes one of them entered my room on tiptoe, and woke up two of Skourtas's confidential and brave soldiers, whispering something in their ears. They arose, examined the priming of their pistols, took their guns, and went out with Skourtas. I woke up my servant, and told him to go out and see what was the case. He soon came back and said: "The Turks have taken Paleokastro, killed Mavrocordatos and all with him, and Skourtas is preparing to fly immediately." I armed myself, went out, and found it was true. All the baggage-horses were out, and the servants loading them, but not a word was spoken except in low whispers, and I perceived that in an hour I should be left alone if I did not exert myself. I ordered the servant to get a baggage-horse, but this was impossible; he said: "You must leave the baggage and save yourself on horseback, for you cannot march with the Greeks; they will tire you out." This I did not believe, and after great trouble and personal exertion, succeeded in getting the

baggage fastened on to my saddle. By this time almost all had fled. I was met by a captain, who said: "The devil! not gone yet? Skourtas is off; you cannot catch him; come with me." I followed him, the servant leading the horse. After half an hour's march I found that the baggage was getting loose, and it was necessary to fix it every minute; the servant was discouraged, and I was obliged to help, or rather, to do everything for him, and in half an hour more we were in the rear, and out of hearing of everybody, except two soldiers, who had a horse in as bad a predicament as my own; they began to give up; my servant began to cry, cross himself, and call upon the Holy Virgin for salvation; but he might as well have called on his grandmother! They insisted we were going toward the Turkish camp; this I knew, but I knew that it was necessary to cross the mountain before we could strike into the opposite direction, and, as the enemy would wait for the moon, which had just risen, I concluded we had time to gain the other road before they met us. Partly by encouragements, and partly by threats, I induced the men to go on, but soon we came to where the road divided; here I was at a stand, but, calculating the direction of Kalamata, I confidently told them I knew the road, and went on. All at once we heard a talking before us in the woods; we stopped, listened, and to our joy heard them speak Greek, and what was better, found them to be the servants of the captain from whom I had parted. They had had some accident with their baggage, and were detained. After this we went on together till we arrived at the encampment of General Kephale, who with five hundred men occupied a little rocky hill. It was not daybreak, but we found the old fellow up, squatting before his fire with some *capitani* around him. There we stopped till sunrise, when he gave me a mule for my baggage. I

mounted my horse, and after travelling twelve hours, arrived safely here. From the *Eparch*, or head man, who speaks French, I learned that the President [1] was an hour and a half below, in a little village on the seashore. I immediately went on, and found the old fellow very melancholy and agitated at the news of the loss of Paleokastro, but more for Mavrocordatos. I told him that I did not believe Paleokastro was lost, neither did I believe that it was a Greek vessel which was burned. He told me I had done well in coming here, for they had all the wounded at this place, and gave me a letter to the surgeons, as they are called, appointing me chief, and directing them to apply to me in cases of difficulty. At ten o'clock the old man went on board his vessel to sleep, and I passed the night in his room. This morning I arrived here, and after resting and refreshing myself, visited the patients; there are thirty, but only five dangerous, whom I alone shall attend. I am now in one of the best lodgings in perhaps the pleasantest place in Greece, with every comfort and convenience that she affords; but still am very unhappy. Poor Jervis! if it is true that Paleokastro is lost, he is lost; for, young and daring, he would certainly be in the thickest fray. And Mavrocordatos — oh, Greece! if thou hast lost him, thy ablest son is gone, thy strongest stay is broken!

8 P. M. A vessel has arrived here with Mavrocordatos and the remnant of those who escaped from the little fort at Nikaia, which the enemy have actually taken, and thus, in my opinion, have gained Navarino; still I can find out nothing but that Mavrocordatos has arrived; whether Jervis is with him, or whether he is dead, God knows! to-morrow I shall know all.

Wednesday, May 11th. Jervis is probably safe; but I

[1] Konduriotes.

have lost another more amiable friend, more accomplished man, whom I thought out of danger, — poor Santa Rosa, the noble, high-minded, enthusiastic Santa Rosa, is gone to his long home! Civede, who was on the spot, says at three o'clock on Sunday, as the Turkish frigates attempted to land their boats at the little fort of Nikaia where was Mavrocordatos with five hundred men, they were repulsed with loss. Some time after they attempted and effected a landing at another point of the island, and poured in upon the little body of Greeks. The fight was dreadful, and the carnage great. Mavrocordatos, deeming resistance vain, fled with some others into boats, which took them on board a Greek ship. They called Santa Rosa and told him to fly with them. "Never! never!" said he. "We have yet men, and may do much with courage and proper care." They parted, and he rushed on to battle, and, probably, to death. My heart glows with admiration at his valour, while I shudder to think of the event. Left on a little rock with a few men, to combat with an overwhelming force of the enemy, what could he do? All that man could do I know he did; and I fear that was only to die like a man. God rest his soul! he has left behind few worthier, few nobler, on earth. The vessel which Mavrocordatos gained forced her way through thirty-two of the enemy's ships, all of which opened their fire upon her; she was terribly shattered, but still she went on; four times did the enemy's boats attempt to board her, and four times were repulsed by the musquetry and pistols. She passed alongside of two frigates, all shivered as she was, with the water rushing in at a hundred shot-holes; a man was stationed with a torch at the magazine, to blow her to atoms, should the enemy gain her deck; still she bore on through fire and smoke, dealing death and destruction around, and receiving the same threefold, till

at last she cleared the enemy's fleet, though a complete wreck. Mavrocordatos got on board another vessel, and arrived here last night. My countryman, A——, was on board the vessel in the fight, and I am glad to hear bore himself with that courage and firmness which becomes a man. It appears that the report of the Greek fleet having been defeated is not true, neither was it a Greek vessel which we saw on fire, but a Turk; and not only she, but in the evening another Turk experienced the same fate. Even the shattered ship which saved Mavrocordatos has been sent off to Hydra, and will probably arrive and be repaired; but Navarino is lost, unless the Greeks beat the Turks who lie before it on the plain. Now that the little fort is taken which commands the harbour, and the fleet cannot enter, I know not what they can do when their provision is finished.

Thursday, May 12th. Received the news of the capture of Paleokastro, and, consequently, of Jervis and all his men; but what was the astonishment of the Greeks on hearing the treatment of Ibrahim Pasha to his prisoners! He said to them: "Those who will enter my service shall be well paid; those who wish to go to other countries I will send; but those who wish to go home must give up their arms and not fight again." He even sent a troop of horse to escort them some distance. This is a dreadful blow to Greece, not only because the fall of Paleokastro will cause that of Navarino, but this generosity of Ibrahim's will do Greece more harm than if he had cut off a thousand heads.

Wrote last night to Masson at Hydra, and to Miller, wherever he may be, telling him to come here if he did not find Jervis. The President left last night, on shipboard, for Hydra or Napoli, with Mavrocordatos and the others. What this movement means I cannot conceive.

Why go from the scene of action at the very moment when the most strenuous exertion should be made? The Turks are led on by men of skill and genius; they will probably take advantage of their success, and strike into the country, or along the seashore. It is said this morning that Navarino is fallen, but I heard a heavy cannonading two hours since, which would seem to indicate that they still fought; but I fear that a day or two more will finish the business in that quarter. Then the enemy will have all that section of the country included between Koron and Navarino, which forms a sort of peninsula, and with the two strong castles of Koron and Modon, and the excellent harbour of Navarino, they will be immovable to all the feeble efforts of the Greeks. I should not wonder now if the government were to call in foreign aid, for I fear that Mavrocordatos is lost. The party against him before was strong, and will acquire additional strength from the failure of this expedition. God grant a good issue! or, rather, may the Greeks rouse themselves to action, and do something worthy of their name! Oh, for two thousand American troops, and in three months not a Turk would tread the classic soil of Greece!

At four P. M. the servant came into the room, his mouth stretched from ear to ear, and his face all grinning with joy; he said not a word, but held open the door, when in came Jervis, his clothes torn and dirty, his face scorched by the sun, and his lips parched black with thirst and fatigue. I was as much rejoiced as astonished to see him, and, after taking some rest and a good hearty supper, he related his adventures; but as he will write them down in my large book, I will not repeat them here.[1] Suffice it to say, that he was taken prisoner among 1,100 Greeks, who, after laying down their arms and giving up their money,

[1] This book was lost.

were set free; he lost much: his horse, his papers, his baggage and money. Ibrahim Pasha, with whom he talked an hour in French, offered him $100 per month to enter his service, and to each soldier he offered fifty piastres, being double their present pay, but not one joined him. Hadji Christo, who was taken the night before in a sally, was retained, as well as another general, and the Archbishop of Arcadia.

Arrived five more wounded. At eight P. M., during a heavy cannonade which we heard, there came a most tremendous report, which continued four seconds, shaking the house like an earthquake, and in a moment, a bright, vivid streak of light was seen to shoot up into the sky, and by its continuance to indicate that the explosion had set fire to something. It was in the direction of Neokastro, and must have been an explosion of the powder-magazine there or on board one of the frigates in the harbour, where the Turkish fleet now is. I have no doubt it is the latter, for all the houses in Neokastro are of stone, and the flame could not so soon have followed the explosion. The light lasted and became brighter for nearly an hour. Some say that, after the first, there were two other similar explosions; this might have been without our hearing them, as we were in a hubbub. I have no doubt it was a Turkish frigate, and perhaps the Greek fire-ships have attacked and burned some of their fleet. To-morrow we shall know.

Friday, May 13th. Jervis left in the morning for Napoli. In the afternoon a fleet was discovered off this harbour, bearing in. It proved to be the Greek one, with about twenty sail. They entered in gallant style, ten in a file or abreast, and came to anchor. In the course of an hour the shouts of the inhabitants, the firing of guns and pistols from every window, announced that some joyful news had been received. The town seemed distracted, and it was

long before I could get the truth of the matter. It appears that yesterday afternoon six Greek *brûlots*, or fire-ships, arrived and joined the fleet. Admiral Miaulis immediately bore away for Modon, where lay four large Turkish frigates, some corvettes, and other vessels, in all about twenty-five, moored under the very guns of the fort. Old Miaulis entered with his fleet, attacked with his fire-ships, and burned every one of the enemy's fleet without the loss of a man on his part. It was the explosion of the frigates which we heard last night. The Turks, always regarding with horror the dreadful fire-ships of the Greeks, probably threw themselves into the sea and swam on shore, as the sailors say not more than half a dozen guns were fired from the ships. Probably the accounts are exaggerated, but that a great, glorious, and important victory has been obtained is almost certain. A great division of the Turkish fleet is cut up, and now if the Greeks can contrive to retake the little forts of Paleokastro and Nikaia, which command the harbour of Neokastro, the latter town is safe. I am not sure that Miaulis will not attempt to burn the Turkish vessels in the harbour of Navarino; he is an old hero.

To-day saw the beginning of that spirit of discontent which I prophesied would break out if Mavrocordatos was unsuccessful against the enemy at Neokastro. About three thousand soldiers passed here, all in disorder and confusion, and all openly condemning the government, and demanding that Kolokotrones should be set free and put in command against the enemy. I fear that Mavrocordatos is lost, yet he has a firm friend in the President, and a head fruitful in resources. As for Kolokotrones, who was the leader of what were called the factionists, he is a dangerous man, and although a better general than Mavrocordatos, and one of the first soldiers in the world, he is

not a friend to the true interests of Greece. I make a distinction between a general and a soldier. Kolokotrones is not a bad general, but as a soldier or an acting officer he is excelled by none; he is brave, strict in discipline, vigilant to seek advantages and prompt to use them; but what he most excels in is that personal qualification, or those qualifications, which attach the soldiers to him. He knows every man in his army, and is beloved and admired, as well as feared, by them; and as they cannot, or will not, see farther than their noses, they think him a firm patriot and a good man. He is now a prisoner in Hydra, having surrendered himself to the government after the defeat of his party and schemes. As far as I am acquainted with the history of his faction, he has been guilty of treason, and richly deserves death. Next to Ulysses [1] he has been the most formidable enemy of the constitutional government.

Sat., May 14th. The account of the victory of the Greek fleet is this day corrected and confirmed; they burnt two large frigates, eight corvettes, and other smaller vessels amounting in all to about twenty-five. These lay immediately under the guns of the fort, which latter must of course have been injured by the tremendous explosion. The country is generally rising around, as nearly fifteen hundred men, it is said, are in arms in Arcadia and Mistra, ready to march against the enemy; it only wants some man of talent, in whom they have confidence, to unite and lead them on. They will serve as an effectual barrier against Ibrahim Pasha's advance into the country, or will cut him off if he penetrates, but nothing more. They cannot, dare not, cope with his regular troops in the open country. And I will venture to prognosticate that without great alterations in the regulation of their armies, the Greeks

[1] Odysseus Andritsos, then called Ulysses.

never will take Koron, Modon, or Patras, except by starvation. Their fleet will do much, will do nobly, as it always has done; but their soldiers nothing, except in the rocks and mountains, where they would cut up any troops in the world, perhaps. . . .

Tuesday, May 17th. Had a painful example of the confident ignorance of the native surgeons. One of my patients, who had a dangerous gunshot wound in the shoulder, became discontented with my simple mode of treatment, and demanded to have his shoulder opened where it was swelled, and where he thought was matter. I refused; he called in a physician of some worth, who urged me to open it, thinking there was matter; still I refused, protesting there was none; the patient in the afternoon called in one of the surgeons of the country and put himself under his care. We were called to see the treatment. He asked what was inside; I said, "Only coagulated blood." "Give me the knife," cries he, and cutting away boldly and deeply, laid the part open three or four inches; still no matter followed; he plunged the knife in deeper, but could only find coagulated blood; but with all the assurance in the world he affirmed that this was all he wanted, and went on to finish by stuffing the enormous wound he had made with cotton dipped in eggs beaten up with oil, then cramming the bullet-holes with large pledgets of cotton and salves of various kinds. This violent treatment, with his language, which I could not understand, seemed to make a considerable impression on the bystanders, who looked on me as defeated. . . .

Thursday, May 19th. Ascension, a day of frolic and glee with the Greeks. The news from Navarino confirmed. It appears that on Monday evening the Turks made an assault on the place. Some entered, as is said, deluded by an artifice of the Greeks, and were shut in and killed.

The Greeks repulsed the enemy, pursued them, and slew one thousand. Divide this by three, which is my general method, we shall probably come near the truth. They may have killed three or four hundred of the enemy, without any, or but a trifling, loss on their part. It appears also certain that an English frigate which entered the harbour gave them water and bread; for the first they are suffering much. This must have been done privately, and although we may laud the action and admire the benevolence of the captain, it is unjustifiable by all the rules of warfare, and this captain has done more injury to a neutral power than if he had sunk a dozen of her frigates. England and Turkey are at peace, but this act of an English vessel of war is one of direct hostility, and a most serious injury to Turkey, for it may be the means directly of saving Navarino and indirectly of losing Modon. Apropos of Modon: when the Greeks burnt the fleet of the enemy at that place, it appears they were so near the town that the explosion destroyed one-third of the buildings in the place.

Rode out to the seashore and saw on the beach some of the masts and spars, half burnt, which have floated here from the enemy's ships destroyed at Modon.

Friday, May 20th. Sundry vague and strange reports about Kolokotrones are in circulation. He is not free, but still at Hydra. It is said the Senate at Napoli obtained a majority of votes in favour of the question, "Shall we invite Kolokotrones to take command of the armies in the Morea?" The proposition was made to him; he consented with this requisition, that he should have *carte blanche;* have absolute power to do just what he chose, without being responsible to any one! Most strange proposition of a government to a *state prisoner*, convicted of *treason*, and more strange refusal on his part. It confirms what I have heard asserted, that a great part of the

Senate were in truth factionists, and they have taken the opportunity of the President's absence to show their hand. Perhaps it was to counteract these operations that Mavrocordatos was induced to go to Napoli with the President. What else could have made him take so impolitic a step as to leave the seat of war, just after a defeat? The people, one and all, interpret it as a sort of flight, and set him down as defeated in a scheme, to the furtherance of which he had only received a check. If Mavrocordatos had the power in this expedition, which it is generally supposed he had, he lost Paleokastro and Nikaia by sheer neglect, or rather by delay. When he arrived at the camp on the 6th he seemed sensible of being tardy, and hastened immediately to Paleokastro, which four hours after his arrival was blocked up by the enemy. He found when he got there that the troops were not numerous enough to defend the place, that there was a want of powder and water; but then it was too late to supply the defect. Why did he not know it before? Why were four Greek vessels lying idle in the harbour while at least they might have been stocking the place with water? I know from the mouth of those who were in the place that they would not have surrendered for some days more had there been water. Says Jervis: "We had some jackasses which we would have killed and eaten, but a roasted jackass without a drop of liquid to wash him down with was rather too dry a mess." In fact, it does not seem to have been known till too late that Paleokastro and Nikaia were keys of Navarino. The Greek fleet returned to-day, not being able to gain Navarino on account of a violent head wind. It is said that Mehemet Ali, the father of Ibrahim, and Pasha of Egypt, is dead, and the old report is confirmed that there is a serious rebellion of the Arabs.

Sunday, May 21st. The Greek fleet again put to sea to

try to give some succour to Navarino; it must now be in great want of water. To-day died the man who was taken out of my care and so foolishly operated on by the surgeon of the place; thus my prophecy is verified, and I think to-morrow or next day it will be so again in the case of another patient treated in the same way. It is painful to see this. It is painful to feel the fullest confidence that a scientific treatment affords these men much the best chance of life, and yet not be able to pursue it.

Monday, May 22d. Navarino surrendered by capitulation, the garrison, between eleven and twelve hundred, marched out, laid down their arms, were conducted to Modon, and there embarked for this place. This loss seems to strike considerable terror into the people here, who are preparing to fly. Finished letters to Sampson and my father. Toward evening the garrison arrived at this port, and the town is filled with the soldiers. Kallerges, commander of the artillery, stays with me; he related their sufferings, their struggle, and their final defeat with much warmth. The Greeks behaved themselves in a manner that would not disgrace any nation. Most of the shells which they fired were those thrown in by the enemy, which the soldiers prevented from exploding by throwing their capotes over them. Of Kallerges's corps one-half were killed or badly wounded.

Doctor Millingen, who was sent out eighteen months ago by the London committee to the assistance of Greece, was among the prisoners. Ibrahim Pasha offered him $60 per month to enter his service, and $100 as a present, and he was base enough to accept, thus bringing disgrace upon the name of Philhellene and infamy upon his own.[1] Thank God he is not an American! This step is of the

[1] Millingen, who was with Byron in his last illness, used to excuse this act of his, but it was hard to defend.

same character, though of a blacker dye than some of his previous ones.

Arrived eighteen wounded who are all put under my charge. Chevalier Collegno also arrived, and confirmed the loss of our common friend, the noble enthusiast Santa Rosa. His wife and children! my heart bleeds to think of them.

Tuesday, May 23d. Sold my horse for $35, as we are to depart from here with all the wounded for some other part, and if the enemy come to Kalamata we shall go to Napoli. Kallerges has left for Napoli. All the women and children, and many of the men are flying into the interior. Should Ibrahim follow up his blow with spirit he might advance unopposed to Skarla.

Thursday, May 25th, near Kalamata. Last night at eight o'clock I started from my quarters with all my baggage, having previously sent my wounded on board two large boats. We arrived at this place after two or three hours' rowing. The scene on the shore just after we shoved off had a wild and curious appearance. There were large fires lit, around which were men, women, and children, some bustling about, others eating, and some sleeping. The varied expressions of their countenances and actions shown by the flickering light, the boats tossing on the waves, the shouts from shore, the cries of the sailors, half drowned by the plashing of the waves on the beach, all contributed to bring to my mind the scene Scott paints of the smuggler in one of his tales. This place, called I believe Kitriers, situated fifteen miles S. W. of Kalamata, affords us safety from the enemy and some accommodation for the wounded. How long we shall stay here I cannot tell; but I cannot and shall not quit my wounded, come Turk or devil; should the enemy make their appearance we must retire to Napoli by sea, if it is possible to find a vessel for that place.

Friday, May 26th. Weather fine; patients doing well; arrangements comfortable, and we shall remain here for five days more at least. This is a curious place; the sea, curving in, forms a little semicircular bay, and the land on all sides rises from the shore into mountains almost perpendicular, forming an amphitheatre, the walls of which are the rocky sides of the mountains, and the floor is the sea. The few houses are built on the ledges of rock, and some are formed in the caverns of the rock by merely making a wall in front. At present the place is very much crowded, being entirely safe from the Turks, who, notwithstanding, might bring their ships under our very feet. I have with me a young Swiss ensign, of Kallerges's corps, who is very slightly wounded in the foot, and whom I have taken into my quarters. He had served under Napoleon, entering the army when fifteen years of age, and came to Greece from that sort of enthusiasm for liberty which those who have lived under and felt the blessings of republicanism ought to have. At Neokastro he lost everything, money, papers, arms, clothes, everything but his shirt; having been obliged to fly from the little isle of Nikaia by throwing himself into the sea, he remained thirty-six hours on a little rock, and was at last taken off in the night by a little Greek boat. Also an assistant surgeon, a young Greek, who brought the wounded from Navarino, will continue with me as assistant and student; he has studied in Italy, and has one grand requisite, a desire to learn.

Saturday, May 27th. Pretty damn'd, considerably, particularly, uncomfortably hot.

Sunday, May 28th. The opposition to my every wish, the jealousy and hatred of Nikoli, the country surgeon, has reached such a pitch that I could no longer endure it, and to-day we came to an open rupture. As I am so ignorant of the language it was agreed at Kalamata that Nikoli

should take care of everything, getting lodgings, paying rations, etc. When we arrived here we found it impossible to get more than one house. This was the best in the place, has one large chamber and one small one, and below a sort of magazine or cellar, filled with goods and families. In the small chamber we took up our quarters with Nikoli, but he brought all his wounded (eleven) into the large chamber and occupied every place, and I was obliged to put eight of my wounded into the magazine, and leave five out of doors upon the ground, where they are at present. It was in vain that I remonstrated against this unjust arrangement, and urged that the badly wounded of both should be brought into the large chamber, and the slightly wounded left out of doors; the rascal would not make any other arrangement. To-day I insisted that one of my patients, who was mortally wounded, should be brought into the house, and he was obliged to consent; but when they brought the bed, he had it put in one corner, close to the fire, and far from any window. It was impossible for the man to lie there, and I ordered the attendants to remove the bed to a position near one of the windows, in place of a man slightly wounded who had gone out; the attendants hesitated on account of the commands of Lucas. I ordered them again in a severe tone and they obeyed. Nikoli then entered, and in an insolent tone *ordered* me to have the bed moved back. I refused; he began to rage, seized the bed and dragged it away; but when I replaced it again he trembled with fury, grew pale, his lips quivered, and he took hold of my collar and pushed me back. I could not endure any longer. I lost command of myself, and with one blow sent him staggering across the room. He seized a stick and came at me again, but seeing me on my guard, and ready to give him another blow, he turned, went into the other chamber, and immediately came

out with his pistols. By this time several men had come in, and although I feared he might in his fury use the pistols, I did not show my fear, but keeping my eye on him, and ready to spring at his pistols, I gave orders for the patient to be brought and placed where I wished, and where he now remains. Nikoli gradually grew cool, and in two hours was as polite to me as possible. I wrote an account of the affair to Lucas, head physician at Tripolitza, and sent it by the apothecary, who was so enraged with Nikoli's proceedings that he swore *by bread* he would not sleep till he reported him. It was well for me that I had not my pistols in my belt, for I do not know what I should have done. . . .

CHAPTER IV.

KOLOKOTRONES AND YPSILANTI: FIGHT AT THE MILLS

At the end of May, 1825, my father was ordered to Napoli. He went by way of Tripolitza, reaching the town on the day (Thursday, June 1st) on which Kolokotrones arrived there, just from his imprisonment. He thus describes the reception of the popular idol:

Kolokotrones entered Tripolitza to-day from his prison at Hydra; but he entered more like a conqueror from battle than a prisoner from confinement. The enthusiasm with which he was received is hardly describable; men, women, and children went out to meet him, and he was welcomed by the shout of joyful voices, ringing musquets, and thundering cannon. He made a speech to the people, assuring them of his patriotism, and promising to drive their enemies from the Morea. He can have what number of men he chooses, for the whole Morea cries out for him. "We do not want Mavrocordatos," say they; "we do not want the Roumeliotes[1] to defend our country, but give us our dear countryman, give us our brave Kolokotrones, and we will follow him to death."

He will start from here very soon; we shall see the result.

Friday, June 3d. Could not find horses in the morning. I met Doctor Tyndale, an Englishman, who is going to Napoli; we dined together. At just sundown found two horses, with which I started immediately on the route to

[1] That is, Greeks of the mainland.

Napoli; although it rained hard, and the evening was very dark, we made two hours (six miles), when we found a *khan*, a miserable hole, which we, in America, would hardly think fit for a hog-pen. Here we slept till daylight, when I started on, reached the Mills at noon, embarked in a little boat, and arrived at Napoli in two hours. Found Jervis and Miller just ready to start for Hydra, which is actually threatened by the Turkish fleet from Constantinople of one hundred sail. I immediately called on Mavrocordatos and expressed a wish to go to Hydra, which he was glad of, and he promised to make out my papers (at $50 per month), so that I might start in the morning. Jervis went off with his troop, but Miller stayed to accompany me to-morrow. Found here my friends Collegno [and] Count Pazzo. In the night came the news that the Greek fleet had just attacked the Turkish, burned two frigates, two corvettes, and a number of smaller vessels, ran several on shore, and scattered the whole. This renders Hydra safe, and I need not go there, except to see my good friend Masson. Napoli swarms with foreigners.

Sunday, June 5th. The news confirmed of the decisive advantage obtained by the Greek fleet and the safety of Hydra, from which the troops will be ordered back. Missolonghi is surrounded by ten thousand Turks, who have invested it with a ditch. Miller was shut up in it for fifteen days, but escaped by passing the fleet in a small boat; he directed the cannon while there, and at his first fire killed four men. Some days since the enemy started from Missolonghi (or rather a part of them) and made a descent upon Salona, which place they took, but were driven from it by Gouras, who advanced from Athens. News confirmed of Papa Phlessas's defeat and death; he was Minister of the Interior, and a gallant fellow, although a priest.

An English brig arrived with £40,000 of the Greek loan. The news of the defeat of the Turkish fleet, although somewhat magnified, in the main is true. . . .

Tuesday, June 7th. Obtained some of my medicines of Kephalas, but the scoundrel has cheated me out of the most valuable of them; or rather cheated the government, to whom they mostly belonged. Mavrocordatos gave me my choice to draw my rations or eat with him at his table; of course I chose the latter. His dinner is something in the European style, and quite abundant. . . .

Friday, June 10th. Jervis arrived from Hydra, and upon his telling me that the Greek fleet with nine fire-ships have determined to make a great effort to destroy the Constantinople fleet at Suda, and that my services would be most acceptable, I immediately determined to go with them. At 8 P. M. got on board a little dirty boat with all my effects. On this boat, which could well accommodate six persons, were crowded twenty-four great lousy, dirty Greeks. The wind in the night was light, and we made but little headway. I slept upon a pile of small stones in the bottom of the boat until daylight.

Sat., June 11th. All day the wind was ahead, and we got along but slowly. At noon we passed Spetzia, a very pretty little place, with white houses, rising one above another on the side of a hill. At 8 P. M. arrived at Hydra, where in a few minutes I had the long-hoped-for pleasure of grasping my good friend Masson by the hand.

Sund., June 12th, Hydra. The Greek fleet has gone, except one fire-ship, which I visited in company with Masson, just as she was getting under way; the priests were on board fumigating and blessing the ship. At Hydra I am told by all that I cannot be of use at present, should I follow the fleet, for they probably will have finished the

business before I get there, and they will immediately bring their wounded to this place. . . .

Tues., June 14th. Hydra is a delightful place. I am most pleasantly situated in the same house with my friend Masson, where, with another English gentleman, Mr. Harden, and friend Miller, I spend the time pleasantly and usefully.

This moment is probably the most critical of the whole revolution. The Alexandrian and Constantinopolitan fleets have rendezvoused at Suda in Candia, which is a strongly fortified harbour. The Greeks, resolved upon hazarding everything at this all-important stake, have sent off almost every one of their vessels with fourteen fire-ships to burn the fleet or perish in the attempt. If they succeed, Greece is freed from the Turks; if they fail, if their fire-ships are burnt uselessly, she is, perhaps, not irretrievably lost, but in a dreadful situation, for the enemy's fleet will carry provisions to Patras, to Modon, etc. They will go to Missolonghi, and without doubt take the place. The Hydriotes have also sent four brigs and one fire-ship to Negropont to operate against a fleet of thirty sail, said to be destined to carry troops to that place.

The Turks have taken Kalamata; thus they hold almost all Arcadia, which they will probably utterly destroy. All the beautiful meadows, the golden grain, the rich olive and lemon groves, which I so lately passed over, have ere now been burnt to the ground.

Wednesday, June 15th. Glorious news from Missolonghi. The Albanian Turks before the place had fallen into dissensions; the Greeks took advantage of this, sallied from the walls, drove the enemy back seven miles, and took all the cannon. *Good, if true!* A cannonade all yesterday and part of to-day heard from the sea. This is bad, for it seems to say the Turks have got out of Suda, and the Greeks

have been obliged to engage them at sea. The moment is most critical.

A little caique just arrived says the Greeks are worsted, and the Turks, bearing away for this place, determined to crush it, and with it all Greece. . . .

Jervis and Emerson Tennent,[1] a young Irish gentleman, started for Napoli on business, but will return immediately if danger presses upon us here. Every eye is strained to discover the first approach of the enemy's fleet.

Thursday, June 16th. Vessels in sight at a distance, but we know not their character. . . .

Friday, June 17th. Heard a vessel of the fleet was coming in, and going upon a little rock which overhangs the harbour, saw one of their brigs, sailing up easily and majestically, with the flag of the cross flying in triumph, and the inverted crescent trailing along in the water. She slowly entered the harbour, the sides of which were lined with an anxious crowd, waiting between hope and fear to hear the fate of father, brother, husband, and son. She announced the news from Suda, that on their arrival (*i. e.* that of the Greek ships) the Turks attempted to run out to sea with thirty vessels, but were driven back. A Greek fire-ship attacked one large corvette, but failed; another was instantly ordered, ran alongside the corvette, and in a few minutes both were in flames. The sailors left the Greek vessel and escaped in boats, while the whole Turkish crew, with the exception of five or six, were blown to atoms by an explosion. Another fire-ship was set on fire by hot shot, and a third, having got too near the fort with[out any] breeze was surrounded by the enemy's boats, and boarded. The Greek sailors, after a little resistance, and

[1] No doubt Sir J. Emerson Tennent, who in Greece called himself Emerson.

when the deck was full, escaped in their boats, and set fire to the fire-ship. The Greek fleet is now blockading the place, and will take the first fair wind to send in more fire-ships.

Kolokotrones is as yet inactive. Now is the moment for him. Ibrahim Pasha is waiting for his supplies from Candia; he cannot be weaker than at present. If his supplies arrive he will be terribly strong.

Sat., June 18th. It is confidently asserted that Ulysses or Odysseus, the famous chief, is at last dead. . . .

In Hydra the youngest son is heir of the estates. If the father dies before he is of age, the elder brother has the management of affairs and the use of the capital till the youngest can take it himself. The elder brother cannot marry honourably until he has provided for all his sisters, unless there be a vast disproportion of ages. The mode of marrying the children is most cruel and unnatural; that is, by affiancing them to one another before they have the least capacity of choosing. If a girl does not get so affianced, after she arrives at a marriageable age, she falls in love with some man, and sends him proposals of marriage by her mother or some female relatives, stating the terms, that is to say, the extent of her dowry, how many beds, carpets, garments, etc., and how much property, olive groves, or other, she may have. With very few exceptions, I saw no handsome girls on the mainland. The islanders are more celebrated for beauty; but in Hydra I have not yet seen one who had the least claim to beauty, though some are pretty.

Their dresses, so tasteless and uncouth, disfigure them. They wear no stays, and their clothes are cut exactly in the same style which we see in the pictures of our grandmothers in their bloom. When they go out, they wrap a shawl round the head, which covers forehead and chin.

They are shy of Franks (Europeans), and it is difficult to see them. When you visit the house you are presented with a cup of coffee, either by the mistress or one of her daughters, who then retires. At one of the first houses in the place, where I paid a visit with Masson, the ladies did not retire, but really behaved somewhat like rational beings, entering into conversation, and conducting themselves a little less like clowns than any others I have met.

Among the common people the women work like jackasses. They bring in the water from fountains in barrels, which they lash over their backs; they go into the country to collect and bring in wood; in fact, do all the labour. The burdens which they carry on their backs are enormous, and I have sometimes met a woman with a child in her arms, and carrying a load of wood on her back which I could not carry myself.

They receive no education, it being a rare thing to find a woman who can read or write. This is not so much the case here as in the Morea, where such qualifications are almost prodigies. They often, before they are married, wear a string of money round the neck, or in the hair. The pieces are of gold, and as rich as they can afford. I have seen hundreds of dollars in value on some of them. A girl never will part with one of these pieces, which go as her marriage portion. Nothing short of absolute starvation would induce her to spend one of them.

Sund., June 19th. The news of Ulysses' death is confirmed; various reports as to the manner, but most say he was found hanging by the neck on the outside of the Athenian tower (in which he was imprisoned), the rope fastened within. Without knowing the facts one cannot judge; but some hint that he had not fair play, and his deadly enemy, Mavrocordatos, has his name muttered in connection [with the affair]. Be the manner of his death what it

may, by it Greece has become rid of a lawless, ambitious son, if not an enemy, for Ulysses has twice been in conjunction with the Turks. He was a man born to command, and he showed his genius and knowledge of the human mind by keeping the affection of his soldiers when he could not hide from them his crimes against his country. In name and reality he was the most romantic character in Greece. To personal accomplishments he added talents, cunning, and bravery, and to imagine him with his band holding the passes and caves of Parnassus and Pindus, rushing out at every opportunity to harass his enemy and prevent them from invading the Morea — the picture would not disgrace him whose name he bore. His youth was bred in the court of Ali Pasha; here he challenged the best horse of Ali [1] to a race up-hill, on condition that he would lose his head if he did not run till the horse should expire; it was accepted, Ulysses won it, and immediately became the favourite of Ali. He was stationed near Parnassus, to defend that part of the country, and when Ali was declared the Sultan's enemy, Ulysses joined him at Jánina, and continued shut up in the place till the dismissal of the Greeks. Immediately he joined the Grecian insurgents, and often distinguished himself. The government appointed another commander for Athens, but its citizens chose Ulysses and gave him the Acropolis, and the government was prudent enough to ratify the choice. He kept Athens in good discipline, established a regular police, and kept order. At the same time he was probably taking measures to let the Turks into the country. He had fortified and provisioned a large cave on Parnassus, which he made literally impregnable. Here was his favourite resort, where he kept his family. This place, with all his treasures, is now held by Captain Trelawny of the

[1] Finlay says he heard Odysseus deny this story.

British navy, who has become a Greek. He had the entire confidence of Ulysses, was affianced to his sister, and implicated in his treachery.[1]

Called on Konduriotes, the President of Greece. The simple-hearted old man seemed glad to see me again, as he thought I was lost. His mansion (for Greece) is a splendid one, and would not dishonour a civilized country. Some idea of his ignorance of the world may be formed from his asking me if I began to study English with Masson, and whether I *could speak it any.* And he seemed surprised when told it was an American's mother tongue.

His brother is altogether a superior man, with some share of intellect and information. In fact Konduriotes is a mere tool; a simple, honest old fellow, who would always do right if he could; and I suppose his real influence in the affairs of the country is about as great as mine. It is much to be regretted that the first magistrate is hardly fit for a constable, and that when so much talent, firmness, and intrigue are necessary, the people should have a President who cannot prevent himself from being duped by all about him. I know it to be a fact that Mavrocordatos, for four months back, has exercised over him a sway as complete as ever did a schoolmaster over a child; perhaps he does so still.

Monday, June 20th. A letter from my countryman, A——, of the Greek fleet, announces that they are cruising off Suda, where they hold in blockade the whole Turkish fleet, which dare not venture out to meet them. . . .

June 22d. Dreadful news. Kolokotrones had surrounded, or rather cut off, a body of the enemy's troops near Leondari, but another body making a détour came to the assist-

[1] Such was the story told by the enemies of Odysseus. His friends have always disputed it, and Trelawny denied it.

ance of the first. An engagement took place, the Greeks were worsted, Leondari taken, and the road open[ed] to Tripolitza, which was only five hours distant. What was to be done? The Greeks could not defend the place against the enemy's cannon, nor could they retake it if lost. In this emergency they acted in a manner worthy their descent; the torch was applied, the walls were levelled, and in three hours the beautiful, rich, populous Tripolitza was a smoking ruin, a heap of rubbish. All is now confusion, some even fear for Napoli. My course is taken, I cannot remain here while the Greeks lie wounded and dying at the scene of action. Called on the President and told him I wished to go immediately to the army; he was pleased, and promised to give me an order. To-morrow morning I go to Napoli.

Sat., June 25th, Napoli. . . I started from Hydra the day before yesterday and arrived last night. . . .

All is in confusion; my friends and countrymen, Jervis and Miller, have just departed for the scene of action; perhaps we have shaken hands for the last time. Mavrocordatos is here. . . .

They are all in arms around me, and I must start to my duty.

4 P. M. About noon the main part of the Turkish division was plainly seen, having filed out of the mountains. The Mills, a small post on the opposite side of the harbour of Napoli, occupied by Prince Demetrius Ypsilanti, became the object of their first attack. With the greatest anxiety I watched their progress through a spy-glass; saw their cavalry wheel round the little post; their platoons of infantry advance, fire, fall back, come on again, as they gained or lost the advantage. At this moment the thought struck me that my duty called me to go, if there were no surgeon there. I called on the Minister of War,

Count Metaxas, and found that they had great need of a surgeon to send over immediately with reinforcements. I offered to go, and he gave me a letter to Ypsilanti, and in an hour I was on board the boat. The night closed in before I arrived, and the scene, before interesting, became doubly so. The large semicircle formed by the harbour was illuminated by huge fires, which here burnt bright and steadily, marking the burning of a village, and there shot up in long flaring columns, where the heaps of hay or grain had been set fire to by the peasantry. Before us the broad, vivid sheet of fire, which ever and anon flashed suddenly out, told that the columns of the enemy were still before the Mills, and the cannon from the Greek vessels, moored near the place, still galled the enemy. We met many boats coming from the place, whose occupants told us exaggerated stories, but all concurred in giving advantage to the Greeks, some saying that they had killed a thousand of their enemies, others dividing the number. We soon arrived at the shore, and found the enemy had retired, and also that my friends Miller and Jervis were unhurt. The first had distinguished himself in the fight. The loss of the enemy was about an hundred, and that of the Greeks almost nothing, as they kept themselves behind their ramparts. Ypsilanti directed me to pass the night on board a little vessel near the shore, and to come back as soon as the enemy should commence their attack in the morning.

June 26th. No attack was made. I went on shore at sunrise and with Emerson Tennent, a young Irishman, who accompanied me from Napoli, I went over the little ground, where still lay the dead, horseman and horse, which the enemy had not been able to carry off. They were all beheaded, and the bodies savagely mangled by the Greeks, who committed upon them every possible indignity. It

was not enough to leave their bodies unburied, but they must show toward them a brutality the most savage. I suppose that whatever might be the wish of the officers, they would not dare to express it, for I heard the aide-de-camp of Ypsilanti recommending to the soldiers to drag the bodies to the seashore, because they would become offensive. About ten in the morning we discovered a body of horsemen advancing, and pretty soon they came out from behind the hill, in front of us, galloping on to the plain at a double musquet-shot from us. Their appearance was fine and their horses swift as birds. The shipping fired on them, and some few Greeks ventured out to discharge their musquets; but nothing was done to stop or injure them. They scoured round the country, seeking for cattle, and burning the houses. At noon arrived some French officers from Napoli. At 5 P. M., looking out toward Argos with a spy-glass, I discovered a large body of foot, accompanied by horse, advancing upon our position. I gave the glass to Mavromichalis, the second in command, who immediately cried out, "Hellenes! Hellenes! to your ramparts! The horned beasts are coming." However, the distance was too great for us to be attacked before night. The columns advanced pretty near us and halted. Everything is ready; we have received two pieces of cannon from Napoli, have built additional breastworks, and have eight hundred soldiers; since it was yesterday defended with two hundred, we hope to give them a warm reception. At twelve I went round the place; the soldiers were all lying behind their breastworks snoring away most soundly, each man with his head upon his musquet and his pistols in his belt. Pretty soon we were alarmed; Jervis, who is continually wandering about, had discovered some horse close upon us. In a moment every man was up, the musquets presented over the ramparts, all eyes were

strained to meet some mark for fire; but it proved to be only a small scouting party, who came to reconnoitre. Soon all sank into stillness. I threw myself upon the ground with my greatcoat, and soon forgot Turks and Greeks, blood and bullets, until (June 27th) the first glimmer of morning aroused me. I started to my feet to catch a sight of the enemy, but none attacked. I could plainly see their columns in the direction of Argos. About ten o'clock Miller, Tennent, and myself were sitting upon the top of a stone building about twenty feet high, when the Greeks, who were below, cried out violently to us, "Come down." Just as I began to understand them, and had risen on my feet, I felt the roof going in, the walls tottering, and in an instant I was precipitated downward with a load of rocks and stones above and around me. . . .

When the cloud of dust had dispersed, and we came a little to our senses, Miller, who had escaped unhurt, began to dig me out, and soon I was extricated, without having been seriously hurt, but so lame as to be obliged to give up staying on shore to await the fight. I am now on board a Greek brig, moored close to the shore. Tennent was not much hurt, and has started off in a boat for Napoli. Our escape seems almost miraculous. In the afternoon the enemy set fire to Argos. At first there rose from different parts of this large place distinct columns of thick smoke, which soon, uniting into one vast pillar, slowly rolled away, carrying the sad news to all Greece. At night the dreadful picture was heightened; the clouds had passed away, but from the vast bed of living fire shot up a long, livid blaze, which now flickered, sank down, and then, like the lightning, flashed up to the very skies. This burning of Argos seems to imply that the enemy are going off. . . .

June 28th. News from Suda is favourable. The main

part of the Greek fleet has departed, leaving eight vessels-of-war and fourteen *brûlots* proudly blockading the united fleets of Alexandria and Constantinople. Prizes continue to come in, but a Greek brig, bringing in twenty-five Turkish prisoners, was set fire to by them, and every soul on board, except one Greek (who escaped on a spar), was destroyed.

But what is poor Greece to do? Ibrahim Pasha, with his army, has traversed the whole Morea from Modon to Napoli. He has passed unharmed through defiles where five hundred resolute men might keep at bay his whole army. He has burnt Argos, Tripolitza, and Kalamata, the three largest towns in the Morea. It is not so much the loss of these places, and the immense property which they have ruined in their route, but it shows lamentably the weakness of the country that cannot resist an army which is not the fifth part of what the enemy can bring.

About noon the whole of the enemy's force was in full motion, and for an hour it was impossible to tell whether they meant to fall upon this place or to march back again, but we soon saw their head column take the route to Tripolitza and were assured of their retiring. It was a gallant sight to see them drawn up in full array, their arms glistening in the sun, the richly dressed officers dashing round like lightning on their superb Arabians, the foot steadily marching in close columns, while the light troops and cavalry were beating round the plain or dashing into the hollows. In a few hours they were out of sight, and according to report three hundred Greeks after them, to endeavour to gain some advantage. However, there is no believing what one is told. Ypsilanti, one of the men in the country most to be depended on, though unhappily not possessed of talents for great command, is nevertheless a coolly brave, good soldier, and a firm patriot; he will

march to-morrow in the rear of the enemy. Some hopes are entertained that they may be checked in the formidable passes between here and Tripolitza; first, I do not believe any such thing; next, I doubt the goodness of the policy. Ypsilanti advised me to go to Napoli. As he for some days would be rapidly traversing the country I could not be of much service. He wished me to hold myself in readiness to come when he should write for me, which I shall not do.

June 29th, Napoli di Romania. Started from the Mills at 11 A. M. for this place, and ran over with a smacking breeze in an hour. . . .

On the passage saw the *Cambrian* and another British frigate beating up the Gulf of Argolis. Two French frigates are also here. Found most acceptable and gratifying intelligence, that a great-nephew of George Washington had arrived from Boston, and brought me letters.

June 30th. Things are looking rather blue for Greece. Masson and the other English arrived from Hydra. I shall return to Hydra with them to-morrow. Called on Mavrocordatos; he wished me to rest content here for the present, but I shall not. I am reduced to $25 by my losses, and must recruit it by private practice.

NOTE.— The Tennent here mentioned was the brother of Miss Tennent, who married James Emerson, afterwards Sir James Emerson-Tennent. The young man died before his sister's marriage; but he was with Emerson in Greece, and the latter did not take the name Tennent till 1831.

CHAPTER V.

HYDRA AND THE BRITISH NAVY

July 2d, 1825, Hydra. On the 30th started in one of the little caiques from Napoli at sunset, and arrived here last evening at nine. Our passage, though long and uncomfortable, was not without scenes to make it interesting. . . .

The cruel, cold-blooded murder of 250 Turkish captives, which took place here five days ago, has stained Hydra and her inhabitants with infamy, which time cannot blot out. These wretched Turks had been taken prisoners at different times, and kept here as slaves. When the people heard of the burning of one of their vessels by a Turk on board, and that fifty-five of their friends had perished, they seized these captives, and barbarously put them to death. Had this been done in a burst of fury, had it been confined to the lowest rabble, it might have been excusable; but nine-tenths of the people of Hydra absolutely approve of the deed. The work of death went on for three hours. The agonizing shrieks of two hundred mangled victims reached the ears of the old Primates, who sat in their balconies, smoking their pipes, and who, knocking out the ashes, merely said, "It is a bad thing," and let the work of murder go on. Afterwards nothing was done to show a sense of public regret. No mark of disgrace was affixed to the most active murderers, nor were they shunned or reproached by those who call themselves enlightened.

July 3d, Hydra. Bad news of the fleet. They have burnt two of their *brûlots* ineffectually, and a large Turk-

ish detachment has started for Navarino, carrying troops and provisions for Ibrahim Pasha, who, thus recruited, becomes formidable in a terrible degree. News tells us that he is blockaded in Tripolitza, or rather in its plain. This I do not believe. He may be in the plain of Tripolitza, and the Greeks may be in the passes around him; but he will stay there only as long as he pleases, and then march where he will. We hear also that a body of two hundred men, who were escorting twenty camels with provisions to Tripolitza, have been surrounded in one of the defiles by the Greeks. This is not improbable. It may be the intention of Ibrahim Pasha to remain at Tripolitza, awaiting reinforcements, and then, if his fleet can come up to Napoli, he will besiege it by sea and land. Demetrius Ypsilanti has started off, followed by two thousand men. He is as brave and patriotic as Washington, though unfortunately without any of his talents. I feel confident he will try to do something in the passes. He was considered of Kolokotrones' party, and, having spent most of his fortune in the service of his country, was living in entire seclusion at Tripolitza, until the arrival of the Turks, who drove him off, and on the route, he, on his own responsibility, gathered about 250 men, with whom he made his gallant stand at the Mills.

July 4th. Miller and myself are the only two Americans here, but four English gentlemen (travellers) united with us to-day, and we had quite a merry time, each taking care to avoid wounding the national feelings of the others.

July 5th. Arrived here the main part of the Greek fleet. The Turkish [fleet] has gone to Modon, having on board five or six thousand soldiers, but mostly the wild Albanians; who being as undisciplined as the Greeks, we do not fear much from them.

July 9th. Ill for three days. Was attacked very vio-

lently, and it was only the powerful medicines I promptly took that saved my life. To-day able to be out a little, but still weak. Miller started for Missolonghi on the 5th. We agreed that in case all should be over with Greece before he returned, we should meet at Cerigo. News from the Morea is more favourable; that Solomon Bey is dangerously wounded; that the Turks have three times attempted to pass from Tripolitza toward Modon but were driven back. I doubt. It is really astonishing to hear the stories that are circulated every day. Should one-tenth of them be true, Greece would be extricated from her troubles in a few weeks. . . .

Missolonghi appears to be doing well; they have repulsed the Turks three times. At Napoli, the regiment of regulars has been given to Colonel Fabvier, a French Philhellene, who has been here about two months. They will now march for the neighbourhood of Tripolitza.

July 12th. Mavrocordatos arrived here yesterday; *pourquoi je ne sais pas.* . . .

The affairs of the Morea assume a more favourable aspect. The army of the enemy have made ineffectual attempts to get away. Provisions are growing scarce among them. Another sortie has been made by the Greeks in Missolonghi, in which they killed about three hundred of the enemy.

July 13th. Just finished a letter to my father in which I strove to appear cheery and full of hope, when my only hope was in soon feeling no more, neither hope nor fear. What am I, why should I live? In vain I look forward and paint the most flattering picture of my future life that hope will admit of; but it seems not worth enjoying. . . .

Well, well, — I will drag on a few years more of misery, a few years more wander round the world without a home, without a being to rest my affections on; and then

my turn will come to give back the only boon nature has left me, and quit unregretted a world which I cannot regret.

Here, poor as I am, and kept from home only by want, I cannot make use of the means in my power to honestly make money. Such is my nature that I choose rather to see myself cheated day after day, than ask for my dues. Money which I so much need, I so much despise that I blush to mention it. . . .

July 15th. Yesterday arrived from Napoli Lieutenant W., my countryman, a French Baron Villeneuve, and Major Bacon (English), who are now all staying with us. This makes our party more sociable. The major is one of your odd sort of fishes, who has been wandering about in Russia, Turkey, and Persia, the devil knows where or what for. The weather here is hot, but no more than in Boston at this season. Rains are very unfrequent; a shower yesterday, for the first time in perhaps four weeks. At the house of Tombazi, I met with the famous old admiral, Miaulis. A fine, large, good-natured old fellow, about sixty, with a nose of most formidable dimensions. He is very mild and unassuming in appearance. I should not set him down for a great man, or remember anything about him but the size of his nasal protuberance. But a fig for old Lavater and his doctrines. Miaulis, look as he may, is a devilish fine old fellow.

Monday, July 18th. Yesterday came from Napoli Jervis in company with Mr. Estwick Evans, an American Philhellene just arrived. He brought a letter from my father, but of an old date, Jan. 5th. Evans is the author of a book called "A Pedestrian's Tour of Four Thousand Miles through the Western States." He is a lawyer — a theoretical genius who will not be able to do much good to Greece, much as he desires it. He has left behind him a wife and four children in New Hampshire.

July 19th. Arrived the British frigate *Cambrian.* Tennent and Emerson landed and took their things, and are off for Zante, thence to England. They leave Greece, but by crawling out at the little end of the horn. Am sick a little to-day. Last Sunday arrived Mr. Miller, from Syra, much enfeebled by a fever, which had brought him to the brink of the black box.

July 20th. Reinforcements have arrived at Tripolitza, for Ibrahim Pasha, who still remains there, some say quietly, and of his own accord; others say *par force;* the latter I am afraid is not true. . . .

The Greek cruisers, of which a few are at sea, have taken nine Austrian vessels laden with provisions, for Navarino, Modon, etc. They arrived to-day. Some of them are valuable. The plan of giving letters of marque to foreign vessels has received the sanction of that great friend to Greece, Captain Hamilton of the *Cambrian,* commander of the British squadron in this quarter. Immediate means will be taken to put it in execution. The Greek fleet is putting out to sea every day; they will cruise off the coast, among the islands, until all are ready, when one division will sail for the Gulf of Lepanto, which is now blockaded by a Turkish squadron, the other will go to Samos, which is threatened by the enemy. The first division will be accompanied by ten fire-ships, and doubtless, on their appearance, the Turkish fleet will enter the gulf, and take refuge in Patras, where the Greeks will follow them, and may succeed in destroying many of them. I do not fear for the results. At least they will relieve Missolonghi, and that is a great point gained. Missolonghi *must be saved.* It is the most important point, almost the only tenable position in Roumelia.

Thursday, July 21st. It is said confidently that the Greek troops who had collected around Tripolitza for the

blockade of Ibrahim Pasha are leaving and returning home. In a Greek encampment, the soldiers are continually leaving, and others continually coming, so that though they may hold good their number, they have not the same men; but now, it appears, more go off than come in, so that the gross number is decreasing. A Grecian encampment hardly deserves a name that indicates order or regularity; they have no numbering of men, no general system of mutual aid and defence, in fact, no command over the men. If a soldier chooses to go off, he may go and tell his captain of it, or not, just as he pleases. If his captain orders him on an expedition, he acts his own pleasure to obey or not. I have known five hundred men start off together of an afternoon for their homes, without saying a word to the commander-in-chief. It is impossible for a general to know the number he has under him at any given time, and more impossible for him to make them do anything against their will; that is, without their first canvassing and considering the matter. Now the soldier has no business to think; and what can come out of this state of things but ruin to the country? Heretofore it was well enough. The Greeks had only to oppose the irregular Turks, who fought in the same way, and being their superiors in the qualities requisite for a guerrilla warfare, the Greeks were victorious. But now they have a regular army to oppose, and everything goes differently; not even their country, which is perhaps the most advantageous in the world for their mode of warfare, can enable them to cope with, or even to stop the enemy. But much as I knew of their miserable arrangements, I was thunderstruck when I heard that Ibrahim Pasha had passed the defiles, and was advancing upon Tripolitza. Defiles where three hundred Spartans would have kept them at bay for years — defiles that the very women, with stones in their hands, might have held impassable! But

alas! all was disorder — no government of any force, no plans arranged, no commanders to put them in operation, and the friends of Greece saw, with as much astonishment as regret, the army of Ibrahim march unmolested from Navarino to Nicea, from Nicea to Kalamata, from Kalamata to Leondari; from Leondari to Tripolitza, and from Tripolitza to the very gates of Napoli di Romania.

Friday, July 22d. The folly, ignorance, and instability of the present race of the Greeks is most lamentable. . . .

Four months ago, they rested perfectly secure in the blind confidence that the enemy could not injure them. If one had suggested at that time that the Turks might again possibly invade the Morea and destroy their best towns, they would have turned from him with contempt and laughter. Talk to them of the regulars that were coming against them. "Oh! we will dig their graves with their own bayonets!"

But now the scene is changed. "What can we do? What can we do?" is all the cry. "We cannot resist the regulars, we cannot govern ourselves, — we must have a foreign king!" Very lately they have hit on a new scheme, which seems to be embraced with wonderful zeal, — to claim the protection of England, and be put on the same footing as the Ionian Isles. To-day a meeting was held here to consider the question, and I believe this is the first place where it has not been embraced without opposition; but (here) some of the sturdy old captains say, "No, we will have no protection but our own swords. We are not yet conquered, and will not beg for assistance."

But the whole idea is ridiculous. What will Britain have to do with Greece? Will she involve herself in a war with Turkey and Austria, and perhaps with Russia, for the sake of Greece? Look at the Ionian Isles! They may be of some advantage as affording fine positions, but instead of

bringing a revenue, what a vast bill of expense are they annually to Britain! Hamilton, when questioned on this subject by the Greeks, said, "Do not think of such a thing at present! While there is a spark of hope, fight on! and when all is desperate, then think of foreign assistance."

The advice was friendly, but it would have been better if he had said, "There is no hope but in yourselves; fight it out till the last, and then die where you stand!" The Greeks will not fight, will not exert themselves to the utmost, if they see any chance of getting off clear in the end without such fighting and exertion.

Saturday, July 23d. Arrived Messrs. Wright and Reinton, English travellers; about two hours from the shore they were attacked by a boat full of armed Greeks, who stripped, abused, and robbed them. When they first hailed, Reinton took his purse and threw it into the bottom of the boat, but the pirates found it, and robbed him of nearly three hundred dollars. Wright had his purse, with nearly three hundred and fifty dollars in gold, in his breeches pocket; they searched him, but found nothing, for the Greeks know nothing of breeches pockets. They were roughly used, and much frightened; pistols and yataghans put to their throats. They were immediately advised by the Primates to go on board one of the English frigates, lying about twelve miles off, and state their case, since they (the Primates) had no power to punish the robbers. At sundown Reinton, myself, and Masson, started in a little boat, and at eleven P. M. arrived on board the British frigate *Naiad*, Captain Spencer, who received us well, and immediately despatched five barges, with marines, and each a cannon on board. We slept on the *Naiad*, and were advised by Captain Spencer to leave Hydra to-morrow, with all our baggage, on sight of the *Cambrian*, which is coming down from Napoli, as he says, to blockade, if not to bombard the

island. Hamilton, friend as he is to the Greeks, has at last become enraged on account of the numerous piracies committed by Greeks and others, in which they have been uniformly protected by the Primates of the different islands. From the underhand manner in which they have been seconded it has been impossible for the British to take one of the pirates. Spencer is evidently prejudiced against the Greeks, and perhaps states the case in too strong terms (that the frigates will knock the town to pieces, etc.). At any rate, it will not be safe for us to remain at Hydra, for the present at least, for if the pirates are caught and hung, although the principal part of the inhabitants would not object to it, there are many low fellows who might cut our throats. They have that devilish principle of blood for blood, so that, if one of their friends were hung by the English, they would not rest content until they had the life of some other Frank. It was concluded we would wait on shore for Hamilton's appearance in the *Cambrian*. The officers on board were all wide awake for a fray, and seemed eager to start in a boat after the robbers.

Sunday, July 24th. At first dawn of day, we were put on the captain's gig with a midshipman and six tars. "Shove off, boys! Let fall!" The oars came down with a smack upon the water. "Pull away now!" And the light boat shot away over the smooth sea like an arrow. The scene was delightful. The first tints of the morning were just gilding the mountain-tops, and giving a delightful hue to the bright foliage of the little islands with which the gulf is studded. After packing up part of my things, and making up some arrangements at Hydra, we started in a caique for the *Naiad*. We were well enough received by Captain Spencer, who had, however, just sent us a note saying it was not necessary for us to come on board until the *Cambrian* hove in sight, which will probably be to-

morrow evening. We therefore, after leaving some of our heavy baggage on board, returned to the island. We had written a note to Spencer, requesting to know if the same protection would be shown to American as to British subjects. His answer was very polite, assuring us that no distinction would be made; and even in his note, as a compliment, he had put, "To the American and English gentlemen at Hydra," instead of "English and American." He told us, as we were on board, that we could stay if we chose, but it was not said in a warm way, so we left, upon his assurance that nothing should be done against the place until we were apprised, and that if necessary an armed force should be sent to bring us off; however, I shall not go on board, though I think it mere rashness to stay longer on shore. One of the Primates, a young Greek of the greatest worth, advised us as friends to leave the island for a little while, and he would represent to the inhabitants that we were only going to spend a few days away for our pleasure; for every movement of the English (Miller and myself are considered English) attracts so much attention, and such important inferences are drawn from them, that it might cause an excitement among the people should we all leave without some explanation. . . .

Hamilton arrived, sent a boat on shore, with a letter to the Primates, also a message to Masson, Miller, and myself, stating that he did not know what measures it might be necessary to take, and advised us to come on board his ship; the rest of the English had gone on board the *Naiad* in the morning. His letter to the Primates, I heard them say, was extremely severe, but they will do anything to deprecate his wrath. It is almost certain that some of the pirates are in this place, and Hamilton is determined to have them if possible. I think it probable that the place will be blockaded by boats to-morrow morning, and no

caique or small vessel allowed to go in or come out, without examination. If the pirates are caught, they will be hung. If they are hung, I cannot remain in security in the island; but we have determined not to go off needlessly, though the politeness and pressing invitations of the officers of the *Cambrian*, so different from those of the *Naiad*, have made me wish to go, if only for the pleasure of spending a day or two on board. . . .

Tuesday, July 26th. At noon, started for the *Cambrian* with some of the Primates; as we passed out of the harbour, we were overhauled by one of the British barges, but let pass; soon after, another at a distance was seen pulling for us, then a flash, and in an instant a bullet sung sharply over our heads, and plunged, dashing and skipping along the water. This brought us to, but after a little examination they let us pass. They have completely blockaded the port, and will not let a boat go out or in, but seize them and send them off to the *Cambrian*. On our arrival there we found the captain, Hamilton, the known true friend of Greece, in a great rage against the Hydriotes; he had come down from Napoli, determined to blockade the place, on account of the numerous piracies, and the affair of Wright and Reinton has still more augmented his displeasure. He says that unless the Primates give up the pirates, he will burn all the market-boats he has taken, and perhaps fire upon the town; he waits for the coming down of the *Sibyl* and another frigate from Athens, to augment his force. Masson went back with a letter to the Primates, but was advised to return to-night with all his things. Dined with Hamilton alone. He seems quite wroth, but not shut against reason. He pities the poor Greeks, and is willing to hear anything in their favour; this is more than Spencer of the *Naiad* will do. . . .

The Hydriotes (the people) are much surprised, and I

believe half amused at the blockade, and say they wish the pirates may be caught; but I fear should the thing be continued a number of days, they will find that entirely stopping their commerce is not so pleasant a thing, and will become obstreperous. As for giving up the pirates, I know not how it is to be done. There is no police; the Primates have no power to do it but at the risk of their lives, and in fact any man who first steps forward is in peril of assassination from the friends of the rascals.

July 27th. Nowhere could I spend a few days more pleasantly than on board this frigate; so much novelty, so much life and bustle. The *Naiad* made us signals that one of her boats had hailed a Greek one. She did not stop; they fired a shot over her; she pulled for the land, and they were obliged to fire a round of grape, which had killed two of the men; the rest escaped on shore. It was also said that immediate preparations must be made for something serious. Then the word, "Away to your quarters! Clear ship for action!" was given. The shrill fife and rattling drum pealed through the ship, and in a moment every one was busy, carpenters knocking down partitions, boys bringing up shot, guns running forward and backward on their carriages, sailors stowing away ropes in boats; in short, a most disorderly and confused scene of order and regularity. The commands of the captain, in a deep, clear voice, were at once spread by the hoarse tones of the lieutenants, and recorded by the shrill whistle of the boatswains. Soon all was arranged; every man was at his gun, everything but implements of death was stowed away. On neither deck, from stem to stern, would you see the slightest shaving or piece of rope-yarn. Soon the vast sails were spread, and the huge mass began slowly to heave round, and gaining more and more, at last cut through the

waves with the rapidity of a small bark, and soon was near Hydra. . . .

Luckily, it turned out that the Greeks killed were with one exception pirates, and the people are content. They have sent off two of the men who robbed Reinton, and promise to find the others if possible. This pacified Hamilton, and the ship stood under sail, within a mile of the town, still keeping up the blockade by boats. No boats are allowed to go in or come out; they have no way of getting provisions, or fruit, or wood, and must do something about it soon. The poor Primates say they can do nothing; they have no control over the people, and for their lives they dare not interfere more strongly. At present, there is not much fun on shore, but should the blockade continue some days, the people will lose all patience. They will become like a mad bull, and who can sway their course?

July 29th, British Frigate Cambrian. Matters with the poor Hydriotes not yet settled. Some say that the pirates were this morning seen walking about the streets. Others contradict it. The people at noon took some general measures; they exerted themselves, seized another of the pirates, and the relations of one whom they could not find. These latter they hold as hostages. In the evening, one of the caiques which had been taken, and proved to have been engaged in piracy, was burnt. . . .

All day we have been cruising off town, close under the batteries. To see three British frigates and a brig-of-war thus drawn up before Hydra, with their guns primed, their sabres and pikes all sharpened, was indeed a tremendous sight, and to the friends of Greece a melancholy one. Hamilton alone seemed to feel a deep melancholy, as he went to do his duty as an officer against a people whom in his heart he wished to serve in every possible way. But

the rest of the officers (with some exceptions) seemed to rejoice in the prospect of a fray: the "staid lieutenants" paced the deck, silently eyeing, with a keen but fierce look, the batteries of the town, and then casting a look of proud complacency on their own guns, by the sides of which were ranged the hardy seamen; the pert midshipmen bustled around with busy importance, scarce able to conceal their glee at thought of the approaching fray; and the rough tar, biting off with force a large quid of "niggerhead," and hitching up his breeches, growled out, "We'll level them 'ere damned batteries in the crack of a rope-yarn!" All seemed to be elate with the thought of a battle, without taking into consideration the situation of the poor Greeks, and some said to me, "Why are you so dull? You are safe!" Little did they know! Had I been on board this gallant ship, with her fine crew, and were four Turkish frigates ranged against her, they would have seen whether it [was] fear made me dull; they would have seen whether I would have heard the roll of the drum, calling for all hands at their posts, without an enthusiasm equal to the fiercest of them!

In the evening, one of the caiques taken by the blockading barges, and proved to have been engaged in piracy, was filled with combustibles and burnt, off the mouth of the harbour, by order of Hamilton. A message from the Primates has induced Hamilton to wait till to-morrow, when, they say, if it is possible they will send off more of the robbers, and we shall lie before the place all night, in hopes of something being done.

Friday, July 29th. My fears for Hydra are lessened. Things are more favourable, and Hamilton will probably be satisfied, for the inhabitants, having set themselves seriously to work, have sent off two more of the pirates. They were found at a cave in the mountains by a body of armed

Hydriotes, who took them prisoners. The people had been well aware of Hamilton's intention to fire upon the town this day if not satisfied. The blockade is now ordered off, and all hostile measures will this day end.

An Austrian squadron to-day passed up the gulf for Napoli, probably to see about their vessels which the Greeks have taken. They do not incline to allow Greece to be a belligerent power, or have authority to take prizes. But Hamilton has sent a brig-of-war after them, under pretence of taking care of his English vessels there, but in reality to let the Austrian commodore know that the English acknowledge the right of the Greeks to take prizes.

Had a brush, somewhat sharp, with Mr. Wright, an English traveller, one of the most ignorant, disagreeable fellows, who pretended to be a gentleman, that I ever met. He had completely disgusted Captain Hamilton and every one at his table, so that no one treated him with anything but the coldest politeness. We had hated each other from the first; luckily I found out that in his travels in the island he had assumed the title of colonel, till some one discovered the cheat. To-day at dinner he said the whole race of the Greeks were scoundrels. "Sir," says I, "your assertion is too broad; it is not true." "Do you doubt my word, sir?" says he, in rage. "Your assertion, sir," says I, "is untrue. Perhaps it is from ignorance of the people."

"I have travelled in Greece, sir," says he, "for four months, and you are a presumptuous fellow to say I do not know the people." This appellation I could not swallow. "Sir," retorted I, with a sneer, "you have not been in Greece six weeks."

He cried in a rage, "Sir, this is intolerable. How dare you contradict my statement?" "Simply, sir," says I, "because I have proof positive that you left Zante on the

first of June. It is now the last of July. See your four months!"

"You shall answer to me for your conduct; I will not have you a spy on my movements," says he in a blustering way. I answered, "I am ready at any moment to make my words good, but am not anxious for the office of spy over the actions of *Colonel* Wright."

Had I shown him the ghost of his grandfather, he could not have been more struck aback than when I pronounced the word "Colonel." He was as mute as a fish; he eat no more, said no more. But if he has one grain of pluck, he will make good his promise to call me out. Duelling I despise, and would not for a world have man's blood on my conscience, but I do not believe he can find a gentleman on board to second him. His travelling companion will not have anything to say to him. If he challenges, I shall have my choice of weapons. I am pretty good master of the small sword, and think I could contrive to disarm him, and make him beg on his knees, for I am sure he is one of the most arrant cowards. . . .

August 1st, 1825. Negotiations, or rather intriguings, are going on to make Greece the dependant of some foreign power, England or France most probably. A paper has passed through the country, and obtained pretty universal approbation, for petitioning England to become the protectress of Greece. General Roche, visibly the agent of the French committee, in reality, perhaps, the envoy of that government, has published a protest against this plan, asserting that this would involve ruinous consequences, and charging upon the leading party at Napoli the responsibility of the evils to which it may lead. It is said to be Roche's object to get the Prince of Orange upon the throne of Greece. This appears to me a wild notion; that France should wish to have the control of Greece is quite

a natural supposition, but that she should be willing to erect her into an independent sovereignty appears improbable. It is said that Lieutenant W—— has signed Roche's protest, as an envoy from the United States, and representing the feelings of the people. If this is so (which I can hardly believe), he shall be contradicted publicly; he is no envoy from the United States, nor is he worthy of such an office, to say nothing of the illustrious name he bears. He is a disgrace to the country which boasts to have among her sons many honourable, many honest, many moral men. Lieutenant W—— was entrusted by the Greek Committee of Boston with $200, which he was to deliver to Mr. Miller. On his arrival he told Miller that he had spent $120 of this sum for his own use. He (Miller) was thunderstruck. "Why, how have you done this?" But no answer was given, except that he had taken this money, which was given in trust to him, and that he could not repay it. The Committee had given Lieutenant W—— $300 for his own use. He could have been at little expense upon the voyage, he stayed but one week at Malta, yet he had contrived to get rid of nearly $500. He was open and candid enough about it on his arrival, and wrote to the Committee, but what of that? He knew it could not be kept secret, and made a virtue of necessity. What can be expected from a man who openly boasts that he despises religion and morality, and that the dearest rights of his — Enough! enough! When I see a young man, who pretends to be a republican, dashing round and making all possible show, when I see him spending on trifles money which he did not come by honestly, when I see him assuming titles which do not belong to him, I say of that man, — I — I — don't care what I say! . . .

August 3d. Sailed from this port Tombazi, the former admiral, and young Miaulis, a son of the admiral, each in

his own vessel, bound for Alexandria, having sworn to burn the formidable fleet there fitting out. This daring, patriotic scheme has been kept an entire secret until the vessels were at sea, or I would have volunteered in it with heart and soul. Such, such are the few men who redeem the Grecian character; they shine like diamonds among filth; they are brave, disinterested, enlightened patriots, who are willing and ready to die for their country. Oh, it delights me to think of it. Tombazi has not only taken his own vessel, voluntarily fitted her out, but he leaves an elegant house, that a nobleman might well be proud of, he has left a family that adores him, he has left riches and ease behind him, to go upon a dangerous, nay, almost desperate adventure, in the hope of averting from his country an evil that she might not be able to resist in a short time. They are all disguised as Europeans, all speak Italian, and mean to go in by stealth; and I say, God go with them!

Wrote to N. P. Russell of the Greek Committee at Boston, stating the conduct of Lieutenant W—— in the affair with Miller, and sending his acknowledgment of having retained the money for his own use. I was made umpire in this dishonourable transaction, and a more vexing place one could not have. The money was raised by Miller's particular friends, committed to Lieutenant W——'s charge, and he delivered but $84 out of $200. Thus I saw a vain, foppish, unprincipled fellow enjoying, or rather having enjoyed, that which would have kept in Greece one of her stanchest friends for some time longer. Poor Miller! He had when he entered Greece but $60, yet for eight months he served in her army as a volunteer, and though he never received a copper beyond his rations and lodging, he had not spent all when this supply arrived. He has traversed every part of Greece, and bravely faced her enemies several times. He has uncomplainingly borne

heat and cold, hunger and fatigue. He has cheerfully marched all the long day among the mountains, and at night lain down on the bare ground. But what is more, he has borne with the presumptuous ignorance of the people without despising them; he has felt their ingratitude without cursing them. Compare with such a man the character of Lieutenant W——, a mere carpet-knight, an unprincipled, dissipated fellow, who says he will not live in Greece unless with the character of a soldier he can also combine that of a man of pleasure.

August 4th. Prospects at Missolonghi are brighter. The Greek fleet has arrived, the Turks have retired, and the town is again supplied with provisions. Much depends upon the saving of Missolonghi; perhaps even the march of civilization, of education, and Christianity in the East may be forwarded or retarded many years by its standing or falling. The grand armament fitting out at Alexandria, is perhaps destined against Hydra first. After this is reduced, the troops will be sent to Modon. From there they will join Ibrahim Pasha at Tripolitza, who will then march to Napoli, and establish himself on the plain of Argos, while his fleet, sailing up the gulf, will blockade the place, which, being surrounded completely, must fall, and with it Greece. Thus I consider that the fall either of Missolonghi or Hydra will ensure that of the rest of Greece. Egypt may accomplish what the Sultan never could have done, and in overthrowing, by means of his vassal, the rebellious Greeks, the consequences may come back upon the empire of the Porte. Mehemet Ali is powerful enough already. His possessing Greece will give him the preponderance; he will hold in the leash a dog, which he can at any time let loose to irritate the Turk. Nothing but religion enabled the Porte to overthrow the rebel of Janina, nothing but religion holds Egypt in subjection. . . .

August 7th. Accounts from Peloponnesus rather favourable than otherwise. Ypsilanti attempted to lead the Greeks against the Turks, who were reaping wheat, perhaps five hundred of them, but the Greeks, upon the first resistance the enemy made, fled from Ypsilanti. Part of his baggage was captured, and on his return he found the rest had been stolen by his own soldiers. He is now in Napoli. Ibrahim Pasha had been attempting to draw Kolokotrones from his rocky position in the mountains, which obstructed his march to Patras. Not able to effect this, he turned the position, and proceeded with his whole army toward Patras. He had not got far when he found his mistake. The inhabitants of the mountain district opposing him and harassing his army, he was obliged to return to Tripolitza, where he now is. It is reported that he contemplates an expedition against Mistra, the present capital of Laconia.

Towards evening there came up-stairs to the terrace where I was sitting a person in the Greek dress, blackened by the sun and dirt, his clothes soiled and torn, and his whole appearance wan and emaciated. He advanced — spoke — and by his voice I recognized Whitcomb. Heavens! How I sprung! My heart bounded with delight, and I hugged him as though I had found a brother. Poor fellow, thought I, how changed! Can this be the young, genteel, romantic boy I parted from but two months ago, his blooming looks changed to hollow sallowness, his rich dress for the garb of a common soldier? He has suffered much, lost his money, clothes, and partly his character, for it is reported that he was engaged in the attempted assassination of Trelawny. He has been confined in the cave on Parnassus four weeks, most of the time in irons, and often in danger of assassination. Once he escaped by letting himself down the precipice in front of the cave by

his long turban. Afterward, by clinging, hands and feet, to the rocks or crevices, he gained the plain, and had proceeded two miles when he was overtaken and carried back. While Trelawny continued in a dangerous state, poor Whitcomb's life was in imminent peril, for had Trelawny died or lost his senses, his followers would have torn him into a thousand pieces, as they could not be persuaded he was not of Fenton's party, who shot Trelawny.[1]

As for Fenton, a blacker villain never bore human form, and when I heard of his fate I could not help saying, "It is too good for him!" His letters had fallen into my hands, and I became acquainted with one of the most deep-laid plots of treachery and murder that I ever heard of. And in the plot was engaged one of the most eminent of the Greeks, he whose name is sounded in Europe and America as Greece's most able and patriotic son.

August 8th. A letter from Lieutenant-General Jervis, dated Napoli, informs me that he shall leave for Tripolitza to-day, and wishes me to follow him, or [at] least try at

[1] There seems no doubt that young Whitcomb was more sinned against than sinning, his weak brain having been inflamed and fairly unsettled by the truly devilish devices of Fenton. Describing the episode in the "Historical Sketch," Doctor Howe says: "On the sixth day they (Fenton and Whitcomb) were to meet Trelawny on the ledge in front of the cavern to practise pistol-firing. This was the moment Fenton chose for the execution of his plan. He got Whitcomb intoxicated, and made him believe Trelawny had a plot to murder them both. Whitcomb swore to stand by his friend to the last, and promised to be ready on any signal. It was Trelawny's first fire, and after hitting the mark, he went a little forward, and, in his usual cold, unsociable way, stood with his back to them. Fenton raised his carabine, which was not loaded, and pointing it at Trelawny, snapped. He looked with pretended dismay at Whitcomb, cocked and snapped again.

"'He turned upon me such a look, I knew not what I did. I raised my gun, pulled the trigger, and fell from my own emotions.' These were the words of the mad boy, who had become all but an assassin. Two balls, with which his gun was loaded, had lodged in the back of Trelawny, who was apparently dying. The soldiers rushed in, and Whitcomb heard the

Napoli what arrangements I can make with the government. As for going volunteer again, I cannot do it. Between this system, giving away, and carelessness, I find on examination that I am reduced to $25, and I must recruit some way or other. Were I not a physician, I should have been a lost man in Greece, for, do what I will, I cannot be economical, and I have had no transactions with one single person in Greece who has not come off better than I. The loss is always on my side. How many times have I resolved to turn Greek and give way to no one, but when the trial comes, I am ashamed to ask for what is my due.

Jervis says nothing new, but I see from the tenor of his letter that he is deeply afflicted on account of the petition so universally signed, imploring England to take the protection of Greece upon herself without any condition. Nearly five years has he been fighting heart and hand with the Greeks, and it has been his fond wish that he may contribute his mite toward putting Greece in a situation of independence, and now he finds her about to be

voice of Fenton, who was supporting Trelawny, crying, 'There is the young traitor! Shoot him; cut him down! Do not let him speak!' But Whitcomb ran, gained an inner apartment, and taking off his sash, fastened it, and threw himself over the precipice. By some strange means he got safely to the bottom. After running some time, he was met by some soldiers of Ulysses, and carried back to the cavern, half distracted. On entering, he asked, 'Where is Fenton?' 'At your feet!' and he looked down on his bleeding corpse. There was a Swiss in the cavern who had seen the transaction. He had seen the emotion of Whitcomb, and could not believe he committed the act. When he heard Fenton crying out to kill him without letting him speak, he became convinced. He ordered a soldier to fire on Fenton; the ball just passed his head. Fenton turned round quickly, and seeing the Swiss, whom he knew to be a dead shot, aiming another musquet at him, he turned fully in front of him, put his hand on his breast, and cried, 'Fire again! I am ready.' He received the ball through his heart, fell, rolled upon his face, and expired without a groan."

Trelawny's own account of the affair, though differing in some details, agrees with this in the main facts of Fenton's guilt, and Whitcomb's comparative innocence.

made the dependant of another nation. However, I do not think that Jervis has any correct ideas of rational liberty.

Ypsilanti is in Napoli; he was obliged to come to purchase the necessaries of life. This gives one some idea of a Grecian camp. Their own soldiers are as much to be feared as the enemy. Kolokotrones has with him from three to four thousand men. Next week he may have twelve thousand, or only a hundred. No calculations can be made. No good thing can come out of such a system. Things must alter, or Greece is flat in a few weeks.

August 9th, 1825. An attempt is to be made to raise a revolt of the Greeks in the island of Crete (Candia). Five hundred Candiote refugees have started to carry the most important fortresses. If they succeed, the standard of liberty will be raised, but if they fail, nothing further, for a useless attempt to excite a revolution would only bring down the Turkish vengeance.

Miller has a relapse of fever; I cannot leave him for some days, at least.

August 10th. Report says, and it may be true, that a serious revolt has taken place among the Arabs of Upper Egypt. Fight, dogs, fight! Good news from Missolonghi, but not yet confirmed. . . .

A letter from Jervis says, "Skirmishes with the Egyptian army are continually taking place," and that they have generally terminated in favour of the Greeks; that the conqueror and pasha of Candia was taken prisoner a few days since, but soon died from loss of blood, having received seven wounds. He was a most formidable enemy of Greece, for after having conquered Candia, he ruled it with so much policy and moderation that he most effectually subdued the spirit of revolution in the island. Prisoners are brought into Napoli every day.

August 11th. Could it be expected that a boy of nine-

teen, of a rich and honourable family, full of romantic ideas, unconnected with any party, and without any hope of gain, should be drawn into a plot for treason and murder? Yet such is the case with young Whitcomb. The occurrences of last night, too well impressed on my memory ever to be forgotten, made him reveal all. Since the affair of the blockade, we have been apprehensive of some attack on our house, and have kept our arms ready. Last night being very hot, I had thrown myself down on the floor in the entryway between two chambers, in one of which slept Masson, and in the other Miller and Whitcomb. In the dead of the night I was awakened by the most dreadful screechings in the chamber of Miller and Whitcomb. The cries were, "Oh, Miller, Miller, save me! save me! for God's sake save me! Oh! oh, murder! murder! for Christ's sake save me!" Before I was well awake, I conceived that some ruffians had entered by the chamber window, and seizing my sword and pistol I staved open the door, and entering, found Whitcomb stretched out on the floor beside Miller's bed, groaning in a frightful manner. He stretched out his arms in the direction of a dark corner of the room. "There! oh, there they are! They have stabbed me to the heart! O God!"

I pointed my pistol in that direction, and strained my eyes to see something to fire at — but saw nobody; and "There is nobody here!" said I. "Who has stabbed you?"

Miller now began to awaken. "It was not me!" says he. "I have not hurt him." "They must have gone out of the window," said I.

"No! no!" cries Whitcomb, in a voice of horrid, agonizing terror, "Look! look in that corner!"

I advanced, and felt round with my sword, my heart in my mouth, but no one was there. I then ques-

tioned Whitcomb where he was wounded, but he could not answer distinctly. I felt his body; it was cold, and his pulse was almost gone, but I could find no wound, and then began to suspect the truth. He had been dreaming. After awhile a light was brought in, and things began to clear up. Whitcomb threw himself on his bed, and lay trembling and weeping. He insisted that he had not been asleep; that he was lying meditating on the horrid proceedings at the Cave, when four horrid figures entered the room, and they seized him, dragged him across the floor, and just as I burst into the room, they plunged their daggers into him and vanished.

During the first minute after I had entered the chamber, the state of my mind can be better conceived than described. At my feet lay Whitcomb groaning and screeching, and, as I thought, writhing in the agonies of death; beside me lay Miller, silent, and, I supposed, stone-dead; my pistol was directed toward a dark corner, from which I expected every instant to see the flash of another, or a ruffian start out upon me, yet the thought of fear did not enter my mind. I held my pistol without its quivering, and grasped my sword with the other hand, intent only on killing the murderer. But in a minute after, when the thing began to be explained, I began to tremble; a sensation of horror came over me, and I was most completely unmanned, and for half an hour after, I could not approach the dark corner of the chamber without a sensation of terror, which I had not felt when I thrust my sword there, in expectation that its point might reach a ruffian.

Miaulis has arrived before Missolonghi with thirty vessels, engaged and drove off the enemy's fleet of fifty-four vessels, and raised the blockade by sea.

August 14th. It is reported that Omar Vriones has played the part of Ali Pasha: raised the standard of lib-

erty (independence of the Sultan), and invited the Greeks to join him. If true, the news is most important. The prospects of Greece become brighter every day. The affair at Missolonghi was more important than we thought it; the siege may be completely raised, and that quarter out of danger for the present. As for the Morea, the sensible Greeks do not seem to care about it, thinking it is not in danger. The Greeks have not lost a great number of men, and none have submitted. The enemy takes possession of a town which yesterday was bustling with life and business, but he finds not a soul in it, and perchance not a loaf of bread: the people, at an hour's notice, pack up their all and are off to the mountains, where, in caves and hollows, they spread out their little carpet and squat down upon it, without thinking they are suffering hardships. . . .

Napoli di Romania, August 15th. Started at noon yesterday from Hydra, in a little caique, in which we were stowed, nearly thirty in number; there was not room to lie or sit, hardly enough to stand up and breathe freely. After a passage of nine hours we arrived here safely, and lodged in a locanda (sort of tavern), fatigued enough to sleep soundly on rocks. I threw myself down upon my blanket, but after a nap of ten minutes, I was aroused by a tremendous attack of insects of all kinds. The affair began by a skirmishing of the fleas, who acted as cavalry; then came the main body of lice, followed by the light infantry of bedbugs, to the number of forty thousand. In vain I rolled from side to side; they pursued and goaded me to intense wakefulness; or if for an instant my eyelids began to drop, a rat running across my face, or a mouse gnawing my boot, would again make me start up to defend myself.

Things are in about the old style at Napoli. Colonel Fabvier, a Frenchman, has taken command of the regular

troops, in number augmented to nineteen hundred men, who are quite in a forward way for discipline. A corps of cavalry is also forming, which will probably amount to something in time. Coffee-houses as usual, full of lazy, lousy, vain, and foolish *capitani*, who, dressed out in gold jackets, with a boy to carry their pipe, and two or three soldiers to tag round at their heels, feel themselves the greatest men on earth. "Put a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil," horse and all.

August 16th, 1825. Passed the day in lounging about; neglected to go to government, partly from my eternally procrastinating spirit, and partly from a dislike to show myself where it may possibly seem that I am seeking to push myself forward. I am much too proud and too modest to get along in Greece; things which though seemingly opposite yet exist together in me.

Last night, after finding that a contrivance of mine to keep away the bedbugs and fleas had failed, I took my capote, went out in the street, and wandered round till I found a convenient place to lay my head, which was on the stone step of a shop door. With this for a pillow, the earth for a bed, and my coat for a covering, I passed the night in a sound, refreshing sleep, from which I was awakened by the roll of the drum at the first dawn.

. . . Glorious news from Candia! The expedition sent out from here arrived safe at the bay, and after hovering round awhile, took a little boat, in which was a Greek. He told them that the commander of the fortification (which is on an island),[1] with the principal part of his men, were on shore carousing, and that if they approached the island in boats, in the evening, they might take it; or if they would land a party, they might repair to a point of land, and fire a musquet, which was the

[1] Grabousi.

signal for those in the fortification to come with a boat for the commander, then they might seize the boat, and return to the open gates of the fort. They chose the latter plan, executed it with success, and surprised the fort. There were but *ten* Turkish soldiers in it. In the morning the standard of the Cross was raised upon the walls. The islanders (Greeks) have risen in all directions, and driven their oppressors to the mountains. If they are immediately supplied with arms, they will doubtless free Crete. This is most important, as it will make a powerful diversion in our favour.

August 17th. Called on Prince Mavrocordatos, and was received with more than usual politeness. He gave me a chamber in his house, and told me to present my accounts to government for arrears, and they should be paid. This surprised me, as I had not thought of getting any of my past time paid for. My accounts, amounting to $75, were accordingly presented to the Minister of War for approval, and payment promised in a few hours. But the day passed away, and their usual promise of to-morrow was the only pay I got. . . .

A letter from Allen, just shown me by Count Pazzo, gives a full account of the affair with the enemy's fleet off Missolonghi, in which he was wounded by a musquet-ball in the fleshy part of the thigh. After the enemy's ships retired, the Greeks entered the gulf, and with their boats attacked the seven barges blockading Missolonghi. After a considerable struggle, they captured five, the other two escaping. The Greek fleet, with ten *brûlots*, have chased the enemy as far as Vatica, and are preparing to follow him to Sada. Arms and ammunition are every hour despatched from here to Crete, and the government have issued a proclamation exhorting all Candiotes to return to their island and help liberate it.

August 18th. Danced attendance half an hour, morning and afternoon, on the Executive Body, without accomplishing anything. . . .

Napoli, August 20th. The regiment paraded in the square, and made a grand appearance, considering the time they have been drilling. Count Gamba,[1] the friend of Byron, has arrived from Athens. He gave me a long account of the affair of Fenton, Trelawny, and Whitcomb. He has left Trelawny at Athens, recovered in health, but deprived of the use of one arm. One ball struck him in the back of the neck and came out of his mouth, the other passed partly through the chest and now remains near the shoulder joint. Gamba's account confirms that given by poor Whitcomb, who left me this afternoon for Hydra, where he will join the fleet. I pity him, and, notwithstanding his crime, I cannot help being attached to him; he feels the most bitter remorse, and cannot be more completely punished than by the present state of his mind.

August 21st. Received from the treasury sixty-two piastres for past services. In order to get at money, it is necessary to have four men, one of whom has the key to the door, and the other three each a different key to the iron chest, which cannot be opened but by all three. Thus, after my various losses, I am $20 richer than I was on my first landing in Greece eight months ago, in which time I have acquired a good knowledge of the French language, some knowledge of Greek, and great professional experience, to say nothing of a better understanding of men and the world. Should my health continue, I shall ever have reason to be thankful for coming to Greece. . . .

August 23d. Arrived the frigate *Cambrian* from Smyrna. Wright, the English traveller, died at Smyrna, where the Greek fleet has arrived. In the evening re-

[1] Pietro Gamba was the brother of the Countess Guiccioli.

ceived a message to go to the Executive Body, who proposed to me to go to Candia as surgeon and physician. I answered, "I am ready." To-morrow we shall make the arrangements. The thing is dangerous, but nothing venture, nothing have. Considering the danger and the uncertainty of affairs in Candia, I have determined to demand $40 per month, and $10 for an assistant, to be paid one month in advance, or I do not go to Candia. I have long enough lost money in Greece not to begin to feel that I shall always be behindhand if I do not value my services higher. The Minister of War gave me an order for all the things necessary on the expedition — medicines, cotton, linen, lint, etc. Still, the question of pay is not decided, nor will be until the last moment. Miller will go with me as an assistant. The surgeon of the British frigate *Naiad* called on me to learn the nature of the disease now prevailing in this town. A right fine fellow he is. In fact, thus far, I have found British officers genteel, polite men, but not a whit more so than our own.

NOTE. — Greek *Primates* were not ecclesiastics, as with us, but *magnates* or gentry, — the chief persons for wealth and local influence.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CRETAN FAILURE

Grabousi, Thursday, September 1st, 1825. Very sick Friday and Saturday last, but medicines promptly taken restored me on Sunday. A vessel which was to sail on Saturday having waited for me, I got on board Sunday night, and after an uncomfortable passage of two and one-half days, we arrived here yesterday morning. Found young Kallerges in command of the fortress, who received us kindly. The Cretans have risen in two provinces, and the others are ready. On our passage we were much troubled by a strange sail with all the appearance of a Turkish corsair, and were obliged to flee with sail and oar. The first sight of Grabousi was splendid. A little island, entirely of rocks, rises abruptly from the sea. On its summit is built the fortress. To the west the rocky wall is two hundred feet perpendicular, and on all the other sides, where nature has not made it inaccessible, art has reared such walls that it is almost impregnable. There are forty-six brass cannon, water, wheat, corn, dried provisions, etc., enough for many years. It cannot be cannonaded or bombarded to advantage from sea or land, and is every way a great gain to the Greeks, who may now with confidence call on the islands to rise, since here is a place of refuge in case of need. Kallerges (a youth of twenty-two, of a rich Greek family), who captured it, now commands the place, and will do so until some other person supersedes him. Metaxas is the man talked of at Napoli.

We get here but a small variety to eat; hardly any fruit or vegetables, for things are so unsettled that the inhabitants will not bring them off.

September 2d. My wounded are but five in number, only one hurt badly. My quarters are two miserable rooms, where I must pass my time for some weeks to come. Kallerges, who speaks French, Italian, and German, is the only person with whom I can freely converse, but with friend Miller I can talk all I wish. The fortress is in most desolate condition; the long, beautiful cannon are thrown from their broken carriages, the walls crumbling in all the buildings, and half the place dilapidated. At night came in two Greeks, reporting that the Turks are collecting in considerable numbers. There are in Candia about thirty-five thousand Greeks capable of bearing arms, while the number of the Turks is not more than ten thousand. The Turks are lenient just now because they fear the Greeks.

Saturday, September 3d. . . . Everything here now waits the movement of the government at Napoli. The moment the promised supply of arms and men. with four blockading vessels, shall arrive, the Cretans will rise. Kallerges has written advising them to delay the rising several days, until a supply of arms and men shall make it more effectual. The Turks are assembling in numbers in our neighbourhood, and if this fatal delay continues it will be in vain that the Greeks have taken the place. They now want mechanics to mount the guns and repair the fortress, or it may be lost.

Sunday, September 4th. The Turks, about four hundred, appeared on the opposite hill; we can plainly see their standards and men, and the Greeks discharged a couple of cannon at them, but the balls did not reach. A message was sent by the enemy, desiring that two Turks might be

admitted to have a conference, but Kallerges replied that their only communication must be by letter; he had no authority to admit a Turk. They appear a body of men without more order or subordination than the Greeks have; and though the night promises to be dark and blustering, we do not anticipate an assault. The irregular Turks are great cowards. . . .

Monday, September 5th. Small vessel arrived from Napoli with about seventy men. They say that they left along with three other vessels, with three hundred men, who have gone by Hydra to take in cannoneers for this place. The Turks have disappeared from their encampment. Yesterday the Greeks of this garrison had a quarrel about their quarters, and got into a fray. They lay down under my windows, each behind his stone, with his gun cocked, ready to fire upon the other party, ranged in the same manner a little way off; but others coming up interfered and stopped them. Thus they go on, fighting and squabbling among themselves, leaving the enemy unmolested. . . .

Tuesday, September 6th. It becomes every day more plain to me that the chance of doing anything in Crete is small. The inhabitants are divided, a part only wishing a revolution. We are completely shut in from the main island; have neither communication with its inhabitants, nor [can] get any of its products. Another vessel arrived from Napoli with a few men.

Wednesday, September 7th. The general who arrived the day before yesterday has only authority from government to take possession, but has not actual possession, for those who took the place demand payment or they will not give it up. They are the strongest party; they hold the keys and guard the gates. We have nothing like order or union. Our men say they only wait the arrival of the other two vessels with soldiers, when they will sally out into the island.

God grant they may come quick and put us to the test, for if we stay here much longer, I expect to see them fighting among themselves.

Thursday, September 8th. Another vessel with soldiers arrived. We now wait only for her companion, when the promised sortie is to be made. Discontent increases. The new commander seems not at all pleased with young Kallerges, who is ten times his superior in spirit, worth, and manners. For some days the sun has risen and set in clouds; still, in New England we should call the weather delightful: a temperature just congenial to the feelings, uniform from day to day, from week to week; an air pure and clear, and as favourable to health as to enjoyment. I long for an opportunity of an excursion into the interior of Crete, to see and enjoy scenes which Savary [1] paints in such glowing colours; and to find in abundance those delicious fruits of which we get but now and then a taste. The grapes are of a flavour most ravishing, and the peaches and melons of a size and beauty altogether new to me. Then there are figs, almonds, olives, and oranges distributed in the many groves.

Friday, September 9th. The last vessel arrived, and Sunday is the day fixed for the marching forth of men, who now amount to twelve hundred. The Cretans who took Grabousi, and the officer sent from Napoli to command, are still in dispute. They will not give him the keys until he has paid a certain sum. Kallerges, tired of this, declared he would leave for Napoli, but the Cretans say if he does not stay, they will neither go out nor do anything else against the enemy. They seem to be attached to him; partly, I suspect, if not principally, because he is rich.

[1] Savary was a young Frenchman who wrote the best account of Crete in the eighteenth century.

Monday, September 12th. The Greeks went out to-night to the number of twelve hundred. They waited till dark, and proceeded without noise. They hope, and with a good general would be sure, to surround completely the opposing body of Turks; for those are but few, with a body of Greeks in their rear. . . .

Kallerges is too sick to go with the expedition. His staying here will make my situation much more agreeable, since he knows how to treat a gentleman.

The caiques and boats which carried out the soldiers have returned; they brought two prisoners but no news. The soldiers have advanced into the country to offer the enemy battle, who probably are not in force enough to accept it. . . .

Wednesday, September 14th. Kallerges is so well that he will immediately follow and join the expedition. At evening came favourable news, that the Turks had retired before the Greeks into a fortress. The Greeks call it favourable; but they might have cut the enemy off, taken them prisoners or destroyed them; but I suppose they were afraid to reduce them to such a condition that they would fight desperately. I hope that my wounded will let me leave them in a few days, for I tire of being shut up here, when the beautiful island of Candia lies open before me.

Friday, September 16th. Kallerges returned, having an attack of fever which prevented his going with the expedition. This is the story; but he is not sick now, does not like to say much of the expedition, and talks of returning to Napoli in a few days. From these things I conjecture that everything is not right. . . .

They bring in prisoners, who are generally fine-looking men, most of whom speak Greek as fluently as their own tongue; one could speak but very little Turkish. This would show that the religions are in some measure

amalgamated. I am told that in Asia Minor there are villages of Greeks who have entirely laid aside their own language and adopted the Turkish, but their religion is still distinct; they have their services in Turkish, but [in] the Greek form. This is good policy in the Turks, and it would be well for them to substitute their own for the Greek language in all Greece.

Saturday, September 17th. Kallerges went out again to join the expedition, with a hundred and fifty men who arrived this morning from Napoli. News from Napoli is that an American fleet under Rogers had arrived there; four frigates and the *North Carolina*, hundred-gun ship. The Greeks have a thousand ridiculous ideas about the destination of this fleet. My servant came in with eyes sparkling and mouth stretched from ear to ear. "Glory to the Holy Virgin and to God!" says he. "Good news for Greece!"

"What!" say I. "Have the fleets met?"

"No; the American ships have been to Constantinople, and proposed an ambassador; but being refused, they fired upon the town and have done much damage. They then proceeded to Smyrna and killed many Turks; now they have arrived at Napoli, and have landed four thousand tactic troops, who will march off immediately against Ibrahim Pasha." . . .

Miller will start for Napoli in the first vessel, but I cannot leave Candia at present, much as I wish to see the fleet.

Wednesday, September 21st. Miller left for Napoli. He has taken from me a companion and friend in whose society, with our scolding arguments, I have passed much pleasant time. I sent by him $50 to be deposited at Hydra for safe-keeping. Miller, the son of a Vermont farmer, was a wild lad, and after many queer scrapes ran away and enlisted as a common soldier. He was wild and

dissipated till he became very sanctified, which was brought about in the half-miraculous manner so common in what are called religious conversions, almost without exception confined to persons who possess more feeling than reason, more heart than head. From the ranks of the American army he rose through all the non-commissioned grades, when, peace being established, he left the army a finished soldier in all the mechanical parts. He then went to studying; supported himself by drilling militia officers during that time and in college. In his second year in college he was returning from vacation, and just as he ascended the hill he saw the building in flames where were all his books, his clothes, all the property which by his industry he had accumulated. Everything was lost, and he determined to come to Greece. Here he served as volunteer for six months, fought and distinguished himself; but becoming disgusted with the want of system, and finding that he could be of no more use than a common soldier, he has commenced the study of medicine with me. He is rather superficially than well educated, with an immense deal of good common sense, an acute mind, but self-opinionated, and bigoted in religion, which he reads and argues about rather to confirm his belief than to examine the subject.

Thursday, September 22d. Now for a bellyful of solitude; now shall I find out whether a hermit can be happy, for I must be as much a hermit as though I was entirely alone in the woods; not a soul knows my tongue or the French, and as for the Greeks, I care not for talk with them, for here are in the fort a set who would be called scamps even by the Greeks themselves. Books I have, two or three, but read over and over again. Kallerges came back. Why I know not, but it will be better for me. Eight days have I not tasted meat,

but we have fruits — grapes, figs, almonds, pomegranates, pears, peaches, etc. — in abundance. If this place should be blockaded, I feel certain we should suffer from famine in six weeks, and unless the rainy season sets in early, our cisterns would soon be exhausted. Nothing is done. Nothing can be done in this miserable way. I heard yesterday the Hydriote quartermaster here in a row with the soldiers, and on inquiry learned it was on account of the cisterns, which he had shut up, and told them they should not open them, since there was water that they might get from a spring outside the fort. Notwithstanding his resolution, he was obliged to yield the point, and the soldiers opened the cistern. It is this insubordination, this absolute want of order or system, that is ruining Greece. Its effects are felt everywhere. In Candia, I have no doubt, the inhabitants are kept from rising from their fear of the expedition. They would hardly be robbed or abused less by the Greeks than by the Turkish soldiery. A peasant flies from his house to the mountains at the approach of a Greek troop, as from an enemy. This I have seen again and again in the Morea; the villagers imposed upon in the most shameful manner, houses broken open, provisions seized, and the women actually beaten for not producing better. I know these are among the horrors of war in every country, but is it strange if the poor ignorant Greek in his misery should exclaim: "What is liberty to me? The Turk despoiled me of half my goods, but the Greek takes all; the Turk beat me sometimes, but the Greek beats me every day. A curse on this struggle!"

This language is not uncommon. God bring good out of evil!

Friday, September 23d. It appears that the Greeks, in number about one thousand, came up with the Turks in greater force; that five hundred Greeks then fled or took

to the mountains, while the other half engaged the Turks, and were defeated completely, driven from the field, and lost one hundred men. There came in some wounded. At night heard that the body of Greeks who took to the mountains have attacked the enemy and gained an advantage. This may be true, but I fear things are up in Candia. This ill success of the expedition will prevent the inhabitants from rising. From the other side of the island, 150 Cretans have arrived, well armed. This seems favourable, though with the population of Crete, they ought to rise by thousands instead of hundreds. Grabousi must now be looked to. It will be immediately blockaded by land, and possibly the Egyptian armada may appear off here in an hour or two ; it must be near. If they attempt this place my safety depends upon its strength ; if it falls, every living being in it will be butchered. This second attempt upon Candia will not be forgiven. Between one and two hundred great, fat, lazy fellows are in this fort, doing nothing under heaven but eat, smoke, and sleep, and nothing of consequence is done to the walls and fortifications, which are all in ruins. Out of forty-six pieces of cannon at least sixteen are dismounted, and of the others not more than ten can be used ; and of these ten, the best could not be got off under fifteen minutes' notice. A sort of watch is kept at night upon the walls, but no outposts, when three only, posted at proper places, could give notice before a landing was effected anywhere on our island. The light labour of three men, and a few hundred dollars, would make Grabousi almost impregnable, but in its present situation an army even of Turks might take it. If they do come they will at least keep off *ennui*.

Found a man who in gaping had dislocated his jaw. His mouth had been stretched wide open for many days, the spittle running out, nor could he speak so as to be

understood. Putting my thumbs in his mouth, I instantly set the bone, and he could talk and shut his mouth, to his utter astonishment and that of the spectators and a Greek doctor, who was ordering him some nostrum. The ignorance of these fellows is only to be equalled by their presumption.

Sunday, September 25th: The Sphakiotes, a hardy, brave set of mountaineers who inhabit what are called the White Mountains, have refused to rise, and it is a great damper to us. They are a race of Greeks less corrupt and less debased than the others of Candia; they have preserved some relics of olden times; their dialect is purer and more correct than any other. They have also the Pyrrhic dance, and it was but a few years since, says Savary, that they were accustomed to practise with the bow and quiver. Of old they were famed for their archery, as they are now for their gunnery. They have, as of yore, the divisions of society into men and boys; but the men have grown degenerate or the boys obstreperous, for some years since, when the Sphakiotes, suspected by the Turks, were invaded by an army, the old fellows took to the passes to defend them, but the young men all remained at home, saying the Turks were their friends. The Turks gained the passes, and used their victory shamefully, selling their prisoners for slaves. Since that time, the Sphakiotes have been obliged to pay the *haratch*, from which they were before exempt. At this day the Sphakiotes are more free than the rest of the Greeks. In their mountain districts, by their flocks, they gain a good livelihood. Their country extends to the shore on the southern side of the island, where there is a port and a castle. The Turks, who never dared to oppress them too much, are now exceeding friendly, beseeching them not to break up connections by joining the *thieves*, the title by which they dignify our expedition. There came in some Greeks to-day

to have a talk, and pray that for God's sake nothing more might be done. "You cannot drive the Turks out," say they, "and if you go on will only make them butcher us and our families." Just now the Turks are taking a most dangerous course; they feel their own weakness, and exercise no cruelties on the Greeks, but all who will join them they treat well. A party exists among the inhabitants who are not only indifferent about the Revolution, but actually oppose it with might and main, joining even, it is said, in arms with the Turks. I was talking with a soldier who had just found his way in from the rout. Says he: "I did not know where to run. Here was the sea, but no boats; here the Turks on one side, and on the other, what was worse, Greeks who were opposed to us."

Says I: "We shall do well when Metaxas comes."

"If God should come down," says he, "we cannot do anything."

But this indifference and backwardness in the Candiotes is perfectly natural. They are mostly unarmed. It is but two years since the last rebellion was put down by the Turks, and they say with reason, "Why should we peril our wives and children by joining in an affair which will be quashed in a few weeks?" If by perseverance, by sending plenty of arms and men, and by some solid successes, it can be made plain that a reasonable prospect of emancipation is open, they will doubtless fly to arms.

Monday, September 26th. . . . Our men who were put to flight and scattered the other day have come straggling in from all quarters, until the number is almost made up. But few are wanting, who were doubtless killed. Among them is a captain who came in the same vessel with me from Napoli, and who had quarters in the next room to mine. He was a good fellow, and was seen fighting to the last. He may have been wounded, and may lie at this

moment in the mountains, writhing in pain and choking with thirst, without a being to help him to a drop of water. War has its horrors viewed at a distance, but how they are augmented when we are on the spot! when we know many of those engaged, and imagine at every report that we hear the death-knell of an acquaintance! We read without emotion that in such a battle a hundred men were killed, but it is another thing to be there, to bid good-bye to men as they go out to fight, to listen to the first regular discharges, the thick, confused roar that follows and shows the battle is at its height; and then it gradually lessens, — a space between the shots, — longer and longer, till at last it is heard but now and then, as some poor straggler is overtaken and cut down while he vainly discharges his farewell shot. Then the limping wounded come in; those who lie on the field in torture, and those who are writhing in the agony and sweat of death, mingle with those of their comrades who lie cold and still, sleeping their eternal sleep on the spot where a moment before they stood all life and vigour. But a small part of the misery is confined to the struggling living or the motionless dead. Then come the agonizing widow and wailing orphan, weeping not only in sorrow for him who lies still before them, but in terror at the bitter loneliness of their prospects. Within hearing of a battle in which those whom one knows are engaged, one cannot rest a moment. You try to compose your thoughts, but some shot comes clear and distinct upon the ear, and you start up at the idea of its having given his death-wound to some acquaintance; or if it is still a moment, you busy your thoughts about the success or failure of the fight, of who are dead, or dying, or wounded. And then the few minutes that are passed before the messenger arrives with the news are of keen anxiety. He comes; good news is on his face. "We have beat them!" shouts he, and is

answered by a louder, gladder shout. But then comes the inquiry of friends, and his countenance brightens or darkens as he answers: "Your brother or son is well," or "Your husband — why — why, he was in front — he fought well."

"But is he alive?"

"I saw him fighting bravely; he — he — may be still alive; we do not know surely, but console yourself!"

Wednesday, September 28th. . . . Matters in Crete are rapidly going to the deuce, and all our hopes will soon be lost unless a head arrives. The soldiers go about plundering and wandering where they choose; no one can keep them in any order. No rising as yet of the inhabitants, nor will there be unless order is introduced. . . .

Saturday, October 1st. Great cry and little wool, as the devil said when he sheared the hog. Last night our soldiers attacked the Turks in their little castle, about ten miles from Grabousi; but such an attack! My stars! as the old women say, it was wonderful! Such gallant deeds! Such heroic exploits! Oh, for the pen of Homer to paint those who standing ran away, and those who falling fought! The government had sent a schooner, which was brought up so that her guns would bear on the castle. About six hundred of our men advanced upon the land side until they got within musquet-shot of the fort, when part turned about and gallantly marched back, in plain sight and defiance of the enemy, while another part, still more gallant, threw themselves down behind the stones, and kept up a fire on the enemy for a long time, making much noise with their musquets and more with their voices, calling the enemy "horned beasts," etc. But now opened the tremendous broadside of the schooner, and at the report of her *three* guns, we saw fall and bite the dust two gallant — donkeys, who were feeding on the shore! Encouraged by this brilliant exploit, she again charged to the brim her

engines of destruction, and sent the balls whistling about half a mile from the castle. But at the third discharge, two of the enemy's cavalry fell. All day the fight has been on, and seven of our men, badly wounded, were brought to the rear. At sundown, the affair was decided by the appearance of the Pasha, with two thousand men, to the relief of the castle. The Turks within did not amount to more than a hundred and fifty men, yet the Greeks could not drive them [out]. Our men have nothing to do but to retreat and get into Grabousi as fast as they can, for they are too much terrified to resist at all. Affairs are now, I consider, finished in Candia; the expedition has shown itself to be incompetent to resist the enemy, and it will require a great deal to inspire the inhabitants with any confidence for future attempts to revolutionize the island. To-morrow we shall have it again; Grabousi even may feel it. My wounded have so increased as to keep me pretty busy; but things begin to come to a crisis, and the constant stir now going on prevents me from feeling *ennui*. Oh for a hundred young Americans whom I could pick; they would attack the Turkish camp in the night, and spread rout and destruction among them. But the poor Greeks, without order or confidence in one another, can do nothing.

Evening. The Pasha is not content with relieving the castle, but is continuing on toward Grabousi, our soldiers retreating before him. If they continue, I know not what is to be done; there are not provisions enough in the place to last us a fortnight. And then for the hundreds of families who have taken refuge under the walls of the fortress, God! what must be their sufferings! As for myself, come what will, I am ready. I had half made up my mind to leave the place, but now that ill luck has come and danger thickens, it would be dishonourable; nor can I think of quit-

ting my wounded, though the time for which I was engaged expired a week ago.

Grabousi, Sunday, October 2d. At daylight our troops had passed the ridge of hills just opposite this fort, and hardly had the sun cleared the horizon when from its walls I saw the blood-red standard of the Pasha, and heard the beat of his tambour. The ridge was soon lined with Turks, who poured down showers of balls upon our retreating soldiers, but with little effect, and they could not be followed with safety. The Greeks soon gained a little hillock advantageously situated, where they made a stand, and for some hours were undisturbed; but after noon the enemy came round the hill and commenced a spirited attack, which was answered as by one general round; another, and then all was one confused, undistinguished roar of musquetry for an hour. Every now and then, from a neighbouring hill where the enemy had planted a cannon, flashed forth the bright blaze, followed by the cloud of rushing smoke, and then came the bellowing sound, drowning all other. The fight was just below me, and I could see the motions of every man when the momentary clearing away of smoke gave an open view. The Greeks ran not, and thought not of running, and showed that they wanted nothing but resolution to resist the enemy; for now when there was necessity, when they could not retreat any farther, they easily kept the enemy at bay, and might have done the same five hours back in the country. Toward night the combat became thicker and the loss of the enemy became great, apparently, while ours was very small; this is to be accounted for from the distance at which they fought, the Greeks having first-rate English powder, while the Turkish powder is that adulterated stuff sold in these countries. The Turks having brought one of their guns down near the shore, a Hydriote brig, a most beautiful

vessel, started over just at sundown and neared the battery. It was a delightful sight; she approached, discharged the guns of one side, and in a second, wheeling round, poured in the other, and was soon out of the narrow, dangerous channel where she was so skilfully manœuvred. Her fire silenced the enemy's cannon, and afterward until dark we only heard the scattered fire of the musquetry, which soon grew less and less, and ceased. Then blazed forth the long flames on either side, and the shadow of figures was seen moving about them, preparing supper for those who could eat any. Work began to thicken on my hands; the slightly wounded, the dying, and the dead were alike brought in, and it was long after midnight before I could get a moment to eat my supper. During this time I have dressed more difficult wounds than I should have an opportunity of seeing in Boston in years, and performed more operations than might have fallen to my lot during my life had I stayed at home. I could not weary. But notwithstanding all feelings of pity or shuddering were drowned in those of surgical duty, I could not help taking notice of many interesting circumstances: the anxious inquiry with which friends awaited my answer as each man was examined, and the fixed, half fearful, half hopeful gaze, with which the patient would watch my countenance, as if to read his doom in my looks. One youth of twenty, a beautiful, modest boy, sat silently waiting while I dressed the others, and when his turn came, he only groaned slightly, though I saw he was in agony. A bullet had entered his arm, and I found and cut it out of his back; as I traced its course, he fixed his eyes on my face with a steady, firm gaze, hoping to read a favourable answer, yet half despairing, and I fear with too much reason. Poor boy! he has met his doom early, but in the best of causes. Just as he was levelling his musquet at the enemy, he received the

shot which felled him to the ground, and which, I fear, will be his passport to another world. Where does the soul go? say men; but what is the soul? Does it, can it exist independent of the body? Who knows!

Monday, October 3d. The fight is not renewed this morning with the vigour of last night; some skirmishing and firing of cannon, for we have sent over two small guns, which are planted opposite the Turkish [battery], and keep up a good fire. We have had very few men killed, and not a great number wounded — say forty. These, however, with my former ones, keep me running from morn till night, and I am perfectly content to do so, since I find all satisfied with my treatment. I have left in but four balls, which I could not find; this is a small proportion. More wounded will probably be brought in to-day, and I hardly know how I shall manage; Miller is always like the Dutchman's anchor, — whenever I want him most, he is away, and soon as business is over he comes back again.

The enemy seem to be in considerable force, say twenty-five hundred men, but irregulars; their movements or intentions we cannot tell; but it is not probable they will remain to attack a place like Grabousi without having made greater preparation. The commander is a fine, hardy old Turk of eighty years, still preserving his vigour, and the Greeks say he exposes himself on all occasions, cheering and forcing on his men to the fight. How they may have treated the Greeks in the villages they have passed through we do not know, but it is to be feared with clemency, for if the old Pasha is half as cunning as brave, he will in this way most effectually keep down the people; but if he cuts off arms, noses, and heads, he will stir up a nest of hornets about his ears.

Tuesday, October 4th. . . . A vessel with some soldiers arrived from Napoli; others are to follow, and General

Kosta Botzaris. Botzaris! What a name! At the sound of it the friend of Greece starts with exultation, and when her detractors ask him in scorn, "Where are your modern Greek heroes?" he exclaims, "Marco Botzaris! Behold a hero worthy a place beside Leonidas!" Marco Botzaris was a man whose name and whose remembrance are justly cherished by the Greeks as a source of pride and boast. He united to first-rate talents the most ardent patriotism and a lion-like courage. He is the only leader in this revolution who dared attack superior numbers of Turks when they were intrenched. His name was to them a terror, and he won, like Aristomenes,[1] his *hekatombia*; he, with his few chosen followers, would break into the enemy's camp in the night, and, sword in hand, spread terror and destruction. . . .

Friday, October 7th. Yesterday everything conspired to put me in so cross and blue-devilish a mood, that I could neither read nor write, nor do anything with satisfaction. This afternoon Miller returned, with books, clothes, and things, which will make the time pass rather more quickly in Grabousi, shut up as we may be all winter. News from the Morea unfavourable. . . .

As for affairs in Candia, they look rather bluish. There is some talk of the soldiers going out to-morrow, but they will not be able to do anything.

A goletta from Napoli brings us provisions, but no men; nor can I learn that any number are ready to start. The enemy have not vacated the castle next to this; they will hold it against any effort that this body of Greeks can make. As for Greeks attacking their enemies when sheltered by those walls, it is out of the question. That spirit and fire that blazed for awhile at the beginning of the Revolution no longer exist.

[1] The hero of Messenia against Sparta.

Sunday, October 9th. Wrote to Georgios and Count Pazzo. The soldiers have not gone out as yet, nor will they start for some days, when it is probable they will all go in the vessels and land at Sphakia. This is an excellent move, and will decide the game at once; if the Sphakiotes rise and join them, Candia is on a fair footing for becoming free; if they will not rise, nothing will be done. The influence and ascendency of the Sphakiotes among the Cretans is very great; if they rise all the rest will follow their example. Nor are they less dreaded by the Turks; they would rather all the provinces would rise than the single one of the Sphakiotes. The Sphakiotes once in arms, the Turks must quit their open campaign, shut themselves up in the castles, whence I do not see [how] they can be driven.

Tuesday, October 11th. The soldiers yesterday left for Sphakia, and we shall soon know the fate of Candia. A long conversation with a former Sphakiote general gave me much light upon the present and past state of affairs; he, though proud of his province, seemed to be candid, and claims for them that superiority only which is granted by their neighbours.

"Our boys," says he, "are given arms as soon as they can handle them; they become very expert, and are the best marksmen in Greece. A Candiote from any other province is not allowed to wear arms when he comes in presence of a Turk; he bows humbly to him as to his lord; the Sphakiote walks proudly by with his arms, and bows only to those who salute him."

I asked him why Sphakia did not rise. "They will," says he, "they will rise if proper attention is paid. Government has now within two months expended 70,000 piastres upon Candia, but they have not written a line to Sphakia. The rest of the Cretans are jealous of the

Sphakiotes, and do not wish them to partake in the affair, for they know their power and fear their ascendency; but now that they find nothing can be done without their assistance, they stretch out both hands to them for help and succour."

These are the opinions of one of the most intelligent *capitani* I have ever met with, and one whose wealth and courage gave him great ascendance formerly; he spent many thousand dollars in forwarding the last attempted revolution, and was one of the sixty men who attacked this castle, of whom but five escaped alive, and recently he was one of the eleven who took it by surprise.

Wednesday, October 12th. Nothing new within the walls of Grabousi, except a few moments of peace and quietness caused by the leaving of the soldiers. Wrote to Masson, and sent my letters to Napoli by the other vessel, which has been delayed until to-day. The Turkish leader is wide awake; we have discovered that he had stationed men to find out when our vessels might leave Grabousi; then he would know that an attack was threatened somewhere else and prepare for it.

> "His hairs are white,
> But his veteran arm is full of might." . . .

Tuesday, October 18th. News from Sphakia of the most encouraging kind, and if it prove true, the die is cast, and Candia will immediately become the seat of war. The Sphakiotes, it is said, have risen with unanimity, and, joined with the expedition, will advance in two columns, one against the enemy immediately, the other to form a junction with the troops which will go out from this place. Nothing is now wanted in Crete but an able head; a man who shall know enough of the country to direct advantageously the efforts of the people, and possess influence

enough to have his directions followed. I know of no such man in Candia; there is no Candiote of eminent abilities who is possessed of pecuniary or family influence sufficient to give him a great ascendency. Therefore they must accept a Greek from some other part, although such a man would be regarded as half a foreigner. . . .

Friday, October 21st. A sensation of heat different from what I have ever felt before, which causes a kind of languor and perspiration, turned my attention to the weather, and I found the Greeks attribute it to the siroc wind, which they say is blowing in Africa, and is conveyed to us by the southern gales now prevailing. One does not exactly feel hot or oppressed, but wonders how he is perspiring. My patients get on well, and I have thus far kept the unshaken confidence of forty out of forty-two wounded, in spite of the machinations of a native doctor, who has a great advantage over me in knowing the language; but while I labour from sunrise to sunset with the sick and wounded, he has but two to attend. I never have felt toward any of the native doctors anything but pity for their ignorance and contempt for their presumption. Gladly would I do my duty and endeavour to instruct them in the principles of surgery, but they are so conceited or so stubborn that they will not allow any mode but their own to be even worthy of trial. Then they are generally the most unprincipled rascals, and I have no doubt that many of them would give me a dose of poison if they could get a chance.

The Greeks are full of compliments. If you enter a house you are bid welcome; if you drink a glass of wine they wish it may be for your health; if they drink, they wish you a long life, a happy marriage, and many children; if you sneeze, may it be for your health; when you go out, a happy to-morrow and many years; if you wash — to your

health! I could not help smiling this morning, as I went round to the patients, to observe them put their hands to their chins, and say, "May it be for your health!" as I had just been shaved. A barber, when he cuts your hair, wishes it may be for your health. Four or five Greeks may sleep in the same room; in the morning they lie and talk, but when [one] gets up, he washes his face and hands, bows and crosses himself a dozen times to the Holy Virgin, says his prayers aloud, then turns round and wishes the rest good morning. When you are sitting talking with one of them at dusk of eve, if he lights a candle at the fireplace, as soon as it blazes he turns to you and wishes you "Good evening!" with as much solemnity as though he had just entered the room. If you talk with a Greek in the forenoon, at parting he wishes you a good appetite for your dinner; if you meet him after some absence, he kisses you three times on the lips. An inferior kisses your hand and puts it to his forehead, and many kneel in doing it. When a schoolmaster dismisses his school, each boy comes to him, kneels down, kisses the back of his hand, puts it to his forehead, then kisses it again, rises, and goes out with his hand on his breast. . . .

Sunday, October 23d. Our advance-guard proceeded forward into the interior this morning, at a little past noon. A cannonading and an indistinct sound of musquetry informed us that they had met the enemy. It must, I think, be the Pasha with the main body, for ours have no cannon, nor do I know of the other bodies of Turks having any. We shall know in an hour or two. Indeed, if ours retreat, we may have the fight renewed under the walls of Grabousi to-morrow morning. No news from Sphakia, nor am I sure that all things are going on well there. We ought to hear. All Sphakia must be up and against the enemy immediately, or the blood of thousands of mothers

and children will have to flow before Turkish vengeance for this attempted Revolution will be glutted.

A Greek soldier is quite a man at ease; a gentleman, in fact, who does and says what he will, and goes where he wots. When he enters the army, as it is called, he goes to some captain and agrees with him to pay him two and a half dollars per month and shoe leather. The captain perhaps writes his name down on a piece of paper, and the affair is settled. Once in two or three days, perhaps, he calls on his captain, squats down on the floor, and witnesses his bravery, displayed by cursing the Turks. If they are on a march the soldier goes ahead, behind, or strolls to one side, according to his will. Arrived at night in a village, the soldiers run to the different houses and get the best quarters they can find for themselves, leaving the captain's immediate attendants to shift for him. If the inhabitants of a house refuse to open their door, the soldiers break it open; if good fare is not produced, they beat the family. A soldier obeys the order of his captain or not, just as he chooses. If ordered to march on such a day to such a place, he goes, or says he will not go so soon, or perhaps not at all. When he wishes to leave his captain he generally goes and picks a quarrel with him upon some trifle, and then goes off in a pretended rage, or he goes and joins another captain without any ceremony at all. He finds his own musquets and pistols, and draws cartridges from government. When in a town he draws rations of bread and meat, and perhaps a few little pickled fish. When in the village, he lives on the villagers. There is no baggage-wagon, and seldom a horse. A soldier carries with him his bed, his table, his chair, his all, in his capote. His knife is to him dagger, fork, and spoon. He carries no change of clothes, nor will he lay off his dress, perhaps, once in three months. At night he never thinks

of getting more than a dry place and a smooth stone for a pillow. As for this way of life, one soon gets used to it. It is now two months since I took off my clothes at night, or have had any other bed than the floor and a blanket, yet I sleep as sound as ever I did on a feather bed with clean linen sheets, and my head is as easy, with only my handkerchief between it and a flat rock, as it was on down pillows.

Monday, October 24th. Got through with success a difficult surgical operation. Four more wounded arrived. The firing of yesterday was not from our advance-party. To-day a heavy cannonade heard from a distance, the cause of which we do not know; possibly some rejoicing or feast-day of the Turks. May it be changed into one of howling if he changes not his way! Communication with the island again in some measure opened, and we have a taste of the grapes and delicious fruits of Candia. . . .

Tuesday, October 25th. Our advance, instead of proceeding against the enemy, have quietly squatted down upon a mountain two hours hence, where, destitute of everything but water, they depend altogether upon the provisions they may receive from this place. Wretched, cowardly proceeding! The villages with a majority of Greeks inhabiting them are close at hand, and the army dare not go to them and seize the enemy's possessions for their support. The fertile island of Crete is before them, and they depend for every mouthful of bread upon Napoli. Thus much have we done in Crete: we have brought here twelve hundred men, have spent three months and $8,000, and have taken the mighty fortress of Grabousi. True indeed is the proverb of friend Miller, "that an army without order is only calculated to prey upon itself." . . .

Wednesday, October 26th. A scene which may be disagreeable in its consequences, showed to-day most forcibly

the misery and utter inability of the present system. About seventy soldiers took four caiques and were to be transported west to join the army, but as soon as they got out a little way they forced the sailors to turn the boats and steer for the Morea. The plan was immediately discovered, and cannon fired from the walls to bring them back, but on account of the almost ruined state of the gun-carriages and the ignorance of the cannoneers, the balls hardly went within a quarter of a mile of them, and only one boat turned back. A small smack started out in pursuit, and from her superior sailing gained fast upon another of the boats, and when within musquet-shot a discharge of musquetry was begun and immediately returned from the boat; this was kept up till they passed behind a little island and disappeared from our sight. The two foremost boats soon came out in sight on the other side, and appeared in a fair way to escape entirely. Night coming on, we saw no more, but probably the smack will bring back one, and a larger vessel will be sent after the others. The wind was very light, and the four vessels or caiques lay far within cannon-shot, and not a long distance, yet of at least ten guns on that side of the fortress not [one] could be brought to bear upon them, and they, after a quarter of an hour's labour, could effect nothing. A good cannoneer with two good guns would have sunk every one of the caiques during the half-hour they were within shot. The soldiers who went off were all foreigners, as they are called; that is, they were not Cretans, but Moreotes, Roumeliotes, etc., who, seeing no chance of getting much pay or booty by staying in Candia, took this way of stealing off to the Morea.

Thursday, October 27th. Things *in statu quo;* that is, in the same bad way: nothing done but scolding, nothing thought of but self-interest. The Greeks are most

abominably selfish, and most cruelly unfeeling. I verily believe that if I should be taken badly sick and were some friend not near me, I could not get a Greek to give me a cup of water, or wipe the sweat from my face, without extorting an abominable sum for it. They will turn a sick man out into the street to die without a roof above him if he has no money. Often, when I have been doing something to a dying man to relieve his sufferings, the rest of the wounded will say, "Oh, leave him, and dress us. Don't spend time about him; let him die!" and this to men who a day or two before had been their companions in everything. I have seen them dying, parched with thirst, gasping on the ground, and their mouths filled with flies which they had not strength to brush away, while half a dozen soldiers were in the same quarters, playing cards, and not one would offer to perform the last soothing acts of humanity; to wet the lips, or brush away the flies or cover the body. I have ordered them to give him water, but not one would do it. "We have only a bottle apiece," say they; "we are afraid to catch the disease if he drinks out of ours. Besides, he is a stranger; why should we meddle with him?"

The women are if anything worse. This morning I found an old woman, who lived with some others in the under part of my house, stretched out and apparently very weak, in my back room. I inquired why, and was told the other women had turned her out and put her here. I was much enraged at this imposition, as the woman's husband was away and she had the same right as they to their quarters. I ordered her down, but they said they would turn her out in the street, as they thought she had the plague. I did not believe they would dare to do this, and taking her by the arm led her down-stairs, but what was my surprise to learn, some time after that they had absolutely turned the

poor old wretch into the street. I inquired her out and found her in an old mill, but as she was as warm and comfortable as she could have been in my wretched quarters, I contented myself with ordering her some food and medicine by my own servant. What made me more indignant was that the women who turned her out were not only her townswomen, but some [of them] related by blood. My own servant is a boy of eighteen whom I picked up by chance,[1] but had I searched six months I could not have found his equal. He has been with me since last spring, and I do not think he has cheated me out of a cent. When I have been sick he has shown me as much attention and kindness as I could expect from an American, sitting for hours and fanning me when oppressed with heat and pain. Still, I do not know how soon he might curse and quit me if I should be in want; but if he did it, I should for ever give up hope of finding a faithful Greek.

Friday, October 28th. All my wounded being now dead or entirely out of danger, I shall take the first opportunity of going to Napoli to settle my affairs and make arrangements for the winter. Either I shall take a commission and return here for the ensuing three or four months, or go to Athens and spend them there; but first must find my friend Masson and learn his views, and perhaps we shall join company for the winter. Miller will remain here to dress the few remaining convalescents, and this will be an excuse for me to get away; for I do not think the government would let me go if it thought I should not soon return, but as I am under continual expense, I must look out for my interests or I shall soon be ashore.

Island of Santorin,[2] *Sunday, October 30th.* On Friday

[1] This was probably the youth whose life my father saved in the manner described in Whittier's ballad.

[2] Now called Thera.

eve, it being told me that a caique was about to start for this place, I had my things put on board and we were soon under way. The breeze was fair but light during the night; yesterday it blew freshly, and we came on rapidly, passing Melos, which we left to the southward and westward and to the left hand, not as it is laid on my map, to the northwest of Santorin. We passed also Polykandria, and a desert island. At an hour after dark we moored in a little port opposite Santorin; this morning at sunrise we drew into this place, and never was I struck with more surprise and wonder than at the first view of the town. From the sea the rocks rise (it seemed at first perpendicularly) to the height of three hundred feet, and on the very edge of the precipice the houses of white stone, ranged in form of a crescent, seem to overhang the waves, so that from the immense height one might pitch a biscuit into them. The windmills ranged on the edge of the precipice, the fantastically built churches, the line of houses all of pure white stone, with the great height and steepness of the rocks, all combined to give to the scene a romantic appearance; it seemed almost the work of magic. As we came close to the shore the illusion vanished in a measure, and the rocks which appeared to me at first precipitous proved only very steep. Left our things in a little house of customs, and commenced the task of climbing up to the town. The road is exceedingly steep, and zigzags all the way up, going a few paces one way, then turning to the other, just as they build rail fences in Virginia. After much toil we reached the top, where I found many very pretty houses of stone whitewashed, and many inhabitants, quite like Europeans in their appearance, the men being many of them in the French dress. I was carried to the Eparch, a young Greek smartly dressed, who in answer to my inquiry for a chamber, after finding that I was to stay

but a few days, offered me one in his house, which I find very convenient, fitted out with bed, chairs, table, glass, etc., etc. After much talk, and a particular inquiry on his part about affairs in Candia, and my opinion of the affairs of Greece in general, he went on to ask about the feelings of America, the views of England, the interests of France and the other European powers, relating to Greece. After inviting me to dine with him, he sent a person to conduct me to the English consul. I found him in a room of spacious dimensions, fitted out in pretty good imitation of European style, and he received me in a tolerably polite way, though rather inquisitive, as asking my age, that of my brother, sisters, if they were married, and how many children they had, etc. He speaks French very tolerably, and Italian excellently. He informed me that some months since he had received letters from Offley, our consul at Smyrna, requesting him to give his attention to whatever Americans might chance to come here, but he said I was the first who had visited the place since the commencement of the Revolution. . . . I learn that Santorin is a vineyard; nothing else is cultivated. You have to buy everything here but wine; water is sold, but nobody thinks of buying wine. . . .

November 1st. Got hold of a Herodotus, and a slight sketch of the ancient history of this island. It was originally called *Kallisthene*, or "most beautiful;" it bore various names afterward, but the most common was that of Thera. Tradition, says Herodotus, informs us that this and some of the neighbouring islands sprung from the sea. One of the sons of Cadmus (?) retired to this island with his followers, but if they built any town their ruins have long since vanished. He does not speak of it as famous for the grape or for the quality of its vine. Its modern name of Santorin is probably derived from "St. Irene."

Some of its modern history seems to confirm the opinion prevalent in the time of Herodotus that the island had risen from the sea. I found a paper written by the great-grandfather of the consul, which gave an account of the formation of the little volcanic isle on the opposite side of the harbour, which he says rose from the sea in the year 1707, he being an eye-witness. He says: "One day about noon we felt a smart shock of an earthquake, and soon after some one perceived what appeared to be a little rock on the other side of the harbour. Curiosity was excited, and some fishermen passed over to within a short distance, but appalled by the agitated surface of the sea, the discoloration of the water, and the noise, they immediately returned. Others, more daring and inquisitive, went over and remained an hour near the new-born rock, which appeared soft and red like fire. The sea changed to a milk-white colour and appeared troubled. Afterward the sea became yellow, a sulphurous odour was emitted, the fish were found dead and putrefied. After some days the sulphurous emission became much greater, the rock (or earthy space) was observed to increase in size. Soon the odour became so bad that it reached the village and caused much inconvenience; metals, gold and silver coins changed their appearance when exposed; in fine, the inhabitants quit the village and repaired to a higher station. Things went on thus for seven years, the island continually increasing in size, from the throwing out of matter from its crater; at the end of seven years, having become one mile in circuit, it stopped its eruptions, and has ever since been peaceable." No changes have been observed since, but it is said that some time since, just after an earthquake, the earth approached so near the surface of the sea as to become visible in the middle of the harbour, where it had before been of an unknown depth; whether this is true or not, some

of the Santorinians look for the time when another island springing up here shall make for them an excellent harbour. A volcanic isle about a mile from this last one, beyond it, is said to have sprung up before the time of our Saviour. Be these things as they may, Santorin and its neighbourhood appear as though Vulcan and his Cyclops had been and were still busily to work underneath it, and I think it not unlikely that an earthquake will one day precipitate this village into the sea.

Wednesday, November 2d. A caique for Syra is to start immediately, and has been starting immediately ever since yesterday, but has not got away yet. . . .

Ios. This island lies about twenty-eight miles north of Santorin and between Siphnos and Polykandria. It is a little larger than Santorin, but not near so productive or important. It contains but about five hundred families. They subsist chiefly upon the productions of the island, some of which however they exchange with their neighbours. There is but one village, built on a hill just above the harbour. The latter is small, but safe and pretty convenient. The appearance of the island from a little hill where I am is quite pleasant, and the variety of rural occupations in which the inhabitants seem busily engaged gives life and interest to the scene. *Ios* is the only name which the sailors can give for this island, but as it is not marked upon my chart, I cannot say whether it is the correct one or not. A slight indisposition renders me unable to go up to the village and around the island to make those inquiries that I should like to, while the unfavourableness of the wind detains us here. We have been out once, but the captain is so great a coward that he dare not attempt to beat as far as Antiparos, notwithstanding all my solicitations. The wind is not violent; it merely blows a smart tacking breeze, and we might easily get to

Antiparos to-night. But it is enough for the sailors that the wind is ahead; they put into a port and wait patiently until it changes. About noon a small schooner under national colours, and with the standard of a Greek captain, entered the harbour and came to anchor as they passed us. We heard the roll of the drum, a thing very rare in Greece. An invitation was soon sent for me to come on board, at which, though much surprised, I departed. I found there Lieutenant-Colonel Rhodius, brother of Colonel Rhodius of the Tactics at Napoli. He received me very politely, and informed me that having heard that I was on board the little boat, he had sent for me to do me the little honour in his power, for he respected and loved those Philhellenes who leave their own country to serve his. We soon sat down to a dinner served upon deck, and I learned that he had been employed all summer in going from island to island, enlisting men for the regiment at Napoli. He said the policy of government was to get all their soldiers from the islands, since those of the Morea and continental Greece are so full of clanship for their chiefs, all of whom have been in the opposition, that the loyalty of the soldiery would be doubtful. After many compliments, and making his clerk write down my name, he allowed me to depart. The wind becoming fair, we left Ios about three hours before sunrise this morning; at this time and through the day our passage has been delightful. At sunrise I saw just before us the island of Paros; to the right lay Naxos and to the left Siphnos and Seriphos, while away to the south and west were discovered Melos and around in the distance appeared the other Cyclades. The sea was calm, and borne on by a light breeze we entered into the beautiful channel between Paros and Antiparos. These lie very near together, and the prospect on either side of us was delightful. On the hillside to our left was

pointed out to me the situation of the entrance of the famous grotto of Antiparos, the most beautiful in the world; I hope another time I shall find leisure to visit it. The water in the channel I should judge to be about twenty-five feet, but the water was so beautifully clear that one could plainly distinguish the grass upon the bottom. The shores on each side are of gradual ascent and there is good anchorage. Paros, indeed, has a very fine harbour for vessels of any magnitude, where our fleet has been lying for some time past; they have now left. Emerging from the channel, which is quite narrow at the mouth, we entered the open sea, and a breeze from the south springing up we rapidly left these islands behind us, and approached Syra, into whose harbour we entered about five P. M. . . .

Syra, Saturday, November 5th. Masson, whom I expected to find here, has gone. The English consul is sick, and as it is impossible to find a chamber in the locandas, I should have been in a bad box if I had not by chance found Nikolas, a young Greek of Scio who was with me as an assistant at Kalamata and Kitries. He was all joy at finding me, and appeared exceedingly anxious to show his gratitude for the advantages I gave him and the kindness I showed him when he came to me all dirt and rags, without even a greatcoat to sleep on, having lost all at Navarino. I did not know him at first, so completely was he metamorphosed. He had come to Syra with the intention of going to Smyrna, but finding some countrymen (Sciotes) doing business here, he took up with their offer of commencing doctor here. They lent him money, and fully and smartly rigged out in the Frank dress, he bids fair to become the first physician in the place, for he has very good talents and learned considerable of the profession in Italy.

But half sick, and disappointed at not finding friend Masson, I care little about seeing Syra, and engaged passage in a sloop for Hydra, to start this eve if fair wind. The place contains about sixteen thousand inhabitants, nearly one-third of whom are engaged in commercial transactions. . . .

Sunday, November 6th. Head winds prevent the vessel in which I have engaged my passage from going to Hydra, and a dull, drizzly day, combined with my dreary state of feelings, prevent me from going around to see what may be seen in this mongrel place, Syra. A vessel arrived from the Greek fleet, bringing the melancholy intelligence that the Alexandrian armada has passed the west of Candia, and the Greeks could not attack them on account of the wind, but they have followed them up. This may be the death-blow of Greece.

Tuesday, November 8th. Yesterday morn at daybreak we left Syra with a tolerable wind, which, however, did not last longer than enough to carry us past the isle of Kythnos, when we were becalmed, and lay rolling like a log till evening, at which time a southern breeze sprung up and carried us on finely for awhile; but it soon began to blow so tremendously that the sailors dared not hold on their course, and yielding to the breeze, passed Cape Colonna, and running up the Gulf of Athens, we came to anchor in a little harbour in Ægina. This island, extremely interesting in itself, independent of those historical recollections with which it is connected, I am not permitted to examine on account of the wind, a small variation in which will start our vessel off. The appearance of the island is fine, and the view of the gulf above is very fine. I am now in the Gulf of Athens, in the neighbourhood of Salamis. Around me on every side the country is sacred; it is classic soil, and one cannot restrain those feelings of en-

thusiasm to which the neighbourhood of such spots will give rise. But I must refrain awhile; first my duty to living Greece, and then let loose those feelings of enthusiastic admiration which ever must be felt toward her former heroes and the relics which speak so forcibly of the genius and enterprise of a people of whom they were the chiefs. A few weeks more and I may visit the seat of war.

A damper is indeed cast upon the prospects of this campaign by the news of the passing of the armada. They say the Greeks could not attack it on account of the weather, but I fear it is too true that the Greek fleet were not at their post. Some weeks ago, one of the vessels having returned to Hydra for necessary repairs, her sailors as usual were clamorous for pay, and the Primates were weak enough to yield to it and pay them. They returned to the fleet and spread the news that they had been fully paid. It spread like wild-fire among the sailors, who all cried out, "Let us be off and get our pay before the money be all expended!" They went, all the fleet, and before they were reassembled wholly the armada had passed. The pressing danger for Hydra seems now to be past, and it will be some weeks before it is molested, if it should be at all; but Napoli! It is said eight thousand will be landed at Navarino and Modon, etc., etc.

Hydra, Wednesday, November 9th. A breeze springing up this morning brought us here in a few hours, and to my very great joy I found my friend Masson, three days from Grabousi. It appears that last Wednesday the enemy attacked our party on Frying Pan (?) just under Grabousi; after firing away awhile they crossed over with their cavalry, dashed in among the Greeks, and of the four hundred more than one-half were cut to pieces. Consternation at Grabousi; provisions almost gone; anarchy reigning; all the Roumeliote soldiers going off, most of them without

arms; in fact, the devil is to pay in Crete, and I must be off for Napoli to see what is to be done.

Thursday, November 10th. The Alexandrian fleet have indeed passed on safely to Navarino, and we now wait anxiously for the movements of the Pasha. The number of troops which he has received by this fleet is variously stated, but it is probably not far from ten thousand. Two steam-vessels are with the fleet. The enemy may now send round his fleet to Napoli with his heavy artillery, and march across the Morea with his army to invest it by land. Napoli is apparently strong, but if he is allowed to invest it by sea, he will carry it in a short time. But we may expect much struggling in the Gulf of Napoli; the Greek fleet will not let the Turkish pass unmolested. Hydra, or more probably Spetzia, may be the first attacked; in fact the latter is in great danger; it will be a matter of so much consequence to the Pasha to have it for a deposit for his stores that he will try hard for it. As for Hydra, he will have a terrible reception if he attacks it; every house must be carried separately, and they will fight to the last like bloodhounds. Others suppose that the Pasha will proceed against Gastouni and the western parts of the Morea, and leave Napoli until spring.

Mr. Gaston, an accomplished young Englishman, arrived from Napoli. He has been some time in Greece and has served by land and sea as a volunteer; he is a fine fellow.

Napoli, November 12th. Left Hydra yesterday at noon, arrived here to-day at noon. Napoli is full, and more than full of people. The poor wretches who have been driven from the Morea have flown to Napoli as to the only place of succour. The place, however, seems to be in order, and the police pretty well established. No news from Crete.

Sunday, November 13th. The regular troops of the Greeks have increased to about thirteen hundred men,

part only of which are here; there are four companies at Spetzia, four hundred men at Athens. The fortifications of this place we are repairing as fast as possible, and it will [be] put into a tolerable state of defence in a short time. Kolokotrones with about eight thousand men is near Tripolitza, which is garrisoned by two thousand Arabs. There are perhaps five thousand soldiers at Hydra, six thousand at Spetzia, two thousand at Missolonghi; many are here; all waiting for pay before they will go out.

Monday, November 14th. Letters from the Greek fleet, which is off Cape Matapan observing the movements of the enemy, state that he has not debarked the troops from his fleet, but on the contrary has taken more troops on board, and will proceed undoubtedly for the Gulf of Napoli or for Missolonghi. The critical moment approaches; the Pasha will not, as was expected, rest during the winter, but drive matters to an extremity at once. His policy is, as it has been through the whole season, most excellent. He has gone on rapidly from conquest to conquest, without allowing us time to breathe. The superior number of the irregular Greeks retarded him not a whit; he held them incompetent to cope with his disciplined troops, and the result has shown his correctness. I think Spetzia will now be his aim; there are six thousand Greeks there, but if he effects a landing the place will be carried. Should he attempt Hydra it will be another thing; he must sacrifice an immense number of his men, and exterminate the inhabitants before he can carry the place. But all depends upon the Greek fleet; they will not probably leave the enemy to effect a landing at Spetzia or Hydra, or to come up the Gulf of Napoli, without making a desperate effort with their fire-ships to burn his fleet. The hope, the salvation of Greece hangs, as it has done before, upon her fleet;

should they from neglect or necessity fail to harass or cut up the enemy by sea, I fear that a few months will wind up the affairs of this distracted country. There is yet another plan which the enemy may follow: he may strike at Missolonghi. And if he strikes, the place will fall; Western Greece will be lost; our hopes of a rising in the upper parts of Roumelia will be blasted; the prospects of the country darkened essentially.

The fondly cherished hopes, the sanguine expectations that Lord Cochrane with his fleet would arrive in time to save Greece, begin to waver. Although the contract has been made with him, although his armament has been prepared, it would seem from the English papers that difficulties are thrown in his way, that even Government may forbid his leaving England. However, first, I do not think the ministry would wish to prevent his coming; next, I believe it would be entirely out of their power to forbid him, although they might indirectly hinder him.

Arrived a brig last night from England, with one thousand barrels of powder and twenty-four thousand balls for the government. The people crowd around with the most intense anxiety to inquire about Cochrane, but no news of him. All seem to be of opinion that the salvation of Greece depends upon him. If you ask any one's opinion about public affairs, he says, "Ah! If Cochrane comes, we shall do well!" "But if not?" "Why, if not, all is lost!" In England the rumour, or rather the probability, of Cochrane's coming out had the effect to raise the Greek bonds fifteen per cent. This is something. Others suggest that it may be a scheme on Cochrane's part to make a speculation, as in the affair for which he lost his station in the British Navy, but this I cannot believe. His expedition was to consist of six steam-vessels and two frigates, which we know were ordered to be built in the United States seven months ago

and which are doubtless finished by this time. A proper naval force arriving in time may save Greece.

November 15th. It appearing still more certain that the enemy has [the] intention of coming this way, or to Missolonghi, more men have been ordered to Spetzia, and Hydra is to be made still stronger. As for Napoli, it can only fall after one or both of these.

The enemy have retreated entirely from Salona and its neighbourhood, but Missolonghi is still invested by land, although not closely as heretofore. Eastern Greece is quiet and is not threatened. Called, with Masson, on Demetrius Ypsilanti; but I have passed opinion upon him before. It is said he intends quitting the country; if this is true, I am convinced it is from conviction that he cannot be useful. He is a sincere patriot, but he is kept entirely out of power, military or civil, some think through the intrigues of Mavrocordatos, but I doubt it.

The President is absent (at Hydra), and perhaps it would be better were he absent from Greece; he is a man with talents, but stubborn as a mule, and Mavrocordatos is the only man who can manage the old goat. He is the richest man in Greece, and extensively connected, but he has filled every office in Greece with his relations or creatures; there is not a custom-house, not a commission, not a town of consequence in which you will not find his creatures in office, and it is rare to find any officer of government under his appointment who is not a Hydriote. But it is not in this way alone that Konduriotes has essentially injured Greece. His policy has been narrow and contracted, and although he might wish at heart for her welfare, he has erred in the way to promote it.

Thursday, November 17th. Nothing certain is known as yet concerning the intentions of I. Pasha. All Greece waits with anxiety his movements; the crisis is at hand,

and the country may be lost or won in a few weeks. Missolonghi, it is said, is now open; the Turks have retreated. Western Greece *in statu quo.* Having called on the representative of Candia to explain the reason of my leaving, he was perfectly satisfied, and said that such was the state of things at present that he could not wish or advise me to return. After a little time, should the affairs of Greece take a favourable turn, fresh efforts may be made in Candia, and he wishes me then to return. Being thus free, I shall take the first opportunity to see Athens, that mistress of olden and wonder of modern days, and on my return I am promised the situation of surgeon and physician to the hospital here. If this succeeds I shall remain all winter in Napoli.

Friday, November 18th. Have got the promise of an appointment to the hospital in this place, and after a visit to Athens, I shall commence. I might make better [pay] by practising privately, but I prefer to be in the employment of Government, as I can be more immediately assisting to the cause. The Government seems to be pretty active, if not alarmed, as well they may be. The most intelligent Greeks with whom I am able to converse allow that the danger is imminent; that the crisis is at hand, and that the conflict must be soon determined if the weather will allow the enemy to act. We shall soon see.

Ligourio,[1] *Saturday, November 19th.* Started this morning from Napoli in company with Captain Dujourdhui (a young Swiss in the regular company) and a quack doctor, and after riding five hours we arrived at this place. It is a little village with about thirty families, who are in a tolerably flourishing way, not having been disturbed by the Turks for five years. The route, first over the plain of Argos (northeast), has been through a level, delightful coun-

[1] Near Epidauros, the health resort of the Romans.

try, abounding in olives. We passed two Hellenic castles, both on the left and on hills, but I could not visit them. The country seems exceedingly rich, and might be made to produce well, but there are no inhabitants. We have not passed a single hut since leaving the neighbourhood of Napoli. However, this is always the case in Greece; the inhabitants congregate in villages, which are almost always on hills, and have their houses very close together. In this village there are the ruins of a Venetian castle and church, as well as houses. Also, one hour from here, Hellenic ruins, which I shall visit to-morrow morning.

November 20th. Taking with me a guide, I started at daylight for the Old Place (or Palaio), as the villagers call it. My guide took me at first to a ruined church, which he called old, but which I knew to be Venetian; then after a walk of an hour I came to a place where upon the bank of a rivulet I found some remnants of an ancient building of considerable size, the foundations of which were entire. Going on farther I came to more remains. There were two little rising hills with a space of thirty feet between them. On each side seats were placed, rising one above the other about twelve feet; they were regular, and constructed of immense stones, smoothly hewn. Whether these two risings, or hills, were natural or artificial I cannot say, but I think artificial, for on the back side of one I found a small hole, and on entering it proved to be an arched vault or passageway leading to the space between the two hills. What this could have been I am not antiquarian enough to determine. Just back of this place were the ruins of a temple. Huge blocks of smooth stone lay around, half buried in the earth; here and there the broken pillars appeared, mixed with carved pieces of marble and hewn stone, but probably this temple was not a very splendid one. About half a mile west of this ruin, I

came to the ruins of an amphitheatre. Like other ancient amphitheatres it was built on the side of a hill, the seats rising one above another to a considerable height. The seats were almost entirely constructed of a dark coloured stone, in large, flat, smooth pieces. The seats were fifty-six in number, the upper one 272 paces around, the lower one an hundred paces. It was built with the greatest uniformity, and had an imposing appearance, being, from my calculation, capable of containing at least ten thousand people. In the centre and on each side were the places by which to mount. The earth had covered the slabs in some places, and trees had sprung up in the others, yet still it had a grand appearance, melancholy as it was. The arena, or space where the acting was, is now a wheat-field, and the modern Greek now drives his plough on the very spot where his ancestors fought and wrestled, without any other sensation than that of regret that the splendid steps and seats of the theatre make his field so narrow. . . .

Some way from this theatre are found two immense cisterns, perhaps fifty feet long, twenty-five wide, and eighteen deep. They were built of large stones and covered with a mortar which has become as hard and even harder than the stone, for in some places the stone had crumbled from age and exposure, but the cement is still hard and firm. It has in it small gravel, but I believe artists are not able to imitate it. I do not know what ancient town was here, nor have I any book by which to inform myself, but it is certain that a town of some magnitude had its site here thousands of years back.[1] There are other ruins about here, but time would not allow me to examine them, for having engaged to go with my party to Athens, I cannot break the company agreement. At parting from the village we had a row with the villagers, who, finding that we

[1] It was Epidauros.

were not inclined to pay them exorbitantly, attempted to frighten us out of it. Numbers assembled, some with pistols and knives, others with sticks. In the fray, one with a club threatening me, I laid my hand on my pistol to frighten him, but nothing daunted, he cried out, "Fire if you dare, and I will beat your brains out." However, after much altercation, finding us determined, they let us go, wishing us a good day and a happy journey. The route to Piada is through a more mountainous country than between Ligourio and Napoli, but the land appears fertile, and as you approach Piada you find it cultivated and the scenery beautiful. I found on the roadside, on little shrubs or trees, a red fruit about the size of a nutmeg, of a fine flavour and taste, soft and juicy like a berry, of which I eat abundantly.

Piada, November 21st. Arrived here last night, but not in time to visit the ruins of Epidauros, which is two hours from here. This place was principally dedicated to Æsculapius, who had a temple there, the ruins of which still exist. . . .

Tuesday, November 23d, Ægina. Left Piada this morning and arrived here at four P. M. The captain of our bark, frightened at the lowering appearance of the sky, dared not run for Athens, though he might have done it in three hours. The news from the fleet are of most painful nature: the Spetziotes and Ipsariotes have had a quarrel with the Hydriotes about a prize, and have withdrawn their vessels and left Miaulis with twenty-five vessels and five *brûlots*, to do what he can against the enemy's fleet, which, it is said, has got under way for Missolonghi. This is dreadfully degrading; after all the fond hopes and expectations which had been built upon the efforts of the fleet, to have this most shameful division ensue is heart-rending to every friend of Greece. . . .

Thursday, November 25th, Eve. I am at last, then, in

Athens. I can hardly realize it; and yet, though my arrival after dark has prevented from seeing anything, my feelings are not the less affected by the idea of being at the scene of so many things endeared to our memory, and become as sacred.

Friday, November 26th. I have my head so full of what I have this day seen, that I can describe nothing; nothing like arrangement is formed, and it is necessary to see them again before I can separate.

Magnificent columns, half-ruined temples, rich sculpture, and cyclopean remains are scattered about with such profusion, meet one at every corner in such a way, that at first only a confused idea remains upon the mind, which is rather filled with astonishment than admiration. The gate of Adrian, the columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympius, the theatre, the temple of Theseus, and surmounting all the Acropolis with the famed Parthenon, all these strike the eye and astonish the mind at first in such a way that no distinct idea of any one is left. But being now commodiously lodged *chez le Docteur Vitelli*, with Miller and Gaston, I shall to-morrow commence a deliberate survey of Athens and its environs, examining each remnant of antiquity as long as it affords me pleasure and indulging in those reflections which Athens gives rise to. . . .

Friday, December 10th. Leaving Athens on mule-back at noon, I arrived at the Piræus in two hours, and stepping on board a boat which was ready, a fair wind brought me in an hour and a half to Koulouri (or Salamis). This place is so small and crowded with refugees from the Morea, that I found lodgings with the greatest difficulty. There are also many soldiers quartered here, who oppress the inhabitants in a most outrageous manner. This day one of the captains shot a citizen in the public street for having dared to contradict him. I am told that many of the

inhabitants are of opinion rather to burn the town and repair to the mountain than to submit to these impositions. The Roumeliotes and other soldiers, being disbarked from the Morea, distribute themselves round in the different villages and towns, and oblige the inhabitants to support them through the winter. They know no law but force, and spend their time in worse than idleness.

Saturday, December 11th, Piada. Leaving Salamis at nine A. M. with a light breeze, we arrived upon terra firma at sunset, and after half an hour's walk came to this village. About one hundred soldiers came with us.

Sunday, December 12th. After much trouble in finding a horse (for the inhabitants hide them through fear of the soldiery), I started at noon from Piada, and crossing the mountain to the southward came in two hours to the modern village of Epidauros, which is built very near the site of the ancient town. Old Epidauros was finely situated upon a small peninsula, which, projecting into the sea, formed two harbours, both of which were probably much better than they are at this day. There are upon the little peninsula extensive vestiges of the old town, and the remnants of an extensive wall round it, extending across the neck to the mainland, are still visible. As you cross the neck to go to the peninsula, [you] observe upon the right hand, half buried in rubbish, a mutilated statue; close by this are some fragments of columns, and farther round to the right one traces the walls and finds other interesting remains. At night we arrived at the village of Leondari, where we made out to get a dry earth floor to sleep upon.

Monday, December 13th. This morning the rain delayed me an hour or two, but finding that my muleteer, a little timid, was inclined to magnify the difficulties of the route, I obliged him to start, and we came off in a smart shower

which drenched us immediately. Jogging on, we came to a little stream swollen by the rain ; attempting to cross this, my horse slumped very deep, threw me into the stream, and I was only saved from drowning by the greatest exertions. After this I went on rapidly on foot, to keep myself warm. After travelling an hour, I slacked my pace for my servant and muleteer to come up, but finding that they did not, I began to fear I had lost the route. Mounting a little hill and not seeing them behind me, I was convinced I had got out of the way or they had stopped. I fired off my pistols, and soon heard a report in answer, off half a mile to the left, where I proceeded and found them. After a fatiguing march of four hours, I arrived at Napoli and found quarters at the house of the representative from Crete, with friend Masson.

Here ends the first volume of Journal (small calf-bound note-book). Last date, Dec. 13th, 1825.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FALL OF MISSOLONGHI

THERE is no record between December, 1825, and November, 1826, and it seems probable that one volume of the Journals may have been lost; or it may have been merely that the active and wandering life which my father was leading during the greater part of 1826 left little or no time for writing of any kind. This year of 1826 was a momentous one in the progress of the Revolution. In his "Historical Sketch" my father tells of the proceedings of Ibrahim Pasha, the fall of Missolonghi, and the continued siege of Athens by Kiutahi Pasha, but there is no mention of himself. Fortunately, a few letters have been preserved, which, while touching upon public affairs, give also a glimpse of some of the wild ways the young surgeon was treading. The first of these is to William Sampson, and I give it in full.

ATHENS, Dec. 19th, 1825.

DEAR WILLIAM:—My last was dated in the month of September, and from the island of Candia; since which time I have been so hurried about from one part of Greece to another, and so continually agitated in mind on account of the distressing state of public affairs, that leisure has not been left me to address any of my friends in America. Having finished the campaign with the army, I have come to enjoy a few days of ease at Athens. Doubtless you will start at the name of Athens, and expect from me a long

and interesting account of it, but I have no heart for this now. I am an admirer of ancient, but a lover and friend of modern Greece. All travellers have described the feelings of melancholy which pervaded them when wandering among the remnants of the gigantic buildings on the Acropolis, or gazing upon the beautiful and still perfect temple of Theseus; but how much is that melancholy increased at this moment, when, recalling to mind the proud state of Greece in the age of Pericles, one compares it with her present situation — exhausted by a desperate struggle, and in danger of coming again under the yoke of the barbarian. I speak of Missolonghi, now in imminent danger. This season has been important for the Greeks; it has taught them that an army without order or discipline is a curse to itself and to its country. They were so proud of having battled successfully more than three years with their former masters, that they would not listen to the solicitations of foreigners to organize their army. But things are now changed. Formerly it was merely one herd of men struggling against another herd, with this difference, that the one was inspired by the spirit of liberty and a thirst for vengeance, and [therefore] they were the conquerors. But now, science and discipline regulate the Turks, and the Greeks find them irresistible; the army of Ibrahim Pasha goes where it will.

In my last I gave you an account of the expedition to Candia, detailed the taking of Grabousi, and explained our hopes and prospects. About twelve hundred men were sent to Candia, rendezvousing at Grabousi. They proceeded into the island, hoping the inhabitants would rise and enable them to chase the Turks from the country. But time was lost by delay; too many faults were committed from want of subordination; and after vainly attacking a castle, the expedition retreated, followed by the enemy to Gra-

bousi, under the very walls of which the Turkish cavalry cut to pieces two hundred Greeks. It was then impossible to expect the Candiotes to rise, and provisions growing scarce in Grabousi it was determined that the expedition should return, leaving only men enough to guard the fortress. Thus terminated the attempted revolution of Candia, upon which so much hope was, not irrationally, built.

During this time the Alexandrian armada had been delayed from one cause or another, and Ibrahim Pasha was anxiously awaiting its arrival. The headquarters of his army were at Tripolitza, from which place he made some excursions, scouring the neighbouring country; he went to Napoli di Malvasia, but found it too strong for him; he burnt Mistra, the defence of which was not attempted; he passed through the district of Maina, but did not meet that resistance which the resolute character of its inhabitants had led us to expect. In all these excursions the inhabitants fled before him, but only to their inaccessible places of refuge in the mountains, and as soon as he had left the plains, they returned to them and to their occupations. Nor were the Greeks altogether idle; they once attempted the taking of Tripolitza, which had been left by the Pasha with a garrison of two thousand men. Colonel Fabvier led about four hundred regulars of the infant Greek army, and was supported by four thousand irregulars; the regulars went up to the very walls of the place, but were deserted by the others, and of course could do nothing. Kolokotrones also attacked the enemy's positions several times, and with more success than was to have been expected from his wild troops. If you compare the Greek regulars to our militia, and their irregulars to our Indians, you will come near the truth. In fact, their way of making war is not dissimilar; they prefer to wait the attack of an enemy, and to sur-

prise by ambuscades. Then they pitch upon some defile through which the enemy must pass, hide themselves among the rocks and stones, and patiently await his coming. If they decide to await open attack, they encamp upon some rocky hill, where they build their little *tambouris*, or breastworks about three feet high, behind which they lie down, and when the enemy advances pour in their fire. They depend principally upon their musquets, or rather do their principal execution with those, though every Greek soldier thinks it necessary that he should have a pair of pistols and a yataghan stuck in his belt. The yataghan is a short, crooked sword, curved inward like the blade of a scythe, and is one of the clumsiest weapons in the world; the same may be said of their pistol, the handle or stock of which is perfectly straight. The principal use of either is for show, for they seldom come near enough to the enemy to use them. When they attack a position, they wind among the rocks so as to keep themselves covered, each man taking care of himself, and following what course he chooses. They do not even form a line; each soldier is isolated, and if he finds himself in danger avoids it without the least idea of receiving assistance from others. They never trust themselves in the open plain, for should the cavalry come upon them they cannot defend themselves. They have no bayonets, and you might as well talk to them of the mountains in the moon as of hollow squares. The Turkish cavalry is most formidable. They are mounted upon the finest Arabian horses, which they manage with great dexterity, and they never fail to attack whenever the nature of the ground will admit. The Greeks fear the cavalry as much as the Turks dread a fire-ship. With an army of sixteen thousand regulars, backed by such a cavalry, is it strange that Ibrahim Pasha should overrun the Morea, or that the undisciplined Greeks cannot stand

before him? To prevent the arrival of the Alexandrian armada was the great object of the Greeks, and to effect it their fleet was kept continually cruising to the north of Candia until the 1st of November, when, to the astonishment of all Greece, the vessels returned to the islands of Hydra, Spetzia, and Ægina, leaving the sea entirely open to the enemy. It was pretended that the vessels needed repair, and could not keep the sea, but this was a mere sham; the true reason was far less honourable. One of the vessels being at home for repairs, the sailors became clamorous for their prize-money, and the Primates of Hydra were weak enough to give it. Soon this vessel returned to the fleet, and it was immediately known to every sailor that its men had been paid off. A commotion at once arose; the cry was, "The government has received money! We must go and get paid off before it is spent." In vain old Miaulis pleaded, joined by the other captains; there is no more discipline among Greek sailors than among the soldiers; home they went. Still, the Alexandrian squadron had not sailed, and it was hoped there might yet be time to oppose them. Every exertion was therefore made to send the Greek fleet out again as quickly as possible, and they sailed, but too late; the wind opposed them, and favoured the enemy's squadron, which passed the west end of Candia before the Greeks arrived at their station. The Greek fleet followed to Navarino, but the landing had been made, and Ibrahim Pasha had received eight thousand troops, with supplies of horses, artillery, ammunition, and provisions. But Ibrahim did not immediately strike any important blow. He returned to Tripolitza with his reinforcements, and marched north to Patras [expecting], as is supposed, to take possession of it; but this was refused him. Patras is a very strong place, held by Yussuf Pasha and the Albanian Turks; now Yussuf did not choose to open his castle gates

or give up his command to an Egyptian, and when Ibrahim produced a firman from the Sultan ordering that the castle be delivered to him, Yussuf produced another firman ordering that it be *not* delivered. Ibrahim, finding that he could not get into Patras either by force or by fraud, moved off southward, and entered Pyrgos and Gastouni, the inhabitants taking refuge in the mountains. At Pyrgos about eighty Greeks had placed themselves upon a little island in a lake, and the cavalry was ordered to pass [over] at a fordable place and destroy them, but cut down by the fire of the Greeks, they dared not go on. An attack was made on the other side, but the cavalry would not advance on account of the depth of the water. The Pasha in a rage rushed forward himself, but lost his depth and was very near being drowned. Other attacks were made, but this little band [of Greeks], after killing nearly two hundred of their enemy, were left conquerors.

At Gastouni, two hundred Greeks shut themselves up in their little fortifications. The enemy attacked, but were repulsed with great slaughter; they were led on a second, third, and fourth time, but were driven back. Unfortunately toward night it began to rain: the Greeks could not use their musquets; the enemy's infantry then came in with their bayonets, and put every man to death.

Returning from Pyrgos and Gastouni, the enemy crossed the Gulf of Corinth and advanced into Roumelia nearly as far as Salona, where finding formidable bodies of Roumeliotes [gathered] to oppose him, he rested; and we have had no news since. During this time the Greek vessels have been watching the enemy's fleet, which lay in the harbour of Navarino until the 25th of November, when they sailed for Missolonghi, followed and harassed by the Greeks. Off Missolonghi considerable skirmishing took place.

Napoli, Dec. 28th, 1825.

The Greek sailors have lost all patriotism, and become a mere set of hirelings. The fleet has come home, and left Missolonghi in imminent danger! This was due to a quarrel about prize-money between the Hydriotes and Spetziotes; the latter came off, and brought all the fire-ships with them, leaving the brave old Admiral Miaulis with only seven vessels, to contend with the whole Turkish squadron. He, too, has been obliged to come home, and the poor Missolonghiotes are left alone. They have provisions for twenty days only, are closely besieged by sea and land, and unless the Greek fleet returns and throws in provisions, all will be soon over. They will never surrender, but will bury themselves in the ruins of the place. Perhaps the loss will be a death-blow to Greece.

Greece is in danger, but if Missolonghi should be succoured, prospects will brighten. The regular troops are rapidly increasing [in number]; officers arrive every day from Europe, and as government is sensible that it is only by a regular army that the country can be saved, it is hoped that by next spring seven thousand or eight thousand foot and two thousand horse will be fairly well disciplined. There are nearly three thousand now. Next spring will decide this long and bloody struggle, and that the God of armies may give the victory where it is due is the sincere prayer of

Your friend,

Sam'l G. Howe.

The next day he writes to his father as follows:

Napoli di Romania, Dec. 29th, 1825.

My dear Father: — I have let a longer time pass without writing you than I ever meant to have done, but for

the last three months I have been so driven about from one part of the country to another, and from one island to another, that really I had neither time, place, nor opportunity; sleeping now in a hut, another night in a cave, the third in the open air, I have never been stationary long enough to write at ease. This must plead my excuse to you for my silence.

As for my health, I have reason to be thankful that it has been excellent. This is very strange, too, for out of perhaps one hundred foreigners whom I know here, there is but one save myself who has escaped the fever of the country. All the Americans have had it; Mr. Miller very ill, but now recovered. Lieutenant W—— now lies under my care in a dangerous state. Mr. Evans also was sick, but I hope that before this time he has called on you, and given you the things I sent by him. He left months ago. I am very careful, and have enjoyed both health and excellent spirits. Deprived of everything like what you consider comfort, I felt not the want of them. It is now three months since I have slept on a bed, and I have passed weeks without taking off my clothes, day or night. As for a chair, table, looking-glass, knife and fork, or any such things, you might as well look for them in the moon as in a Greek hut in the country. In the towns it is different, and you meet with such things *now and then.* It is all the same when one gets used to it, and now I can squat down with the soldiers upon the ground, and dine on olives, figs, and bread, with as good an appetite as that with which I used to attack your roast beef and Indian pudding. Oh, roast beef and Indian pudding! when shall I see you again? When shall I again fall foul of the hot rolls and butter, and the toast and tea of America? Thus I exclaim sometimes, when the Greeks ask me what we eat at home. I have become so accustomed to the Greek way of

life that I enjoy it, except when I think of home — of the comfort and luxuries of home! There, if I am sick, I have sisters to take care of me, father and friends to inquire about me, and half my sufferings are taken away. But here, with my servant alone to attend me, all are strangers around me, who would leave me to die without water if I could not pay them for it! Not that I have not friends; I have good ones, and *one* dear to me as a brother; yet we are often separated. However, I have finished the campaign, and I shall spend the winter in Napoli with Masson and Miller. I have a servant who has been with me eight months; he is attached to me, and quite faithful. I pay him but three dollars per month and give him his victuals; this is good wages for Greece. My other expenses are in proportion, and I contrive to get along. I think I have done exceedingly well, after passing a year in Greece, to be as well off as when I arrived. Should things go on well, I shall not need; but if the Turks should conquer, I may be obliged to fly, with less than a hundred thousand in my pocket! However, I worry not about the morrow; let that take care of itself. I came to Greece to serve her, and not to make money, and I shall stick by her to the last.

The affairs of the country do not go on so well as could be wished. We could beat off the Turks, let them come on as thick as they pleased, but this season they have sent an army of *disciplined* Arabians from Egypt, before whom the Greeks cannot stand. But we are now raising rapidly a corps of tacticians, which now amounts to three thousand men, and by next spring will be seven or eight thousand, with which we can meet these Egyptians, who have gone just where they pleased this summer. They are now besieging Missolonghi, a very important town (fortified mostly by poor Lord Byron), and if they take it things

will go badly. If they do not — hurrah for next spring! when we shall be able to meet this Pasha, with his black army, on his own ground. Our cause has suffered very much [during] the last campaign, and the country is in danger, but it is by no means lost yet, and next spring will decide. The powers of Europe may possibly do something, or we may be able to drive the enemy into the sea; if neither of these things take place, why, poor Greece is lost. You see I speak of myself as one of the Greeks, and I feel almost so.

My private situation is better than I could have expected. I have received the appointment of physician and surgeon to the hospital at Napoli, where I have an excellent opportunity of perfecting myself in my profession. I am still a young man and a young doctor, and I look upon information as of more value than money; and could I receive in Boston, now, $1,000 a year, I should do wrong in leaving Greece, where I have a better opportunity to accomplish myself in my chosen profession than in any part of the world. But it is not only as a physician that I am learning. I have daily intercourse with men from all parts of the world; I feel my mind enlarging in knowledge of all kinds, particularly that of human nature. Here, too, I can learn the languages; and besides French and Greek, which I speak fluently, I can get along in Italian, and mean to apply myself to German. This will all be valuable to me, for as you used to tell me, "Knowledge is the safest thing for a young man; he can neither lose it, sell it, nor give it away, nor can anybody steal it." Therefore, perhaps when I come home I shall not have a shirt to my back, but I hope I shall be *wiser* than when I left it. . . .

On April 22d, 1826, the long agony of Missolonghi came to an end. The story of this famous siege and defence is

vividly told in the "Historical Sketch," from which I cannot forbear quoting a passage in its proper place. In the following letter to Sampson he gives way to the feelings natural to a heart at once brave and tender.

NAPOLI, April 30th, 1826.

DEAR WILLIAM: — I write you with an almost breaking heart. Missolonghi has fallen! Her brave warriors have thrown themselves in desperation upon the bayonets of their enemies; her women and children have perished in the flames of their own dwellings, kindled by their own hands; and their scorched and mangled carcasses lie a damning proof of the selfish indifference of the Christian world. Christian, do I say? Alas! I fear Christianity has fled from the world. You send missionaries to the east and to the west, and from pole to pole; millions are annually paid for the support of pampered priests, or of overendowed institutions, while the poor Greeks are left to worse than slavery and death. For ten months have the eyes of Christian Europe been turned upon Missolonghi. They have seen her inhabitants struggling at enormous odds against the horrors of war and famine; her men worn out, bleeding and dying; her women gnawing the bones of dead horses and mules; her walls surrounded by Arabs, yelling for the blood of her warriors, and to glut their hellish lusts upon her women and children. All this have they seen, and not raised a finger for their defence, and at last they have seen the catastrophe. You may talk to me of national policy, and the necessity of neutrality, but I say, a curse upon such policy! It is contrary to Christianity and humanity; it is a disgrace to our age, that millions of Christians should be left to the sabre and yoke of the Turk. Pardon me! Perhaps my language is too strong; but when I think of Missolonghi, when I think of the pro-

tracted sufferings of her inhabitants, many of whom I knew, I cannot restrain my feelings. Jervis, too, poor fellow, I fear was there. I have before mentioned him to you, the young American who ranked so high in the army. I heard a few days ago that he had entered the place, and been twice wounded; if this is true he is lost, for he could not cut his way out. Well, peace to his ashes! He has fought often for the cause, and at last sealed his love of it with his life.

My last letter was from Athens, and I think dated before the 1st of January; in that I informed you of the need in which Missolonghi then stood of provisions, and of the exertions which were making to get out the Greek fleet to her relief. Missolonghi was then surrounded by the Albanian Turks, and blocked by the Alexandrian fleet; the Arabian army under Ibrahim Pasha was then near Salona. Soon after the opening of the year, the Pasha sat down with his army before Missolonghi, and increased the number of its besiegers to thirty thousand. On the 15th of January the brave old Admiral Miaulis with the Greek vessels arrived; he immediately attacked the enemy, burnt one corvette, took a fire-ship, and drove the rest of the fleet under the guns of Patras. He then attacked and destroyed the enemy's boats on the shore before Missolonghi, and threw into the town two months' provisions, which were all the limited means of the Government had allowed them to send. This supply animated the courage of the Greeks; they bravely repulsed the almost daily attacks of the enemy, who twice carried one of the batteries and entered the town, but were driven out with great loss. Nevertheless the Pasha continued his operations with great vigour; the town was bombarded day and night, and during the last three months it is supposed that two thousand of the three thousand fighting men of Misso-

longhi were killed or wounded. Meanwhile the Greek fleet was at Hydra. The siege was hotly pressed during February, and until the middle of March; at which time the Turkish squadron surrounded the little island of Vasiladi, defending the mouth of the harbour, and commenced a most furious bombardment. It was desperately defended by a little band of Greeks, who repelled every attempted landing, until a bomb bursting in their magazine caused the whole to explode, and left the poor fellows without a cartridge. Reduced to this miserable situation, they awaited the approach of the enemy, and perished sword in hand, save about thirty who made their escape to Missolonghi. Thus was the town again reduced to extremity; their two months' provisions were nearly exhausted, and, even should the fleet arrive with supplies, the capture of Vasiladi rendered it extremely doubtful whether they could be got in. A few days after, Anatolia, another island about six miles from Missolonghi, was attacked at the same time by the fleet and by the Arabian army, who, wading across the shallow channel that separates the island from the main, made a landing and marched up to the town. Their first columns were cut to pieces and driven back; a second attack was not more successful; but at the third they broke through the feeble defences of the Greeks, hewed down the soldiers where they stood, and butchered or carried off as slaves three thousand women and children.

Meanwhile every exertion was making to get out the Greek fleet with provisions for Missolonghi, but this was not effected until the first of April. It soon arrived, and the sight of it for a moment cheered the famishing Missolonghiotes; but only for a moment. It was soon found impossible to get the provisions in, though Miaulis made three attempts, battling with the whole Turkish squadron, protected as it was by the guns of Vasiladi; he did all that

a brave patriot and a skilful sailor could do, but in vain. The inhabitants of Missolonghi saw these attempts and saw their futility; they then knew their only alternative to be death or submission. They had been six days without a morsel of bread, they had eaten up all the dogs, jackasses, and rats, in fine everything that could be converted into nourishment, and had only the last resort of the brave, death with their swords in their hands. The sick and wounded, the old people and children, with some men who would not leave, were then shut up in some buildings over a mine in which had been placed all their powder. The rest then sallied out upon the enemy, and made a desperate attempt to cut their way to the mountains; who and how many effected this we do not yet know, but it is supposed one-half perished. The Turks entered in the morning, and attacked the remaining Greeks, who after a short resistance, when they had drawn their enemies around them, set fire to the train, and involved them with themselves in one common ruin.

An attempt has been made this season to effect a diversion, by carrying the war into the enemy's country; for this Colonel Fabvier led twenty-five hundred men of the Greek regular troops to surprise the principal fortress of Negropont, Chalkis, which is situated at the narrow part of the Euripos, where the island is joined by a bridge to the mainland. Finding that the enemy had been apprised of his designs and had made formidable preparations for a defence, the Colonel fell back as far as Marathon, whence taking boats, he made a sudden descent upon the island coast, effected a landing, and after ravaging the country up and down for some extent, he prepared to attack Kárystos, situated in the southwest part of Eubœa. The troops carried the suburbs of the place; the infantry then advanced upon the castle, protected by the fire of the

artillery, when an accident (entirely to be traced to the cupidity of the Greek deputies in London) rendered their attempt futile. The cannon had just been received from England, and not sufficiently proved, and after a short cannonade the axletrees of every one of them broke and left them useless. Thus unprotected by artillery, the infantry was obliged to retire. The next day a large body of Turks appeared for the relief of Kárystos, and a Turkish fleet arriving off the harbour at the same time rendered the situation of the Greeks rather critical for some days. But the timely appearance of a few Hydriote vessels put to flight the Turkish fleet, and the troops embarked for the island of Tenos,[1] where they still remain.

On the first of this month deputies were assembled from every part of the nation at Epidauros to consider the state of affairs, and the deputies agreed that for energy and despatch, the present provisional Government should be annulled and the power vested in twelve men who should have absolute control of affairs till September next. The assembly then dissolved. The newly elected supreme commission arrived here this day; the old Government quietly resigned its power, and to-morrow the commission will begin operations. Greece is in imminent danger, but I do not yet despair. I shall have an opportunity of writing you again in a few days, and then can give you a more correct opinion on the probability or improbability of her success.

Till then adieu!

S. G. Howe.

My father's more detailed account of the fall of Missolonghi, from the "Historical Sketch," here follows. The letter is his first outcry of horror and pity, but the

[1] Tenos and Andrea are very near Eubœa.

second description shows in every line that he had seen and spoken with some of the few survivors of the catastrophe, and taken from their lips the dreadful story.

"They had just rejected the proposals of Ibrahim, and it was in vain that Sir Frederick Adam, Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, moved with compassion at the fate which seemed to await these devoted warriors, had repaired to the camp of the Turks, to try to effect a capitulation. The next day they saw the attempts of Miaulis renewed, and again frustrated; the third day it was the same: there was no hope of succour left, and they resolved to cut their way through the enemy's ranks or die in the attempt. A man was found bold enough to venture with letters to the chiefs on the outside, beseeching them to come to their aid, and make a feint at least to divert the attention of the enemy at the moment of their sortie, and to give them notice by a volley from the mountains.

"They then proceeded to the melancholy task of preparation for the sortie. It was found that the number of the soldiers was reduced to three thousand, of whom from four to five hundred were sick or wounded; there were about a thousand men without arms, and five thousand women, children and aged persons. It was resolved that the wounded and sick, the aged, feeble, and those women who would not consent to attempt the flight, should be shut up in a large mill, with a quantity of powder; that they should make resistance enough to bring the Turks around them, and then blow it up. An old wounded soldier agreed to take his seat in the mine, which had been dug under the bastion Botzaris, and put fire to thirty casks of powder which were there, when the enemy should enter the town.

"The men then went round, destroying everything that

was valuable; the women sat with their heads bowed on their knees; they spoke not to one another, — they looked not on one another, — all feelings seemed lost, the stillness of desperation alone was there, — and they waited with dread, yet impatience, for the signal of sortie which was to determine their fate.

"On the 22d, at sunset, a volley was heard from the mountains; the chiefs knew that their countrymen were at hand to help them, and they sent round to warn all who were determined to sally, to meet at the Orange battery and start at eight o'clock. Then the long suppressed feelings of human nature burst forth; then the wailings of those who were to be left — the agonizing sobs of wives, mothers, and sisters, who were to part from husbands, children, and brothers — half changed the stern resolution, and many determined that, come what would come, they would stay and share the fate of their sick or feeble relatives; others resolved to try to drag them with them, and lessen their own chance of escape by sharing it with another. Many of the women assembled at the appointed place, clad in male attire and armed, determined at least to die if they could not escape. The last sacrament was administered by the bishop and the priests to the whole population, and each one prepared himself for death.

"By eight o'clock the people had almost all assembled, and four light bridges, which had been prepared for the occasion, were thrown over the ditch. It had been agreed that they should go in two bodies, one composed of about thirty-five hundred persons, principally Greeks from other parts, with but few women; the other body, composed of about as many more, but principally Missolonghiotes, with their families, were to follow the first body. The enemy had become, by some means, advised of the sortie, and had made arrangements to destroy the garrison before they

should reach the mountain. The Arab corps was posted on the left in intrenchments, the army of Kiutahi on the right; the cavalry was posted in the centre of the plain, ready to act wherever it might be necessary; and a body of Arabs was stationed at the foot of the mountain.

"Almost all the Greeks had now sallied out, and were waiting in darkness and silence to hear the musquetry of their countrymen, whom they expected to attack the enemy in the rear. An hour was passed in the most impatient expectation; not a sound was heard but the voices of the enemy's sentinels, and the low wailing of women and children behind; all were uneasy and restless, when a voice was heard among them crying, '*Forward, fall upon the Turks!*' It was repeated by every voice, and the whole of the front body, rising from the ground, where they had been crouching in order to be more screened, rushed eagerly forward and forced their way past the first of the enemy's intrenchments with small loss; pushed across the plain and rapidly approached the mountain. A body of cavalry here met them, but they dashed on with desperate speed, the pistol in one hand and the yataghan in the other, and the cavalry gave way before them. Uniting, however, again, the Turks hung upon their rear, and killed a great many of those who lagged. The sick and feeble, and many women, sunk down and were left; and some husbands stabbed their wives and children, who could no longer drag after them, and who were thus saved from torture. Arrived at the foot of the mountains, they were met by the corps of Arabs who were stationed there, and who tried to oppose them. But it was as easy to stop a mad bull, and they broke through every obstacle, heedless of the danger, and gained the mountains with the loss only of four hundred of their little band.

"The fate of the other body was far different. This

had a great proportion of women and children in it; they were not prepared to start when the signal '*forward!*' was given by the first body; many of the men were still within the place, collecting their families; they started, however, almost immediately after. But the Turks were now aroused; the cannon began to roar, and the musquetry to rattle all along their line, and loud yells of the Albanian army on the right were heard, as they rushed to assault the town on that side. At this moment of confusion, a cry was raised among the Greeks, '*Backward, backward; to the ramparts, to the ramparts!*' and the whole crowd, without knowing why, eagerly turned, and ran toward the town. At the same moment that they entered, the Turks entered upon the other side, and they were all instantly mingled. The Greeks fought with the fury of desperate men, and the women ran shrieking toward the sea, where many plunged in with their children. The old soldier seated in the mine now touched the train, and the tremendous explosion, which threw down the whole bastion and destroyed many of the Turks, added to the horror of the scene. For a few moments all was still; the Greeks began each to seek some place where he could longest defend himself, or where his friends were shut up, and the Turks were uniting to make a general attack. The mill, where so many women, and all the sick and wounded were shut up, was from the size of the building supposed to contain something valuable, and the Turks, eager for plunder, collected round it and attempted to burst in, when fire was put to the powder, and besiegers and defenders were blown together into the air.

"At daylight the whole Turkish army came trooping in from every part, eager to take possession of a place which had cost them so much blood and toil, — and what did they find? A wide extent of smoldering ruins, — the

walls were thrown down, or crumbling; the streets choked up with the rubbish of fallen houses, and strewed with dead bodies; a few buildings only were left standing, and over three of those the flag of the cross was still flying, to tell that yet a desperate few were alive, to fight under it. These were immediately attacked, and after an obstinate resistance, destroyed, with all their defenders; one of them, however, held out three days, and was then blown up — and thus ended Missolonghi."

The fortunes of Greece were now at a low ebb. With Missolonghi lost and Athens closely invested by Kiutahi Pasha, it was no wonder that Greeks and Philhellenes were alike despondent. In the next one of this little parcel of letters, my father still hopes that Greece may not be lost, but the happy confidence of victory is gone, and he is even making plans in the event of total defeat, and is thinking of joining a kind of Marion-band of "gentlemen land-corsairs." This would have been a singular episode in the life of the future philanthropist!

In this letter, too, we learn of his having a severe attack of the dreaded fever, which may in part account for the scarcity of records of this time.

NAPOLI DI ROMANIA, June 8th, 1826.

MY DEAR WILL: — Your kind letter of March 18th must be answered this afternoon, as there is a vessel for Smyrna this evening, and pressed as I am for time, I would not neglect doing it were I to go without eating a week. I wrote to Prof. Edward Everett yesterday by way of Malta, and detailed to him the state of public affairs; you will see by the letter that things look rather *blue*. Foreigners begin to hang tail and skulk off; not all, — for there are many noble spirits who despise the thought of quitting the coun-

try in an hour of danger, because she cannot pay them. There are several Frenchmen and Germans who will stick it out to the last. I hope my fears may not be realized, that Greece may not be lost, but if she is, it will be a long time before the conflict is over; a partisan warfare will be continually kept up, and the enemy harassed in every possible way. Many chiefs begin to make their preparations for this. In case regular opposition is over, I am determined to join some young French officers who are here, and who have agreed to form a little band of twelve, to be mounted on fleet horses, hover round the enemy, and dart in upon him and pick off stragglers on every occasion. A good example set by Franks may be useful to the Greeks, and a guerrilla warfare may become to the Turks more harassing than the present one. They will be obliged to relax in their caution; small bodies of men must be moving about the country, and will give a good chance to *gentlemen land-corsairs*. I have become so attached to Greece, so confident that she will *eventually* triumph, that I shall not quit her while there is a prospect of being useful. . . .

Mr. Miller will give you an account of how I get on here. Don't believe, however, all that he will say to you about the future; he has been prophesying for a year past that Greece could not hold out a month, but she has done it, and I say she *shall* hold out months more! Hydra is not yet gone, and if attacked, her people will defend themselves like tigers; Napoli will hold out as long as her provisions do; and the fire-ships may do much. This is supposing that something should prevent Lord Cochrane from coming. But if he comes, then you will see at least a desperate struggle; the Turkish fleet will be attacked in spite of the number and size of their ships, and if they are beaten! God! It will be glorious; it will be a triumph

such as Christianity and humanity have not had for years. The proud Pasha who now is devastating this land will be obliged to quit it in disgrace, or leave his bones to bleach upon that earth which he has steeped in the blood of the Greeks.

I shall attempt to go in one of Cochrane's vessels; I shall not only see fun but escape what I dread more than Turks, the fever of this town. It has brought me once so low that I had some idea of what kind of a process dying was, and I have no appetite for lying on my back fifty days upon the stretch again! However, if the government orders me to stay here I shall not murmur, nor will I quit the place if it should be besieged. I am not fond of making but one meal a day, and that one on a steak cut from a jackass, but what is to be done? I have put my hand to the plough, and cannot look back. I have thought often of what I used to tell you, that my chance of returning to America was as one in two, and I think so still. I may get popped off by a ball or the yataghan of a Turk, but hope still whispers me that I shall see home once more, and that you and I will have some more of our moonlight strolls and while away the time by the relation of past events. But if it is not so,— if we are not to meet again,— may God give you many friends who will love you as I do; greater blessing than this can no man desire.

I remain yours sincerely,

SAM'L G. HOWE.

The next letter is more hopeful in tone. Indeed, the beautiful incident he relates, of the meeting in the public square of Napoli, might have roused hope in even the most despondent. In the "Historical Sketch" he gives the name of the simple and noble patriot, "Gennadios, a schoolmaster, and a man of some learning."

Napoli, July 8th, 1826.

My dear William: — . . . I assure you that, entirely as I have got rid of those foolish romantic ideas with which my head was once stuffed, I have one which clings closely to me: honour and fame I have done sighing for, but not the hope of making my friends proud of me, and being worthy of it; more particularly to make my good father feel that his pains with me have not been useless.

You will see by my letter to Professor Everett that public affairs are at a most interesting crisis. The Greeks now begin to rouse from the stupor into which they seemed to have fallen since the loss of Missolonghi. Yesterday, in accordance with a notice stuck up previously, calling all Greeks to meet in the public square to consider the state of the country, a large part of the inhabitants assembled, when there came forth a man to address them. He was of good character and education, and universally marked for his patriotism. He painted in glowing colours the dangerous state of the country; called on the people in the name of all that was dear to them, to lay aside their party feeling and disputes, to unite one and all against the enemy, to contribute every cent they could spare to feed the starving soldiery. "And that you may know, my dear countrymen," said he, "that I am not a man of mere words — behold my purse! It is all, all I have in the world, but I give it to my country, and swear to devote to her as freely my service and my blood."

The effect of his simple and pathetic speech was astonishing. The crowd was in tears. Then, as if moved by one common impulse, each rushed forward to contribute his uttermost. A committee was chosen, and each one, even the poor soldiers, who had no money, gave in something, a gold or silver ornament, etc.; others [gave] their horses, their jewels. Prince Ypsilanti sent in the golden

scabbard and mounting of his sword, of immense value. Poor fellow, he has done his uttermost, and he has become destitute. Had Greece many such sterling patriots [as he], she would not now be so low. I hope this newly awakened enthusiasm may spread over the country, and be productive of some good. It was in this way that they (the Greeks) hewed down so many armies in the commencement. All were animated with a burning zeal to rush foremost upon the enemy, and distinguish themselves by saving their country. But latterly it has been sadly otherwise. The sordid spirit of gain, and what is worse, the spirit of party, has sprung up to blast the hopes of the friends of liberty. It is affecting to talk with those *few* Greeks who have uniformly and steadily fought for the good of their country; [to see] how they lament the change of public spirit, and with what fervour they dwell on the first year of the Revolution, when, like a band of brothers, they fought the sacred battles of their country, and were each animated with that zeal that made all things common; when he who had gave freely to him who had not. Sainted spirits of Botzaris, Giorgaki, Rhiga! what must be your emotions if you look down upon your country, and behold it neglecting the cause you died to maintain! An expression in your last letter pained me much. You say: "Many who were formerly enthusiastically attached to the Greek cause, now say they believe the Greeks less entitled to sympathy than the *Turks*." This is doing them much injustice, though I am forced to say that many of them justify such an opinion, But there *are* redeeming spirits; there *are* men who would honour any cause, any country. Do not believe those who may denounce the [whole] nation as wanting honour and patriotism! Such persons do not know the Greeks, or from disappointed hopes detract from their merits. They judge the nation by those they meet

with in Napoli and the seaports; men who, having spent their lives in Europe, have adopted European vices. They do not look at the character of the peasantry, of the mountaineer; they do not take into consideration that Greece has for four hundred years been crushed under the weight of a despotism more grinding than that of the West Indian slave system. But I say, and without fear of contradiction, that the modern Greek, notwithstanding his life of slavish oppression, is a more virtuous, pleasing character than the Sicilian, the Italian, the Spaniard, or the Russian, and that he has *more* shrewdness and quickness, and as much talent, as the native of any other part of Europe. It is curious to hear the relation of the wanderings of our comrades. There is in the same house with me an old Greek whom I delight much to talk with. He is a man of tried courage, and covered with wounds. He has fought with the Mamelukes in Egypt; he served as a Cossack, and fought with the Russians; followed them to Paris; wandered in every corner of Europe; knows the character of every nation, and has been a most keen observer of men and manners. Such a man is a precious volume, out of which one may glean much valuable matter. It is his pride and boast that neither he nor his father ever paid tribute to the Turks; that he has killed them on every occasion; and that he left a major's commission in the Russian army to come and fight as a common soldier for his country.

Perhaps I weary you with these details, but I assure you, could you hear them from his mouth, you would never tire. Last night, talking over with him the clouded prospects of the country, I said to him: "Well, we will stand it out to the last, and when all is over we will go together to America." The old man's eyes flashed fire, then melted; a tear obscured it. "No," he said. "Save your-

self! Go and live beloved in that happy land of liberty. But I — I have drawn my sword for my country, and I swear that when she falls, I will sheathe it in my own bosom."

Remember me to all worth remembering, and believe me to be your sincere friend,

SAM'L G. HOWE.

There are no more letters of this period. We may suppose that work was plenty and leisure small, in the crowded garrison town; or there may have been — there probably were — alarums and excursions hither and thither through the distracted country, when the surgeon would be marching with the troops —

> "Over moss, over moor,
> Thorough bush, thorough briar,"

sharing their labours and their adventures, binding up their wounds after the skirmish, or roasting wasps and snails with them over the camp-fire. But this is all guess-work; I have no documents, and must now open the second volume of the Journal.

CHAPTER VIII.

WITH THE FLEET

THE second volume of the Journal is a ragged, coverless book of coarse, rough paper. There is no date on the first page, but we learn from the context that the month is November, the year 1826. It begins abruptly, and some pages have apparently been torn out. It is badly water-stained, and in some places hardly legible. The first entry reads:

Having received my commission from government as Director of the Medical Department in the Fleet, I embarked yesterday on board this vessel for Hydra, where is the steam-frigate *Karteria* (Captain Frank Hastings), on board which I shall be *Archichirurgos*. In Napoli I leave a situation where I was highly regarded and comfortably enough situated, but I find that the uneasy spirit which perhaps brought me to Greece, has not yet left me, and I cannot stay long in a place without being anxious to get away. . . . Captain Hamilton, of the *Cambrian*, in taking me down to Hydra, goes out of his way; straws show which way the wind blows, and it is a proof of his feelings toward the Greeks, for no other naval commander of any nation would have done it, knowing as he does that the Greek frigate is waiting for me, and that I cannot get there possibly by any other means. He is not only a gentleman and a man of humanity, but disposed to go to the very extreme of his power as a neutral commander, to

help the poor Greeks. His officers are fine, urbane men, whom some of my good but prejudiced countrymen could hardly believe to be English, for the very reason that they are so affable. . . . I have always found that either with Englishmen or Americans an ill opinion was entertained by each of the other exactly in proportion to their ignorance of each other.

There was some delay in reaching the *Karteria*, but finally we are told (no date) that:

This morn at ten I was put off in a boat, and boarded this vessel, where I was warmly received by Captain Hastings. He assigned me a beautiful and commodious cabin, upon the deck over the wheels, and I am to mess in the room with the officers. We have two Englishmen, one German, one Frenchman, and one Greek; the Greek is the eldest son of Tombazi. Captain Hastings is a man who deserves the deepest gratitude and respect from the Greek nation. It is only through his exertion, his activity, and generosity, that this ship was ever got out. She was built under his own eye in London, and carries as much weight of metal as a thirty-six-gun frigate; her engine, however, is not of the best. Captain Hastings, having on board about forty English and forty Greek sailors, is all ready to join the Greek fleet and engage the enemy. He sees the eyes of the whole people turned upon him — they are tired with waiting for Lord Cochrane and the rest of the vessels. Captain Hastings finds himself obliged to attempt something alone, and I doubt not, from his character, he will succeed or perish with the vessel. "Tell Captain Hastings," said Commodore Hamilton to me, "that I honour and envy him for what others pity him [for]: his situation is perilous, nay almost desperate, yet so glori-

ous is the attempt that, were I without wife or children, I would give £1,000 to be in it."

Syra, Tuesday, Nov. 7th, 1826. All the world, men, women, children, old and young, black and white, are coming on board to see the steamboat. The inhabitants of Syra endeavour to imitate European manners, and some do not succeed badly — their women really look something like women, and some few of them actually wear bonnets; I was astonished beyond measure at the sight of them. . . .

Syra, Steam-frigate Karteria. Letters from Cochrane say that he will be along soon. I do not believe it; doubt whether he will ever come. Syra is a place of mushroom growth, which sprang up in three years; its decay will be as rapid. It contains thirty thousand inhabitants, while three years ago there were but five or six shops along the shore. Its locality caused it to be pitched upon by the Greeks who were driven from Scio, Smyrna, Roumelia, etc., as a convenient port, and here they transact their business for the moment. There are consuls from almost all the nations of Europe. Syra pays its tribute to the Sultan; also its contribution to the Greek government. Yet, though apparently neutral, no Turk would venture here without risk of losing his head, — a bad trait in the Greek character. Last year a Turkish corvette was driven on shore here. The crew burnt her to prevent her falling into Greek hands, yet, thinking themselves on neutral ground, they attempted no defence until the Greeks fell upon and murdered about fifty of them. The others, 120, were sent to Hydra, where they soon shared the same fate.

We have taken a new officer, Mr. Derby, an Englishman, who has just arrived in Greece full of the best feeling for her noble cause, but with knowledge enough of men and of Greece not to be disgusted because he finds

the people in disorder, greedy for gain, without enthusiasm or courage, and often basely unconcerned about their country. True it is, indeed too true, that the Greeks are now unworthy of liberty, and incapable of appreciating its value should it once be gained. That they should maintain a free form of government is impossible; they must be ruled despotically. But it is not for this generation that we fight; they are sunk in trespasses and sins, but their children may and will be better.

Karteria, at Sea, Sunday. All things being in readiness, we hoisted anchor, and up with the sails (the wind being fair) without steam, and came gently out of the port, the sides of which were lined with Greeks gazing upon the vessel. The breeze gradually stiffened, and we are now running off at the rate of six miles an hour. How my spirit springs with joy at being on our way to meet the haughty Turk! And though our fate is uncertain, it cannot be an inglorious one. To be engaged in something active and important, in so glorious a cause, in such consecrated regions, makes my heart beat with a wild enthusiasm, which to my sober senses seems boyish and romantic. . . .

These ardent hopes were to be disappointed. The cruise of the *Karteria* seems to have been one succession of disasters, to cannon, to engine, to one thing after another. The list stretches out like Leporello's catalogue. November 15th, my father writes:

Passed yesterday on board. The cannon were tried for the first time, and the result showed that we should have been destroyed had we entered into action. Of the eight guns, one only stood the test uninjured; the shock of such terrible charges as are required to throw a 68-pound ball was

too much for them; but all can be repaired in a few days, and probably be put in such order as to be quite secure. The shells did not succeed well, but few of them bursting. The great fear was, however, found to be groundless, viz., that the shock of the cannon would be too great for the vessel. She stood it perfectly well.

The necessary repairs occasioned a week's delay. Then the *Karteria* started again, and they went by Vathy and Scio, only to be met by "furious and tempestuous weather," in the midst of which, "Last night, just as the wind had a little subsided and we were beginning to make headway with the steam, a part of the machinery gave way, and we have been all day knocking about to no purpose."

The record of delay goes on from day to day, discouraging enough to the young Philhellene. But on December 7th, the entry is:

At Sea, off Acaria. Got steam up and under way at four this afternoon, and running out of the eastern passage, — toward and close to the west coast of Samos, — we wore round the group of islands composing Phournos, and leaving Patmos to the southeast, we are now steering northwest, probably for Syra. I say *probably*, for our captain never says anything of her course or intentions. Thus are my hopes of a brush with the Turks at an end, for the present at least, and I must while away time yet longer. By the way, I do not like this whiling away of time: it is precious, irreparable when lost, never valued till gone.

In the course of this desultory voyaging, my father saw a good deal of the country and the people, and his notes on the latter are interesting, the more so in that they show

the growing bent of his character toward the study of men and conditions, and of the ways in which they might be helped and bettered.

December 9th finds him at the island of Amorgos. He writes:

Saturday, December 9th. Landed at nine this morn at the beach, on which are a few miserable huts inhabited by still more miserable beings, refugees from the most miserable parts of miserable Greece, — Cretans, Ipsariotes, Sciotes, etc. Many, perhaps, who but two years ago were rich, with houses, lands, comforts, nay, many of the luxuries of life, now make their habitation in little stone hovels, or even caverns, without a chair, table or bed, sleeping in the rags which partly cover them by day, as they grope about the shore to gather the shell-fish that make their whole subsistence. . . . The island has never been molested by the Turks, but much injured by the pirates, who do an immense deal of damage, landing in bodies of 150 or two hundred, and carrying off everything. Still, I suspect the inhabitants make a much greater cry about their poverty than is really necessary. A Greek is consummately crafty about this; even if he thinks you will make an exception to the general rule, and pay him for what you take, he will endeavour to make you think him miserably poor, so hard is it for them to quit a line of conduct which under the Turks was their only safeguard. You may often enter into one of the cottages and demand if they have meat and wine to give you.

"Meat and wine! Lord help us, poor miserable creatures! we have not tasted such things these many months."

"Some cheese, then, and herbs!"

"Oh, lucky should we be to find them!"

"At least give me some bread and olives?"

"No, by the Virgin, by our holy religion, we have not got any."

But if you sit awhile, and they find you have money and are inclined to pay them, they will dress you out a fine supper, roast lamb, stewed chickens, vegetables, hot bread, olives, cheese, wine, etc., etc., etc., in abundance: all this they have at hand; whereas, had you rummaged the house beforehand, you would have found nothing upon earth, — for it was all *under* the earth. . . .

The new year (1827) found my father still cruising among the islands in the unlucky *Karteria*, at the mercy of winds and waves and of engines hardly less unruly. On January 1st he was at Spetzia.

I cannot resist the temptation of quoting here a passage from the concluding chapter of my father's "Historical Sketch of the Greek Revolution," in which he describes the state of Greece as it appeared to him in this year 1827.

"The situation and prospects of the Greeks at the commencement of this year were exceedingly dark and unpromising, though not desperate; the warmest supporters of the cause could not deny that the final result of the struggle was at least doubtful; but then, they had so often been snatched from apparently worse situations, there were so many things within the range of probability that might prevent Turkey from continuing the war, that they were by no means discouraged. Roumelia had, in some parts, ceased from carrying on hostilities; the peasantry had accepted the offer of the Turks, and returned to cultivate their lands. They had not given up their arms, however, and lived continually prepared to renew the struggle for independence on the least prospect being held out of its success, and it was hoped the exertions of Karaiskakis,

whose influence over the Roumeliotes was very great, and who had been appointed by the government commander-in-chief in Roumelia, would be successful in reorganizing the insurrection there. Athens was closely besieged by Kiutahi Pasha, but no fears were had of its immediate surrender. The islands were free, and agriculture there flourished uninterrupted, except by the soldiery of Roumelia, who, being out of employ, and having no way of getting a subsistence in the Morea, or Roumelia, had crossed to the islands, where there was plenty, and in many instances committed excesses highly discreditable to themselves, and vexatious to their fellow countrymen.

"The Morea had been devastated by the troops of Ibrahim in almost every direction. All Messenia, part of Arcadia, Elis, and Achaia, presented a scene of utter devastation; it would seem as if the siroc had blown over it for years, destroying every vestige of vegetation, and had been followed by pestilence in its train, which swept away every living thing that had once inhabited it. Those delightful plains, which poets in all ages have sung, but whose beauties have not been overrated, which two years ago were chequered with pleasant little villages, surrounded by groves of lemon and olive and filled with a busy and contented peasantry, were now barren wastes, where the roofless and blackened walls of the houses, the scathed and leafless trunks of the olive-trees, and here and there the whitening bones of human beings, remained to tell that fire and sword had passed over and blasted them.

"This was the situation of at least one-half of the Peloponnesus; of its inhabitants many had been slaughtered, others carried off into slavery in Egypt, and the rest, where were they? Oh, God! it is an awful question to answer, but it is a question which must one day be answered to Thee by this generation, who left thousands

and tens of thousands of their fellow beings to be hunted like wild beasts to the mountains; to dwell in the caverns of the rocks; to wander about, year after year, seeking for the roots of the earth, giving to their ragged and emaciated children sorrel and snails for food, unable to get enough even of this, and pining and dying — ay! absolutely perishing from want, while the rest of the earth was full of fatness.

"There were about a hundred thousand persons in the Morea in this destitute situation, some suffering more, others less; all had fled from their burning houses and devastated fields, but some had saved their effects, while others were absolutely destitute. They took refuge in the recesses of the mountains, in caverns, in the centre of swamps; in every situation which afforded them security from the enemy's cavalry were seen collected crowds of old men women and children, suffering all that misery which the want of houses or sufficient covering or regular food must bring; they lived in little wigwams or temporary huts, made by driving poles in the ground and thatching them with reeds. In these hovels dwelt many a once prosperous family, without chair, table or bed; they had no blankets, they had no clothes to change, and their own had become dirty and tattered; they were obliged to wander about in quest of food, and their naked feet were lacerated by the rocks; their faces, necks, and half-exposed limbs were sunburnt, and their hollow eyes and emaciated countenances gave evidence that their suffering had been long endured.

"If there was anything wanting to fill up the picture of human wretchedness, it was to see among them those whose former habits ill qualified them to endure want; to see on their tattered and faded robes the fur and embroidery that attested their former splendour; to see the

woman who had once many servants at her beck, bending under the load of a fagot which she had cut with her own hands on the mountain, and was carrying to sell for a few cents; to know that in these wretched hovels was concealed many an amiable female whose clothes were absolutely insufficient to cover her decently, and who concealed herself for shame from the passenger.

"Yet amid all this misery, strange as it may appear, the light and volatile Greek was not always depressed; the boy sang as he gathered snails on the mountains, and the girls danced around the pot where their homely mess of sorrel and roots was boiling; the voice of mirth was often heard in these miserable habitations, and the smile of fond hope was often seen on those countenances, which mere want and exposure, and not care, had rendered so wan and emaciated. But there were others from whose bosoms misery had banished mirth; there was the orphan who ran about bareheaded and barefooted, with only a ragged shirt to cover him; there was the houseless widow, to whose breasts clung the half-famished orphan, — whose ragged children clung around her, begging for more food, after she had given them her last morsel, regardless of the hunger that was gnawing her own entrails; there was the wretch whom sickness had overtaken, and who had sunk down by the roadside, and lay parched with fever, without a blanket beneath him, or other covering than the shade of an olive-tree.

"Such were the scenes of woe and misery which presented themselves to the foreigner at every turn, and reminded him of the dreadful price Greece was paying for her liberty. And among them, too, were seen many who had escaped from captivity, and bore about them marks of Turkish barbarity; their ears had been shaved off close to their heads, their noses had been cut off, or their eyes had

been put out, or their bodies mutilated in some way or other.

"Such were the scenes which attested the long struggle and great exhaustion of Greece. The number of these sufferers had been increasing every year, till it had now arrived to a frightful magnitude, and bore a large proportion to those who still had the means of livelihood."

My father hardly ever speaks of himself or his own doings in this "Historical Sketch," but he has appended a foot-note to the passage just quoted, which makes the terrible picture even more clear and distinct. He says:

"I was once with a party of soldiers, three of whom got separated from the rest, and were surprised upon the plain at daylight by a few Turkish horsemen; they ran for the mountains, but the cavalry pursued them, and fired upon them with their carbines, just as they approached the position of their companions. Two of them fell dead, and the third, hearing the horsemen at his heels, fell also, but not wounded; the Turks came up, dismounted, cut off in haste the noses and ears of all three, the living one having the fortitude to keep up a counterfeit of death, and the Turks strung their prizes on a string, with some others, and galloped off. The poor fellow then got up, and came to us covered with blood from head to foot. I soon cured him, and promised him a new *Taliacotian* nose and ears, at the expense of the first of his mutilators whom he should overtake."

I return to the Journal.

Ægina, Wednesday, Jan. 3d, 1827. Left Spetzia yesterday with a very slight breeze, by help of which we

crawled along the coast, and at sunset were off Hydra. This morn a gentle southern breeze coming up, we entered the beautiful Gulf of Athens, or rather Ægina, and had a most delightful passage up, the continent bounding the gulf to the left, Cape Colonna upon the right, Angistri in front, and Ægina discovered beyond it. . . .

Friday, Jan. 5th, 1827. Went to visit the ship built for the Greeks in New York, and was astonished indeed at her size, beauty, and strength. Her upper deck, an immense plain as it were, flush fore and aft, without obstruction to the eye, presents a range of thirty-two guns on each side, all of 32-pound calibre and of the finest quality; the slender but perfectly proportioned masts, the beautiful brass capstan, are almost the only objects that arrest the eye in its sweep over the vast deck. The lower gun-deck presents a battery still more formidable, of thirty-two 42-pounders, all in perfect order. And so large, yet perfect are the dimensions of the ship that, though mounting but sixty-four guns, she would be a match for any seventy-four that swims. She is perfectly fitted out in every respect, and her accommodations for the officers are excellent; beautiful, yet simple and useful.

What to me was more interesting was my finding Kanaris on board, a man who has justly acquired as much fame as any other during this Revolution. On entering into the great cabin I found a small man sitting there, quite ordinary and modest looking, dressed plainly, almost coarsely, and when I was introduced to him as the famous Kanaris, I in vain tried to catch something remarkable about his appearance, but there was nothing except perhaps his full protuberant eyes, which, without beauty or fire, were yet full of intelligence when raised and looking at you. I paid him my compliments on his gallant deeds, which he received as a thing he had been perfectly accustomed to.

Yet, after all, we contrive to twist a man's appearance into something of that which it should be from his mind, and perhaps we ought to expect from a man of Kanaris's quiet, unpretending calm, nay, indifferent appearance, that sort of cool, determined courage which his deeds have manifested in him. I shall long remember his appearance, — his slight but well-proportioned figure, his protuberant forehead and eyes, black eyebrows, hair, and moustache, his nose a little turned up; not a pert, cock-up nose, but as though it had been flattened and bent up. At ten A. M. Miaulis came on board. The old fellow looks ruddier and fresher, but not fatter, than when I last saw him. Gave him a salute of eight guns when he went off.

Ægina, Sunday, Jan. 7th, 1827. Hot words coming on last night between two of our officers, a challenge followed; and followed by me, this morning at daylight, on shore, they proceeded to a duel. Finding that my exertions could not prevent them from going on, and being the only one on board who could come off, I was made to act as second, witness, doctor, and all; so loading the pistols equally, but taking care to put in both balls so badly that I was sure they would not go true, I placed the two combatants back to back at twenty paces distant, gave the word, one, two, three, turn, — they both turned, both levelled their pistols deliberately, — *fire!* S—— fired, and his ball whizzed over H——'s head, who hesitated one instant, and then fired in the air. I urged reconciliation, which S——, to my astonishment, accepted, though he had fired at his antagonist, who did not return his shot. Let men say what they may, I believe that I did a good deed in being engaged in this affair; and so far from my conscience accusing me of being accessory to a murderous party, it tells me that I have probably saved a life. The siege of Athens still going on, there is

some prospect of this vessel being sent to attack the Piræus.

Ægina, Tuesday. Athens seems to be in a worse condition than I had imagined it. They have not a stick of wood to burn, are deficient in clothing, and a violent disease is raging among them. The Turks seem to have come to a fixed resolution not to abandon the siege; during the winter they have partly encircled Athens with a ditch, cut down all the olive-trees, and formed with them a sort of fence for their ditch. They have about ten thousand troops, including servants, etc. Letters from within call loudly for relief, and government, feeble in means, is doing all that is possible for them. . . .

CHAPTER IX.

THE SIEGE OF ATHENS — DOCTOR HOWE UNDER FIRE

The siege of Athens was more and more closely pressed, and many pages of the Journal are devoted to speculations on the various reports that were flying through the country. Was Cochrane coming? Was Kolokotrones trying to play his old tricks? Was Bourbakis, the "Greek Frenchman," sincere in his protestations? These rumours have their own interest, taken in connection with the narrative of the "Historical Sketch," but without explanation they are often confusing; I therefore omit some of the entries of this time.

On January 16th, my father writes:

It is strange, it is passing strange, that at a time when the country is reduced almost to ruin, when the holding the reins of government can only be a harassing, dangerous, and unprofitable task, men are so anxious to get them that they are sacrificing the true interest of their country for it; quarrelling for mastery in a house while the robbers are at its very doors to plunder it. Preparations for relieving Athens are going on briskly. . . .

Saturday, January 20th, finds him at Hydra, where he was sent for by Government and desired to take charge of letters to the secretary of Lord Cochrane, who arrived at Hydra eight days ago with letters for Government from

his lordship, but who for some reason had not come to Ægina to present them, probably deceived by the representations of Konduriotes, who would fain make out that the Commission of the National Assembly is not the legal government. It was supposed that to keep him in the dark the Hydriotes would intercept all letters and messages sent from Government, but I contrived to find him out, and in him found a man whom I had formerly laid under some obligation during a time of his sickness and want. My appearance seemed to give this Hesketh joy on many accounts, not only as meeting an old friend, but a person who might inform him impartially of the true state of parties and things. Sounding him and finding him ignorant of the actual state of affairs, and of the incontestable legality of the present government, I informed him of my errand and delivered my letters, and at last persuaded him to go to Ægina to present his letters. Konduriotes, after doing all he could to prevent this, at last consented upon promise of his returning to await Cochrane at Hydra, and we shall be off in an hour. Hesketh says that Cochrane will be here in ten days, but he appears to be not well acquainted with the business of the expedition. All is quiet in Hydra at present, but I do not think it will last long; the sailors have completely got the upper hand of the Primates, and do as they choose. . . .

Poros, Sunday, Jan. 21st, 1827. Left Hydra at three P. M. with Hesketh and a Hydriote creature of Konduriotes sent as a spy upon Hesketh. A fair wind brought us in a few hours to the entrance of the Gulf of Athens, near Ægina, but scarcely had we cleared the little passage between the mainland and the rocky islet at the west entrance, and entered into the beautiful gulf, when the wind coming contrary, it was impossible to reach Ægina, which lay in plain sight. We made out, an hour before

sunset, to get into a little harbour upon the main; here we debarked to come on foot to the ferry, and left the boat to row round. . . .

About five minutes' paddling brought us over the ferry, the distance being one-fifth of a mile. We paid ten paras (about eight cents) for all four of us, and set about seeking the house of Admiral Tombazi; soon found it, and were made most welcome by the hospitable old man. His family were just sitting down to supper, but a little preparation was made for us. His daughters retired, and we squatted down upon cushions to a table a foot high, and enjoyed a good supper. The old admiral apologized for not being able to entertain us as he could have done at Hydra. "But," said he, looking round, "if I have not here my splendid rooms and European furniture which I had there, at least I have peace and comfort, and am not worried, insulted, and put in peril of my life, as I used to be there by the seamen." He and his brother, with Miaulis and some of the other Primates, have succeeded in getting their families and properties away from Hydra, and it is not probable they will ever return there. . . .

Ægina, Jan. 22d, 1827. Leaving at dawn the comfortable beds spread for us upon the carpets by the hospitable Tombazi, we proceeded to our ablutions in the Eastern style, waited upon by Turkish slaves, and sallied out with our host to the house of his brother Emanuel, where we regaled ourselves with pipes and coffee. Came in immediately after Prince Mavrocordatos, with whom an hour passed away in conversation. Then, our boat being ready, we rowed out of the harbour by the northern passage, in a dead calm, and had a noble prospect from both sides. Sailing along, we passed slowly by the peninsula of Methana, the neck of which has been fortified by Colonel Fabvier, a small part of whose troops now occupy it. A

breeze springing up carried us swiftly by Andros, and brought us up to the lower part of Ægina. Went to the Government with Hesketh and reported my return; found that Colonel Gordon had sailed for Salamis, to arrange for an attack upon the Piræus, and that the steam-vessel will go in a day or two. . . .

Salamis, Jan. 28th, 1827. Even at this moment the Greeks are struggling to repel the attacks of the Turkish hordes which surround the sacred city, but doubtless the sight of our vessel comforted them, and let them know that assistance was at hand. About eleven A. M. our engine got completely out of order, and there being not a breath of wind to break the glassy smoothness of the sea, we lay motionless; but in what a spot, and with what objects around us! I could not regret the delay which afforded me such a scene. Behind lay Ægina, with its slope to the sea, richly cultivated and interspersed with olives, while farther back rose its hills, crowned by the temple of Jupiter Pluvius, whose still standing columns were plainly to be seen. To the right lay Attica, stretching south and terminated by Sunium; high up was Athens, its Acropolis and Parthenon rising above the mist which floated over the town; Salamis was before us; to the left the Isthmus of Corinth, above which rose the ragged, almost perpendicular Acro Corinth, crowned by its fortress. . . .

The Acropolis is in plain sight from Ambelika, on Salamis. It appears that the enemy have erected a battery upon the hill of Philopappus, from which they throw shells into the town. Fabvier has been about six weeks in the fortress; he went in with five hundred men, each carrying ten okes of powder. For lightness' sake they entered without their capotes, expecting to return again immediately. They met resistance from the enemy, whom they *actually charged with the bayonet*, and forced their

way in, thus relieving (in fact saving) Athens, for no more powder was left in the fortress, and no one else could be induced to undertake the relief. After getting in, he found the garrison not inclined to let him come out; they swore if he did they would come too, and he was obliged to remain. The garrison in all amounts now to nearly two thousand men. It is more than a month since a messenger has been able to escape the enemy's vigilance and come out, so that we are in ignorance of the actual state of things, except [for] some slight information that may be gleaned from the very imperfect system of signals which they have established, such as fires in different positions. The enemy appears active. A spy was taken here yesterday, and after the clearest proofs and his own confession, his throat was cut with a yataghan and his body left upon the beach, to deter all from following his example. The straits of Salamis are about a mile in width, separating this island from Attica, and were the scene of the celebrated sea-fight of Salamis. The remains of the old town are quite visible, though nothing is entire; mere traces of walls, foundations, etc. The island was never celebrated for its fertility, and is now filled, not with its own inhabitants only, but with refugees from all parts of Greece. . . .

Ambelika, Salamis, Feb. 2d, 1827. At sunrise found ourselves off the village of Eleusis, which still bears its ancient name, and is situated upon the site of the ancient town. It has a very pretty appearance from the sea, being built upon a little rising ground close to the shore, the prettiness of the view being much heightened by two square Venetian towers. The Thriasian plain is large and apparently rich naturally, and if the country should again become free Eleusis will enjoy a consequence and importance better merited than her ancient one, derived solely from the celebration of the mystic rites of Ceres.

Passing down the gulf, we approached the scene of the famous battle, and soon from behind the hills the Acropolis of Athens broke upon our view. Turning to the right, we entered the harbour of the ancient town of Salamis and anchored near the remnants of its walls. The port is good, and perhaps spacious enough for all the purposes of the ancients, yet not to be compared in beauty and extent to that upon the other side of the island, where the modern Salamis, or Koulouri, is built. The view of the Acropolis is very good from here. At the entrance of the harbour is a small island, Psyttaleia, upon which four hundred Persians took refuge after the battle of Salamis, and were massacred by the Athenians. The little village of Ambelika is prettily situated on a ridge to the left of the old city. Found there Philhellenes of all nations, — two English, one Irish, several Frenchmen; Italians, Swiss, Germans, Russians, etc., — assembled to assist in the attack upon the enemy at Athens. The Swiss are really fine fellows in general, and among the foreigners in Greece I have had more Swiss friends than of any other nation. It is probable we shall start in three days, and this vessel will have the hottest of the work.

Ambelika, Feb. 4th, 1827, Sunday. Preparations have been going on actively for the attack, and everything was ready this afternoon, but some delay on the part of Notaras has knocked the business in the head for another twenty-four hours. Yesterday a council of war was held; there were present Colonel Gordon, Colonel Heideck the Bavarian, Captain Hastings, Count Pazzo, Makroyanis, and some others. The tactics have arrived, three hundred in number; the artillery is ready, with a pretty park of twelve pieces. The troops of Vashos and Bourbakis made an attack yesterday and gained possession of a small village north of Athens upon the extremity of the plain; this is

well, and will draw the attention of the enemy toward them. All day a brisk cannonade has been kept up from the Acropolis, probably in order to favour Vashos and Bourbakis. We can see plainly the smoke of every gun, and that it is but feebly answered from the battery of Philopappus.

We have the port blocked, but from the infernal delays of the Greeks the Turks will undoubtedly have full notice of all our preparation.

Yesterday at four P. M. the troops began to embark on board of three brigs, about twelve small craft, and in this vessel. We took in the tactics, four hundred in number, and after much hurry, bustle, and confusion, all were on board and everything ready for a start. The moon shone bright and clear, the wind was fair, and everything promised to favour our enterprise. The chiefs assembled on board this ship to consult, — Gordon, the leader, Makroyanis, Notaropulos, or Archondopoulus, Colonel Heideck the Bavarian, and some others. About ten the vessels were all despatched in advance, and at eleven we got under way with steam, and moving on rapidly soon overtook the little fleet, which had but a light breeze. Off the Piræus, having passed all the vessels, we took a turn backward, sailed round them, and again took the lead. The scene was exceedingly fine, — the night still and clear, a slight breeze filling the sails of our little fleet, which lay about us in every direction; the camp-fires of the enemy brightly burning round Athens; the fires of the Greeks under Vashos and Bourbakis upon the sides of the mountains; while from time to time the launching of bombs from the enemy's batteries into the Acropolis marked the horizon with a long streak of fire, and showed that the siege was still hotly pressed.

About three o'clock this morning we anchored at Pha-

leron, and as soon as the little vessels came up proceeded to disembark the troops. In the first boat went about fifty irregulars, and all were in breathless suspense to see if the enemy occupied the ground and would make resistance. All was still as death for a few moments; when the boats pulled off for more troops, the first were climbing to the summit of the hill. The moon had gone down, and it was pitch-dark. Suddenly from the top of the hill opened a brisk fire of musquetry, mingled with wild shouting.

"The Turks are there! Our men will be cut to pieces! Back with the boats and take them off." These were the words of Colonel Gordon, leader of the expedition, who seemed to be agitated and surprised. Others [were] more cool, particularly Captain Hastings and Colonel Heideck, who besought him calmly to consider whether he should not, instead of reëmbarking, proceed to send more men to support those already there. After a few moments of apparent indecision, Colonel G., hearing the cries of the soldiers on shore for more men to their assistance, and considering that the firing might be only from the Greeks, decided to disembark more men. In a few minutes the cessation of firing showed that the enemy, if any had been there, were gone. The landing went on, the Greeks gained the height, and immediately began to throw up their *tambouris* of earth and stones all along the crown of the hill; at daylight the work was almost finished, and two thousand men were safely posted there. A round of cannon from the Acropolis announced that its garrison saw and hailed us. It was an object with the commander to gain the monastery and custom-house, which lay upon the shore of the Piræus, and at the foot of the hill where he was encamped, and the *Karteria* was ordered there to batter them. In half an hour we were there, anchored, and immediately began to throw in our 68-pound shot, which did

much execution upon the walls. The garrison, which could not have been more than ninety men, after finding that we did not mind their musquetry, showed an inclination to fly, but the Greeks, too confident, advanced upon the side of the hill in such a manner as to cut off their retreat, and this made them desperate. The Philhellenes advanced with one cannon toward the monastery, and battered it for some time, but did no harm, and wasted their men in vain. About noon the irregulars began to come down, crawling upon their bellies from stone to stone, firing from behind everything which would cover them, until they were very close to the walls, where they kept up their fire; but it was evidently useless, for the Turks, sheltered completely, poked the muzzles of their guns out of the chinks formed for that purpose, and blazed away in security. Our vessel did her duty. Her guns knocked down whole sides of the buildings, leaving immense breaches, but not a Greek would go through. Two thousand men stood regarding us with idle applause, but came not down. Such complete cowards are they that they never will attack an enemy who is sheltered in such a way as to make an attack in the least dangerous. About three P. M. a large body of Turkish cavalry came down upon a hill to the left of the Greeks, and Kiutahi himself was in the centre. They sent five or six horsemen to the monastery to communicate with and encourage the men in it; they passed along the beach at full gallop not far from us, and I gave them a rifle-ball, which missed them. After this the ship began to fire shells, and though they dropped and burst among the Turks, such was their obstinacy that they clung to the shore and kept up their fire. *Enfin*, we kept up our fire till after sunset, hoping (though indeed against hope) that the Greeks might make an entrance. No, not they! They expected our ship to march upon the land, enter the

monastery, and drive out the enemy. Cowards I always knew them to be, and have often seen them show themselves such, but never in a more shameful manner than to-day. In fact, my prediction will be accomplished: this expedition cannot relieve Athens; the country is too open for Greeks to fight in. At ten we hoisted anchor and came just outside of the Piræus, in order to prevent being caught by the enemy's bringing down cannon and placing it upon the entrance of the port, which is not more than fifty yards across.

This day's work has convinced me that our head, Colonel Gordon, is a man of no military talent; second, that the expedition is altogether useless, and that the only natural plan is to go to the Euripos and cut off the enemy's provisions. Vashos and Bourbakis are advancing upon the enemy from the north, but I fear for them as soon as they shall come into the open country.

Port Phaleron, Wednesday, February 7th. If yesterday was for us a day of useless labour and unsuccessful fighting, to-day has been a complete failure. We entered the harbour again this morning at about nine, and commenced shelling the custom-house, which, as well as the monastery, had received a reinforcement during the night; consequently it was folly to expect to get it until every piece of wall should be knocked down, and every man in it killed. Even should we gain it, I could not see the great importance of it. However, we anchored within close musquet-range and blazed away. The Turks would only poke out their heads, fire their musquets, and retire. But one of them held his head out long enough for me to take aim at it and level him with a rifle-ball; he fell sprawling upon his face, and I hardly know whether pleasure or pain predominated in my mind as I witnessed his fall. Said I, "A moment more and I may fall in the same way."

After firing about two hours, advice came from Colonel Gordon that our further stay was useless. Immediately after we saw a body of horsemen rapidly galloping down and making for our rear, where the port was very narrow. Presently I heard a whizz over my head, and a 12-pound shot struck just the other side of the ship. The cavalry had brought down their artillery, and had us at point-blank shot. Our stay was in vain; the captain ordered up anchor, and it was soon done, the cannon-balls whizzing about, and striking the ship in all directions. Soon we were moving; the enemy saw it, and galloping rapidly down to the narrow part of the port, awaited us. We passed close by them, their bullets rattling round like hail, and I could see them waving their swords and cutting the ground in rage for our blood. Among them were many *Delhis*, with their tremendous long caps, I should think at least two feet and a half high. I plied my rifle as fast as possible, and luckily was not called to one single wounded man, they being sheltered by the high sides of the vessel. We were soon out of the reach of their shot, and came round to this place to get further orders. Our retreat was necessary, because we could not possibly do any good by remaining, but I could not help feeling shame as we moved off from a pursuing enemy hooting at us, and this in plain sight of the Greeks in the Acropolis and upon the hills. Nay, when I think of it, perhaps we should have either gone before the enemy began to fire, or have returned their shot as long as our shells lasted, for we had but four or five left. The peculiar circumstances will make it appear badly; the vessel will have lost her terror to the enemy, and the confidence which she inspired in the Greeks. We came to anchor again, and found that the Turks had fortified themselves upon the opposite hill, where the Greeks

should have gone in order to secure the taking of the monastery, but it is now too late. This evening we saw a brisk and continued fusillade about and from the Acropolis, but cannot tell whether it was an attack or a sortie. Saw also the camp-fires of Bourbakis and Vashos, who are north of Athens, upon the extremity of the plain. . . .

Went on shore this morning and strolled among the soldiers, who, lying about, amuse themselves with killing the lice upon their bodies; they get into the rays of the sun and carry on the slaughter with great vigour. Some of them, spying a small body of cavalry among the olives, went down, and approached much nearer than I had any idea they would have dared. They began skirmishing, and dismounted several horsemen; they took seven horses, one prisoner they brought in alive, and one head dripping with blood. The Turks from the monastery cried out to our men that the troops under Vashos and Bourbakis had been completely routed. This I fear may be true. Vashos is an experienced Greek soldier and knows the *palikaris* completely, and probably did not suffer much, for he would not trust himself in the plain, where he knew they would desert him. But Bourbakis is fresh from France, full of French notions, and though born a Greek, knows them not. He talked confidently of what he would do: nothing less than taking Kiutahi alive would satisfy him, — and such nonsense. He is brave, and probably ventured upon the plain; the cavalry came upon him, his men ran away, and he was killed or taken prisoner: this we fear, but know nothing certain.

Phaleron, Friday, February 9th. Having repaired our boats, which were much damaged by the enemy's shot, we are now only waiting the orders of Gordon. But nothing will be done by him; he lies upon the hill with his twenty-two hundred men, whom he knows not how to manage in

their own way, and has not spirit enough to make [over] yet in his own. The enemy have fortified themselves on the hill opposite where he is, which commands the way to the monastery and was the only way by which he could have taken it. The Bavarian colonel went away last night to Ægina; he said to me, "What could I do? I gave advice which they do not follow." He insisted upon taking the opposite hill. Gordon was also inclined to do this, but had not force enough with the Greeks to make them do it. The enemy yesterday made a desperate assault upon the Acropolis, or else the Greeks sallied out (we cannot tell which); we could see three distinct bodies of men firing down from the height round the town; the batteries from Philopappus and from the temple of Jupiter Olympius were playing upon the Acropolis and [were] answered from it.

News of the defeat of Vashos and Bourbakis is confirmed. They advanced into the plain with part of their troops, and left the rest upon the sides of the mountain; Turks got between them, attacked the latter, and beat them. Vashos then fled like a poltroon. Bourbakis fought in vain; four hundred of his men were cut to pieces, and he himself, with some French officers, taken prisoners. What will be done with them we know not; the French frigate which lies up a little to the north of the Piræus will go in to-morrow to try to ransom them. The Turks have since sunset brought down a gun and established it upon the hill just over us which forms the left side of the Piræus. About two thousand men, cavalry and infantry, placed themselves, about five this afternoon, upon the hill opposite the Greeks. What can be their object? I think and hope, an attack, for if they attack the Greeks in their present position they will surely get beaten. They have placed this cannon where, if the

Greeks do not take it, they crown their shamefully inactive conduct by a piece of cowardice unpardonable. In fact, from the very beginning of this affair, the Turks have shown courage, skill, and activity. Indeed, I despair for Athens. Kiutahi Pasha shows himself too wise and circumspect to [give] hope he will commit any of the usual Turkish follies, and the Greeks cannot relieve it by open force. There are two thousand men in the fortress, and but four months' provision and very little ammunition. Now twelve hundred of these men ought to come out, but they cannot do it, so close have the Turks blocked them. Our ill success must discourage the garrison and hearten the Turks, but the Pasha has no need of that, for he is obstinate as a mule, and will stick to the siege as long as he has a man with him. We shall see to-morrow if the Greeks can do anything; doubtless we shall have our share of the enemy's shot. Karaiskakis, it appears, is doing well. He defeated the enemy the other day, killed two hundred men, and writes that he has Vriones shut up in such a position that he cannot possibly escape, and must fall into his hands in a few days.

Phaleron, February 11th, Sunday. My hopes were this morning realized; the Turks, emboldened by their repeated successes, resolved to attack the Greeks in the position over our heads, and at daylight, their cavalry and infantry being all on the move toward the position, we up anchor and sailed round into the harbour of Piræus, to molest them in their rear. As we slowly entered the port, a scene well worth the pencil of some artist broke upon us. From the height above flashed, smoked and roared in continued peal the Greek artillery, the smoke bursting forth from the batteries and as it were rushing down the hill to devour the Turks, who were obstinately climbing up, firing away with their musquets, as furiously returned by a

shower of Greek balls. Men were seen slowly staggering off the field, or struggling on the ground in the agonies of death, and here and there, —

> "With bloodshot eye and nostril spread,
> The loose rein dangling from his head,
> Saddle and housing bloody red,
> The riderless steed dashed by."

The cavalry upon the ground to our right discharged their pistols at us, and galloped off to get out of the reach of our grape; the infantry were beaten back from the Greek lines, but did not retreat far, only lodging themselves behind some old walls, perhaps two musquet-shot off from their lines. Soon all attention was turned upon us. I saw about a dozen men drawing a cannon down to the shore; in a moment it flashed and belched forth its cloud of smoke, and the ball came hissing toward us, but plunged into the water without reaching us. Finding that our shot would not well reach the enemy, and hoping by entering farther into the harbour to be able to harass the rear of the Turkish army with his grape, the captain up anchor, and taking a turn, entered between the narrow walls which the ancients had placed at the mouth of the harbour, and dropped anchor within short musquet-shot of the shore. Soon we began to blaze upon the enemy, and their shot to whistle about our heads. I had been directed to keep below, but the scene was too interesting for a young man to lose sight of. The cannon of the enemy soon bearing upon us, a shell struck upon our deck and burst amid twenty of us. I expected at least four or five would have been killed, but my attention was drawn by the shrieks and cries of a drummer boy. I saw him fall, terror and despair pictured in his countenance; seizing him in my arms, I carried him below, and (not from his mouth, for it uttered

only shrieks) did I learn by examination that he had only a scratch upon the leg. I have often observed this, that when one is wounded by an enemy whom he has been watching with fear, the terror is infinitely greater than if he had received a much more severe wound from a hidden foe. The balls now began to whizz about the ship, to strike her sides, cut her cordage, etc. Two other men only were wounded, but finding that the ship was exposed to immense risk and danger without anything to be gained, the captain gave orders to up anchor and get out, for the enemy had been repulsed from Gordon's lines, and was directing all his artillery on us. While I remained below I felt very queer sensations that were something like cowardice, for I knew nothing of what was going on, and the uncertainty made everything worse. Getting upon deck, this feeling vanished, and I found myself, in comparison to some others, quite a hero. Some were busy dodging cannon-balls that passed yards above them; others were stooping down upon the deck, pretending to hold on the stopper of the cable; others skulked from the musquet-balls behind the bulwarks. To our dismay, on the word being given to start the engine it was found not to move. There was repetition of the order; it was shouted, but in vain; the engine would not start. Many a cheek blanched and many a lip quivered, for we were in a narrow port, exposed on every side to musquetry, and could see the enemy bringing down more cannon; to make it more dreadful, the anchor had been cut away, and it was whispered to me by the lieutenant that the ship's head was aground, — and she only a pistol-shot from the shore. The enemy apparently perceived this, and shouting and waving their sabres, they began to rush down, expecting to have us in a few minutes. I must say that a feeling of bitterness and almost agony came over me for a moment at the sight of

these barbarians, who I expected would soon be mercilessly hacking us to pieces, but I thought of a desperate defence, and the moment I began actually to prepare, I felt a degree of indifference that I now wonder at. But a person who is disengaged has always need of more courage than an active combatant. For a few moments all was doubt and uncertainty. The captain exerted himself, and showed much coolness and skill, and was well obeyed by his men, who did not know the danger in its full extent. Soon the engine began to move a little, the wheels turned back, the ship cleared the land, the sails were got up, and we passed slowly out of the mouth of the port, which is not more than fifty yards wide, peppered, however, by the musquet-balls of the Turks, who lay concealed behind the stones on each side, to which our grape made reply. I fired several shots with my rifle, but am not sure of having killed any one. The result of the day is altogether advantageous to the Greeks, who killed perhaps three hundred Turks, with a loss of only fifteen on their side. An Ipsariote vessel just outside of the harbour received a ball from a cannon intended for us, which smashed two of her men to atoms. I came round to Phaleron, and went on shore to visit the Greek lines; found everything in order and the soldiery exulting as if they had gained an important victory. We gave our powder, etc., to Gordon, and shall sail for Ægina at midnight.

Napoli di Romania, February 13th, Tuesday. Upon awaking yesterday morning at Ægina, and going to the Government, I was requested to come here to procure ten thousand pounds of powder for the expedition. Took also letters for Finlay (said to have been on board an American corvette at Poros); found there the British corvette *Rose*, but no other. Pursued our way during the night. In the morning were off Kastri, where the pretended Gov-

ernment is, — an unhealthy place and but very thinly inhabited before the Revolution. Kranidi is a better one, and has about six thousand inhabitants, besides the strangers who now transiently fill it. Its inhabitants are noted for their bravery, and were formerly enthusiastic. My boatmen were all three Kranidiotes, and fine, active, persevering sailors. I asked them about their town at the beginning of this Revolution. "Who," said they, "then thought of their caiques, or anything else but their country? Now, who thinks of anything but parade?" Arrived here and found the locanda in good order. . . .

Ægina, Friday, February 16th. Left Napoli on Wednesday, four P. M. Called at the castle where the committee from the Government have this day taken refuge from the importunities and troubles of the soldiery. Slept, or partly slept, in the boat, but to say that one really sleeps in a Greek caique is impossible, for you can neither lie down, nor sit down, nor stand upright at your whole length; you have no covering but your greatcoat and the firmament; you are annoyed by flies and lice; the spray of the sea dashes over you; you are cold, wet, and benumbed; your limbs ache from their position confined so many hours; your head aches from fever, and your heart aches from the thought that you may be still many hours cooped up in this miserable place. In the daytime it is often worse, for the wind leaves you, you lie still as a log upon the smooth sea, and the sun's rays, beating down with terrible force upon your exposed head, give you the most painfully uneasy and tormenting feelings. I am confident that, were an unhardened person from Europe at once to be subjected to the sufferings that one is obliged to undergo in these boats at some times, it would cost him a fever, perhaps his life. Then the boatmen are generally such cowardly or irresolute fellows that your voyage is unneces-

sarily lengthened; they will only go on with a fair wind, they run into some cove every night, and hold on till morning. But the men I had this time were remarkably otherwise, and got along in spite of everything, by beating or rowing. Upon the second night we were driven into a little cove for refuge upon an islet near Hydra. There was one very good stone house of some size there. I sent my servant to say to the owner that a stranger, a Philhellene, a doctor, who was unwell, cold, and wet, begged a corner of his floor to sleep upon, or of his outhouse; but the beast said, just as I expected he would say, "No, let him lie in a cave in the rocks." He knew very well that there was no cave there, and that I must sleep in the open air during the approaching storm; for big drops began to fall, and the thick, dense black clouds that were rising promised a dreary night. Now this man was rich; he saw me, knew me to be a stranger, that I had left my country to serve his, for what motive indeed, —

Here, in the middle of a sentence, this volume of the Journal ends. Apparently several pages have been lost, for the next volume opens with the date, "July 5th, 1827." Before beginning upon this, however, I must quote a passage from my father's letter to Horace Mann, in which he sums up the recollections of his campaigns in Greece, in words which show clearly that his soldiering days were pleasanter to look back upon than he sometimes found them at the moment.

I liked the excitement immensely; the dangers gave zest to it, and I was as happy as youth, health, a good cause, and tolerably clean conscience could make me. *Inter nos*, I think I was unconscious of any purpose usually called selfish. I wanted no money, and got little. I did

not think about other glory than the approval of those about me. These circumstances, I think, together with my familiarity with their language, and my sharing their hardships, made me a favourite with the soldiers, the peasantry, etc., whereas most of the foreigners were not so. They came usually for personal distinction, and for honour; they were brave, longed to expose themselves and be distinguished, and were generally discontented and disappointed because there was hard fare, hard marches, and no glory. Many and many a poor fellow have I known — Germans, Swiss, French, or English — who came with high hopes and ambition, who were only disappointed. Many could not bear to wait; they disliked the poor fare, the exposure, the poverty, but above all, the lack of glory — gazetting glory. Some were killed, some were broken down and died on marches, some took to *raki* (rum), some deserted, and but very few got off alive. My desire was to help along the cause. I cared not for what I ate, or what I wore, or whether anybody knew me, and therefore the people and soldiers rather took to me. I had many friends in humble life, God help them! I can say sincerely that I found the Greeks kindly affectioned, trustful, grateful, and as far as my intercourse with them went, honest people. They always treated me as well as I wished to be treated.

CHAPTER X.

BEGINNING OF PHILANTHROPIC WORK

From February to June of 1827, we have neither Journal nor letters to tell of my father's doings. We may suppose him still working and wandering. But in order to explain many allusions in the next volume of the Journal, it is necessary to speak briefly of the condition of affairs in Greece at this time, and to quote, still briefly, — though the temptation is strong upon me to be more liberal in my quotations, — from the "Historical Sketch."

Athens was still closely pressed, and near her fall. Many attempts were made to relieve the garrison, now imprisoned since August of the year before; the story tells of Gordon's heroic exertions, of the efforts of Karaiskakis, Bourbakis, and others; it is a sad story of a most gallant struggle against odds that were too heavy. But the name to conjure with in Greece at this time was Cochrane. For months the cry had been, by land and by sea, "If Cochrane comes!" It seems as if every hope of every man in Greece were pinned on this shadowy figure; for a shadow he remained through long months of anxious waiting, of cruel suspense. If Cochrane came, all would be well. He would do — no one knew precisely what, but it was clear that he would bring victory in his hand. How he actually came, my father shall tell.

"Ibrahim Pasha was tranquil in the southern parts of the Morea; he had not much force, nor did he need much, as he was not molested, for Kolokotrones, the Commander-

in-Chief of the Morea, was again busy in civil broils. He . . . was determined to have the National Assembly immediately convened at Hermione, where he could overawe it. The Government, in whom lay the legal right to fix the time and place of the meeting, summoned it at Ægina. And thus the two parties were tugging together, and two National Assemblies about to be formed in two different places at the same time; the spirit of party ran high, when suddenly — Lord Cochrane arrived! and the two parties seemed much in the situation of a set of schoolboys, caught quarrelling by a dreaded master.

"There was no event within the range of possibility (save the utter destruction of the Turkish armies and navy) that could have produced such an excitement among the Greeks as this circumstance; high and low, rich and poor, were in ecstasies, and could hardly be made to believe it; the news was too good to be true. . . . He now arrived with only a single *goletta*,[1] without that formidable armament of steamboats and frigates which had been promised; still it was *Cochrane*, the mighty man of war, and though without force, from his brain were expected to spring plans which should make Sultan Mahmoud tremble in his seraglio.

"The first step taken by Cochrane on his arrival was a very judicious one, and probably of more utility to Greece than any of his subsequent achievements; he gave notice that if within a certain number of days the two parties did not unite and pitch upon some government to whom he could account, he would most certainly leave the country. This was a poser to the two factions. . . . A hasty peace was therefore patched up, and the two factions agreed to advance each half-way, and meet one another at Troezene or Damala."

[1] A small sailing-vessel.

At Troëzene then, the Deputies met from all parts of the country in National Assembly, and the Governing Commission having resigned their power into its hands, immediate steps were taken for the regulation of affairs. Among the acts passed were, first, an act appointing Alexander Cochrane High Admiral, with full power to direct the naval force of Greece against the enemy, where and when he will, without obligation to divulge his plans to any one, and requiring him only to give an after-account to Government; second, an act by which "Count John Capo d'Istrias is appointed by this Assembly, in the name of the Greek nation, Governor of Greece, and is charged with the executive power thereof."

There follows a vivid description of the redoubtable Cochrane, with the after-comment: "The mixture of such materials in nature's mould would have formed a hero, had she not in the composition thrown in avarice to alloy them. . . . Surely $160,000 independent of his expenses, to be set aside from the loan *in advance*, was depriving himself of all claim to disinterestedness, for it was drawing hard upon the fund upon which poor Greece depended for her salvation."

But I must not allow myself further quotation. Cochrane came in March, 1827, and the government was formed in April. On May 5th the garrison of the Acropolis (of Athens) surrendered, being persuaded thereto by the French admiral, De Rigny.

The third volume of the Journal begins with July of this year, and begins, as usual, abruptly, but the following letter to his father should precede it. It is evident that the friends of Greece in this country had been bestirring themselves, and sending provisions, but more help was needed, and at the request of the Greek Government, my father was preparing to return to America, tell his story,

and try to rouse an enthusiasm which should have substantial results.

NAPOLI DI ROMANIA, June 24th, 1827.

MY DEAR FATHER: — A considerable length of time has elapsed since I have written you; the cause has been, not only a great scarcity of opportunities, but that I have been sent to America by the Government. My letters will be made out as soon as the Government arrives at this place, which will be in a few days, and after six weeks I hope to take my departure, and by the mercy of God to see you once more, and express to you in person my feelings of gratitude for the kindness and anxiety about me which you have continued to feel during my long absence. I left the naval service at the instance of Government to go to America, but the arrival of the vessels with provisions has detained me here in order to help in the distribution. About them all I can say is, that a universal and deep feeling of gratitude is expressed by the thousands of poor, half-starved beings who have been fed and clad, and they pray God to crown with his blessing the generous freemen of America. The vessels came most opportunely, and not only the poor about here, but the half-starved wretches who came out of Athens, partook of them. But it was most unlucky that the Committee tied the hands of their agents in such a manner; you can have no possible means in America of knowing the wants of Greece, and the distribution should be left more free.

The affairs of Greece look somewhat black. Athens! alas, poor Athens! I cannot speak my feelings; all is comprised in the dreadful words, she is lost. And how lost? Let the cabinet of France answer the challenge. But Greece *shall* yet triumph; the Morea and Roumelia may be again reduced and in Turkish despotism, but their

inhabitants will live free and independent in the islands. All our hopes are in Cochrane; he is out with the frigate, steamboat, and thirty brigs; with them I confidently hope he will meet and beat the formidable fleets of Constantinople and Alexandria.

My best love to all the family, and believe me to be ever your affectionate son.

S. G. Howe.

JOURNAL OF 1827, CONTINUED

Napoli di Romania, July 5th, 1827. Yesterday, the glorious anniversary of American independence, I passed here, not in rejoicing for the progress of liberty and the happiness of man, for be the march of these what they may in the West, poor Greece has seen them dawn upon her only to fade away; her affairs are going on every day from bad to worse, and they have now arrived at such a pitch that the inhabitants of the Morea are actually beginning to submit in despair. . . .

Sunday, July 8th, [*on Board the*] *Six Brothers, off Hydra.* This ship arriving yesterday at Napoli loaded with provisions for the suffering Greeks, I repaired on board, and at my representations the supercargo thought fit to repair to Poros, where we are now bound. Government, and more especially the generals, were very much piqued at the ship's leaving Napoli, for they are disappointed in their expectation of sharing in the spoil; but I know them too well; not only was I in a measure forced to dispose of the last cargo partly to the garrison, but the Government, who took charge of the *Tontine's* cargo, promising to dispose of it according to the instructions of the Committee, sold it for their own benefit, and sold it, too, at a most shameful price, giving flour which in Philadelphia had cost $12,000, for $2,500. It is true that the manner in which the Committee have

been pleased to direct these succours is not half so much for the interest of Greece as if full liberty had been left for the agents to dispose of them here as circumstances should point out; for how much good do we do by giving to the poor families a few pounds of flour, which lasts them but three or four days? While by appropriating these supplies for the use of an army to defend these poor and their country, much more might be done. But the Committee have the right to do what they will with their own.

Passing Spetzia, we saw most of the Greek vessels lying in the port (if so it can be called) lashed together, and placed in such a way that a single fire-ship would destroy them every one. Their dependence (a wrong one) is on the stupidity and want of activity of the Turks. Spetzia has about eighty vessels, but most of them are old and unfit for service, and all of them are out of repair and require an expense to fit them out which no owner is willing to incur.

Poros, Monday, July 9th. Arrived at two P. M., and came to anchor at the ground south of the port, after rather a tedious passage, delayed by calms. We saw nothing of pirates, though they have become very thick of late, [so] daring in their robberies that even in passing from here to Napoli boats and small vessels are every day robbed. Found Lord Cochrane here on board the *Hellas* frigate; paid him a visit and was received with the customary civility. He was in citizen's dress, which makes his tall, gaunt figure appear still more so; but though not big, you can see that he has a strong, bony frame, and would be a match, in a personal struggle, for most strong men. His head exhibits no peculiar traits indicating talent, but one has only to be with him, to hear his questions and remarks, to see that he has no common mind. Often on board the steamboat he used to puzzle me with questions about my

profession, and often put me to a *non plus*. But with all his information and knowledge of the world, and in spite of his politeness, one can see that he has a strong prejudice against America and Americans; nay, he appears to be inveterate against the South Americans, and claims to have suffered much from them. . . .

Poros, July 10th. Commenced the discharge of the cargo, Miller deciding to take out one-half for this place, Salamis, Ægina, Epidauros, Angistri, etc., and to send me with the other half to the Gulf of Argos, to Astros, Leonidi, and Napoli di Malvasia.

Thursday, July 12th, Ægina. Left Poros this morning in a caique with the supercargo, a passenger, and the son of the captain, for the purpose of visiting the antiquities. Found my good friend Mr. Finlay living here, and he received us kindly in his home. Walked out to the south-east part of the island, after examining the ancient port, which remains very perfect; it is entirely artificial, and is formed by running out a pier of stones on the top of which [is] a solid upright, flat-topped wall. Below and to the east is the site of the temple of Venus, of which only one column remains; walking farther north we came to a large tumulus, said to have been raised by —— to Phocas.

Friday, July 13th, Poros. Engaged the *goletta* of Pandelis, of Hydra, a fine, fast sailing brig, carrying eight guns, for $185 per month, we finding provisions. She is taken in my name and I shall have unlimited command, in order that no difficulty may occur with the captain. Mr. Finlay arrived in his whale-boat from Ægina in order to make the voyage with me. News from Napoli that the long nourished and deadly enmity existing between Grivas and Phoutomaris has broken out into open war, and that a thousand men have been killed in the streets; probably much exaggerated.

Saturday, July 14th. Finished loading the brig, but from neglect on the part of Mr. S—— and his supposing the Hydriotes would do their duty, only four hundred barrels were got in. I ordered the cargo to be hoisted on deck and the barrels to be properly stowed, and by breaking up the large barrels of peas and throwing them in loose, I hope to get in many more. . . .

Monday, July 16th. Finished loading the brig. At ten A. M., with Mr. Finlay, came on board, and at eleven got under way. The wind was fair, and running down the coast we passed between a little island and the mainland, and then entering into the channel of Hydra, we stretched across it, and at two P. M. brought the ship to, and jumping in the boat with the captain, I went on shore to see his owner, Pandelis, and get on board four more cannon and some sailors. Found Pandelis, according to Eastern custom, taking his after-dinner nap, but roused him up, and made our arrangements, which were that I should go on to Astros, and he send the men and guns in a boat after me, as they were not quite ready. So leaving again the rocks and the neat stone houses of Hydra, I went on board, and after a delay of half an hour for a sailor who (in Greek style) had thought fit without his captain's permission to go on shore, we up stick and ran up the channel, and passing outside of Devil's Island we saw Spetzia before us, about fifteen miles distant. The wind dying away, and it remaining calm (as usual) all day, we are here yet. Learnt at Hydra that the troubles at Napoli have not yet ceased. The affair appears to stand thus: after a continuation of the growling and preparation for open scuffle on the part of the two disputants, last Tuesday Phoutomaris insisted that Stavros Grivas should no longer be commandant, for, says he, "I hold Itsh Kaleh" (a fort) "and all the batteries; you have been plundering the people for a

year at the rate of a thousand piastres per day; now if Government will not appoint some other, I will be commandant by force." So at evening, coming down with five hundred men from Itsh Kaleh, he met his opponent Stavros, and they saluted one another near Papa Phlessas's house with respective volleys, which on each side killed forty men. This was the signal for open war, which has been carrying on ever since, Grivas from Palamidi amusing himself with throwing shells into the town, and cutting the houses of Phoutomaris and Kolokotrones to pieces. This business is as usual not the mere work of two jealous, bull-headed captains; it has its source in the intrigues of the great, and they say that Government (partly divided) is on the side of Grivas, while Delyannis, the arch-demon of intrigue, supports Phoutomaris, who has a league with many *capitani*, of whom Nikolo Stratos is head.

Tuesday, July 17th, Gulf of Napoli. Light breeze springing up at daylight, we came gently along toward Spetzia, when the breeze from the gulf took us aback, and we had to make a tack or two to get into anchoring ground, where letting go anchor we brought the vessel to, and I went on shore, as well to get off my trunks (which a friend flying from Napoli had brought here with him) as to see about magazines, for it appears much the best place for an American Depôt. The Primates received me as usual, and seemed to be pleased with the idea; showed me some superb magazines (storehouses) which they offered rent-free. At eleven up sticks again, and with a slight south-eastern breeze entered the gulf, in company with a fleet of caiques going to Napoli to bring off the families. . . .

At three P. M., a breeze freshening drove us on, and at four P. M. we came to anchor at Astros. Went on shore and mounted to the castle, commanded and owned by Zaphyropulos; he is a clown in appearance and manners,

but promised to give all assistance in his power to facilitate my distribution. Caiques and vessels of all descriptions are coming in from Napoli, with families who have fled from the horrible scenes there.

Wednesday, July 18th, Astros. Commenced at daylight this morning visiting the huts and holes of the poor, and giving orders for flour to those whom I found in misery. There are about four hundred families here, all poor enough, but I found one hundred and twenty in a state of misery almost beyond conception or endurance; half-naked, without shoes, lying under a miserable hut made of the branches of trees, was many a poor widow with three or four children, without clothes, without food, except the grass and herbs they could pick up around the houses. The general here was apparently willing to let me go on without attempting to appropriate anything to himself until about ten o'clock when, that prince of intriguers Metaxas arriving here, the general sent down word that I must not go on distributing unless I would do it according to a list that he should make out himself, and his soldiers proceeded to drive the poor from the magazines. But I, in order to gain time and give out the twenty barrels and the clothes which I had got on shore, sent him word that I would finish with the families to whom I had given orders, and then I would examine the list. His plan is as evident as day, for he says that I am not giving enough, — when he had sent one of his men with me, and the catalogues were made out in a great measure according to his will, so *that* is only an idle pretence. He had sent to me this morning while I was going about, and said that I was taking much trouble and fatigue, running about in the sun and exposing myself without necessity, for he could send me a catalogue much better than I could make it out. I replied I was very much obliged to him, but I was doing only my duty; that as for capacity, I knew enough of

Greece not to be deceived by the representations of the families; but I told him if there should be any families left listed after I had finished, I would give to them. Went on meantime distributing at the rate of nine pounds of food to each person, and clothing all the naked that came around. Then, having finished, I sent up word that I should be off for Napoli, and return here by to-morrow. If he consented to let me distribute to the few remaining in my own way, very well; but if not, I should go on to some other place. Finished distributing to about twenty families, and at sunset bore away for Napoli, with wind very light.

Napoli, Thursday, July 19th. Came in here this morning and anchored about a mile from the town, outside of the outermost English frigate, of which there are three lying here, besides the *Asia* line-of-battle ship and a brig, under the command of Codrington, commander in the Mediterranean. Landed at the castle, and in passing along found every vessel and boat in the harbour filled with families who have taken refuge here; the castle was also full, there being the Government and perhaps fifteen hundred persons. No one is left in the lower town; the families have all fled and left their homes, which had been pillaged by the soldiery. Women and children were killed by the bursting of shells, and many a poor sick person was hurried to his long home by being driven from his house into the air, and forced to lie down upon the shore to die without a covering over his head. I went into the town, and a scene of desolation and misery presented itself which was horrible indeed: the houses pierced by cannon-balls; the streets filled with stones and rubbish brought down by bursting bombs; the stillness uninterrupted except by the tramp of soldiers who, going about armed *cap-à-pie*, dared not move but in great numbers, for though since yesterday open

hostilities have ceased, upon the least signal they may break out again. Phoutomaris has succeeded in driving the soldiers of Grivas from many houses, but they still hold many, and both the gates of the town. We may pretty fairly draw from the miserable state of Nàpoli a picture of the effects of the *palikari* system: a whole population of twenty thousand souls driven from their houses by balls and shells; women and children killed, or turned out to sleep without a blanket upon the rocks; the dead bodies of peaceable inhabitants lying unburied in the streets, and the houses plundered by a brutal soldiery. . . .

There is now hope of an arrangement; the fellows in the lower town begin to want provisions, and they are willing to enter into an arrangement. Phoutomaris will quit his fort, and Grivas the lower town, and Colonel Heideck of Bavaria will take possession and bring the regular troops of Fabvier here.

Went on board the *Cambrian* to pay my respects to that true Philhellene and most honourable man, Captain Hamilton. It was on account of meeting him that the admiral (Codrington) turned back and came up again, for he hoped by Hamilton's superior knowledge of the Greeks and his great influence over them to effect a reconciliation. The conduct of the English here has been very creditable to them; the admiral went so far as to send in his barges with cannon pointed upon the batteries, forcing the soldiers to allow the families to save themselves.

Went on board the admiral to inquire for young Lieutenant W——, and found that he died yesterday morning, four hours after being wounded in the side by a cannon-shot from the Palamidi,[1] while he was in the act of pointing a gun. He had distinguished himself in the affair as cannoneer for Phoutomaris, and by exposing himself to

[1] The citadel of Napoli.

the fire. He knew his situation, said he was glad to die, but wished to have been shot dead; asked the doctor to open his arteries. On being asked if anything should be said or written to his friends, talked of some trifling business he had left undone; then feeling death approaching, he solemnly left his bitter curse to his country, wishing her every ill and misfortune, muttered something about "Amelia" and a lock of hair, and expired. Thus ended in a civil broil the wild, nay, mad course of a young man whose superior talents, education, and address might have given the most reasonable hopes of a brilliant life and honourable deeds. He was brave but unprincipled, and his unbounded vanity swallowed up all his other qualities. . . .

Saturday, July 21st, Napoli di Malvasia. After lying to all night, found ourselves this morning at daylight off this place,[1] with the wind from the north. Passing in close to the rock, we beat up to the north part of the harbour, if harbour it can be called, and came to anchor about seven miles north of the town and castle. The holding ground is tolerably good, and water may be obtained near by. The port is well sheltered from everything but a southeast wind, on which side it is entirely open to the sea, so that in winter it would be bad lying here, and at the south of the town impossible. Then this place labours under a decided disadvantage in not having any nearer place for shipping, though at small expense, by running out moles, two excellent harbours might be formed. Got into our boat, and pulling for the town, were obliged to land on the mainland (for on the island was no landing-place), and crossing the little bridge of one hundred feet, under which the water is five feet deep with a very rough bottom, we passed along the edge of the hill, and after being questioned at the gate were conducted up a zigzag

[1] Now called Monembasia.

pathway, cut in the rock, to the upper castle. After some fuss at the gate, which was closed, we entered and were led to the home of the commandant, Mavromichalis, a brother of Petro Bey, for whom I had a letter from his nephew, Georgios, a member of government. The fat old boy, with a long beard descending upon his breast, received us politely, and invited us to dine. We went out and viewed the fortress, and immediately drew the conclusion which every one does who views it, viz., that it is, or with a few dollars' expense might be made the strongest fortress in the world. No better idea can be formed of this extraordinary place than to suppose that formerly a mountain rose in the sea, just separated by it from the continent; that the earthy parts of this mountain had been washed away and left its rocky base bare. There it rises from the sea six hundred feet high, and on three sides perpendicular.

The poor here are not numerous, but are so in the surrounding towns. The commandant manifested the strongest wish to have the vessel brought round here and under his guns, which I shall take very good care to avoid, for I have fear enough of *small* Mainote robbers, and shall do well to escape them; how should I do if in the hands of a *great* one? . . .

Sunday, July 22d. Made out catalogues of the poor families here, and commenced distributing flour and giving out clothes to the naked. There are but few refugees here, say one hundred and twenty distressed families, more than half from Candia. . . .

Have to keep a very sharp lookout for thieves here, for though no direct attempts have yet been made to rob me, it is evident from every movement of a Mainote that he wants only an opportunity to steal and not be discovered and he will seize it. In fact one can see, or imagine he sees, the influence of the principles of Lycurgus, for a

Mainote, like an old Spartan, thinks stealing no crime if it succeeds. In the home where I lodge I found four chairs and a table in the European style, and of excellent construction, and my host made not the least scruple in owning they had been *taken* from a French vessel pillaged near this place some months ago.

"That is," said I, "they were *stolen*."

"We took them," said he.

"But," said I, "it was in reality stealing."

"Ay," replied he, "perhaps, strictly speaking, it is so, but we Mainotes call it *taking* things, not *stealing* them."

Monday, July 23d. Went up to visit the King, as the commandant is called, and the jolly fellow received me in his usual frank, honest way. Intending to be off to-day, I was obliged to temporize with him, as he has not yet given up the idea of appropriating to himself a considerable part of the cargo. The poor come in from the surrounding country, but I saw none who appeared to be very miserable except some Candiote refugees. Bought of a priest and of the King a negro slave, in whom they both had a right, the priest having bought her, and the King claiming her for a debt; so I got a paper from them both, paid 180 piastres, and gave her immediately a writing of freedom. The circumstances of this poor creature were miserable enough; her master, an infernal brute by nature, treated her so much the worse as she was a burden on his hands, he not being able to sell her for as much as he gave. She was in the same house with me, and came so often, praying me in such agony to deliver her from the monster, falling at my feet and kissing them, and showing me not only marks of blows, but scars from wounds and stabs inflicted by her master, that I determined to get her liberty and try to send her home, and after much trouble and trafficking I effected it, getting a receipt from Mavromichalis,

in order that I might show to the world, if it should be necessary, that in Greece, although slavery is not allowed by law, a man can keep slaves and most abominably ill-treat them, — may kill them; for this priest, I am certain, if he could not have sold her to me, would have shot her. And by having the name of Mavromichalis I can show to the world that the great and powerful have the same principle. Took the poor creature on board with me, and was consoled by the thought that, if my expenses should not be paid from the Committee's funds, I have saved a human being from a horrible state of slavery, and perhaps from death. . . .

But it must be said that the Greeks in general, though they make their prisoners slaves, treat them very kindly, except when they kill them. This may seem paradoxical, but is true, for all the massacres of prisoners have been in cases of strong public grief, indignation, or excitement. Though much outcry has been raised against them on this account, I must own that in my opinion other nations in their places might have done worse. Sailors and soldiers without discipline, law, or fear of punishment, seeing in their power their former dreaded tyrants, men from whom they had suffered the most horrible oppression, in whom perhaps they saw their father's murderer, their mother's or sister's ravishers, and their own persecutors, could hardly be expected to refrain from seizing an opportunity of revenging injuries the most infernal that man commits. I remember, too, in one affair, where four or five boats from Greek vessels, and one from the steamboat manned by Englishmen, boarded some Turkish vessels, the English committed enormities the most horrible. I saw one jump overboard after a Turk who was trying to save himself by swimming, drag him out, and after opening his belt and finding he had no money, stab him and throw him

overboard. Another, to whom a Turk surrendered and presented his arms, deliberately cocked his pistol and shot him dead. Nay, our boatswain's mate could with difficulty be persuaded from attempting to kill a prisoner whom we had had on board some days. If foreigners do these things, how much more excusable are Greeks!

Tuesday, July 24th. Got under way this morning at daylight, though the captain had orders from me, and had promised to start at midnight; thus a second time deceiving me, and losing several hours of the sea-breeze, which might have sufficed us to reach Leonidi; but being almost calm the whole day, we made almost no progress. Passed close along the coast, which has a barren appearance, the mountains rising abruptly from the sea, presenting no beach or ports. —— should be excepted; the entrance is crooked, and difficult to perceive, but it leads to a large, beautiful port, as secure as any dockyard could be, and might be of importance were not the entrance so narrow and crooked that vessels must warp in and out. There are, we are told, the ruins of some ancient castle here.

Leonidi, Wednesday, July 25th. Got in here at noon, after some difficulty about the anchorage, there being neither safe port nor good bottom, so that we were obliged, as in many ports in Greece, to lash by hawsers to the rocks. There is upon the shore a sort of custom-house, and some magazines, from whence, mounted on jackasses, we pushed our way up the valley, which is nearly a mile broad at the sea, but soon narrows and forms a curious scene, one side of it being bounded by a steep mountain-side, the other by a rocky precipice several hundred feet high, and so regular as to form a perfect wall, and not to admit even of a goat ascending the least way. The valley thus bounded on the right by its stupendous rocky wall, and on the left by the steep mountainside, runs up about

five miles, and we followed in the bed of a river until we reached the town of Leonidi, a little on the slope of the hill and about half a mile from the upper end of this curious valley. There is no other natural exit but the bed of the river, which runs between enormous rocks and precipices from its source on the mountains. The village of Leonidi being our stopping-place, we were conducted to the house of the First Man (a sort of voluntary title given in every Greek village to the richest person), who received us well enough, gave us something to eat, and then appointed us a lodging, to which we repaired as soon as the shower of rain was over, and made preparation for writing a catalogue of the poor as well as for visiting the surrounding villages. This village has not many poor, because it has never been ravaged by the Turks. Its houses are excellent, and the rich valley, well cultivated, makes the inhabitants prosper; in fact there is not, perhaps, so flourishing a village in the Morea, every other one having been sacked and burnt by the Arabs. They came as far as this, too, and looked over into the valley from the precipice, but dared not enter a trap from which fifty Greeks might have prevented their ever escaping.

Thursday, July 26th. Left Leonidi this morning at break of day, accompanied by Doctor Dumont, our three servants, and three muleteers, all armed to the teeth, for the people had warned us that although going on a work of charity, we might possibly meet with gentry who would ask us no questions, but knock us down. So we started, as I said, mounted on good mules, — most malicious devils by the way, kicking at every one who came within reach of their heels, as all good mules in Greece seem to make it a principle to do. Mine, for instance, after sundry attempts to throw me off by kicking up, backing, and raising his rump to an angle of forty-five, took an opportunity (when I had

got off with the Christian-like purpose of relieving him in climbing a mountain) most unchristian-like to return evil for my good, giving me an infernal kick with his right hinder leg in the belly, which would undoubtedly have killed me, according to the beast's intentions, had it not been for a stout pistol-belt crammed full of pistols, yataghans, and other such weapons. I write this that all decent folks may be put on their guard, and not venture near a mule's hinder parts, particularly if you have been riding said beast, and have chanced to give him any hard knocks by way of urging him on. Be assured he will remember you, and if you are beside him, he will generally edge his rump round till he gets his hind leg to bear upon you, when with a whisk, a leer, and a kick, he will repay you for all you have inflicted upon him.

So! let me go on; where was I? Oh! mounted on a mule, and ascending the precipitous ridge which forms this boundary of the valley, by a rude road made zigzag, in some places hewn in the rocks, and just broad enough for one mule to pass; with a precipice rising on one hand close by me and an abyss yawning on the other to receive me if my beast should make a misstep and roll with me to the bottom. Getting safely to the top, we watered our beasts at a cistern, and continued our route northwest, passing every half-hour a cistern, until we reached the top of a hill, which brought us in sight of the beautiful valley of Limpia, which lay spread as it were under our feet. Before us was the Monastery of ——, to the right the village of Limpia, and farther on that of Plateniki, the roofs of whose houses were seen peeping from among the branches of the mulberry-trees. Winding down the hill, we soon came to the village, whose eighty houses, though half dilapidated, still are inhabited. We entered the house of an old man, and proceeded to find out the poor and

miserable; found about twenty families of the place and two Roumeliote families, the latter in most abject misery, to all of whom I gave orders for flour at Leonidi. . . .

This place has about eighty houses; all were burnt and pillaged last year by the Turks, the inhabitants saving themselves in the mountains. . . .

After riding an hour and a half from Limpia across a ridge of hills, we arrived at a village, which is built at the head of a valley and contains about one hundred and fifty houses. We were kindly received by the Primate or First Man, whom I recognized as a patient whom I had last year cured of a fistula. The old man was delighted to see me, and has really done everything in his power to show his gratitude, slaying his fatted calf and giving us a fine supper. This village partly escaped the Turks, though they entered it and set fire to some houses, but were frightened off.

Friday, July 27th. Left our good host and the comfortable village of Palaiochori at dawn of day, my mule loaded with fresh cheese and other nice things from the old man's larder, and journeyed on through a rough, stony country, crossing one fine valley, however, and after three hours' ride came to the village of Kosma. . . .

We were conducted to the home of the bishop of the district of Leonidi, and proceeded to make out a catalogue of the poor and distressed families, many of whom are refugees from other parts, and to give them orders for flour at Leonidi. We found nearly a hundred families here in want, and after finishing the distribution of billets, passed out of the village amidst the benedictions of the poor, with outstretched hands, praying God to bless the people of America, who were thus relieving their wants. Our road descended rapidly, through some of the wildest scenery imaginable, now at the base of huge precipices,

now on the edge of deep abysses, now over steep rock, and now along the deep ravine. Journeying thus three hours on foot (for it was impossible to ride), we had nearly reached the bottom of the mountain when a turn brought us in view of the Monastery of the Virgin, built in a curious manner in a crevice of the mountain. Nearly at the top the rock had been hollowed in by nature, and a sort of roof formed by the part above, which overhangs the cavern and rises in a precipice of two hundred feet. There is but one possible entrance to this monastery, and this is by a narrow pass round the precipice to its left wing, where it has a door; a pass which five men could defend against five thousand. If you imagine an enormous precipice in the middle of which is scooped out a cavern with precipice above, precipice below, and precipice around, with but one narrow sheep-path along the rock, you will have an idea of this monastery. The overhanging rocks prevent anything being rolled down upon it from above, and would make extremely difficult the throwing in of any shells from the opposite heights. The monastery is rich, has about fifty monks, who cultivate the land belonging to it, and when the Turks were ravaging the surrounding country, a thousand persons, perched up here as in an eyrie, saw in safety their enemies ravaging and burning all before them. Just below is a most delightful fountain, shaded by thick foliage, which to the heated traveller descending from the rough mountain path, is one of the most delicious treats. . . .

Leaving this fountain, we continued the descent, and striking into the dry bed of a river, we wound our course through ragged, rocky hill-bases until it led us out to the head of the valley, and in a few minutes, after five hours' journey from Kosma, we again squatted down upon our carpets in our house at Leonidi.

Saturday, July 28th. Spent the day in giving out billets to the poor, who came in from the surrounding mountains, where they lodge in holes and caverns, and who, hearing of the distribution, had come down for their share, and to eat bread the first time, perhaps, for months. I went down to the vessel at one time, and it was really odd to see me riding on a jackass and surrounded by a troop of three hundred ragged, half-naked women, men, and children, all running down to the magazines for their portion of flour, and teasing me on the way for cotton or cloth; I might say, with Falstaff, that in my regiment there was but a shirt and a half.

Sunday, July 29th, Lerna, or Mills of Napoli. Left Leonidi at one A. M. and . . . at two P. M. came to anchor off the Mills, opposite the Lake of Lerna. Got into our boat and ran over to Napoli, where I found everything as I left it ten days ago: Grivas holding the Palamidi, Phoutomaris the fort, Government in the Bourg, and the poor inhabitants of the town still lying about in tents, under the shelter of rocks, etc., while the two brigand chiefs (God's curse light on both of them!) are pillaging their homes. General Church with an army is outside, and trying to make some arrangement. In fact, it is the most shocking, melancholy picture that I have witnessed since I have been in Greece: at a moment when the most imminent peril is hanging over a country, to see civil war raging under the very eyes of Government, a population of twenty thousand souls driven almost naked from their homes by their countrymen, their houses plundered; in fine, all the disposable force of the country assembled and unable to put an end to a quarrel between two wretches whose whole force does not amount to eight hundred men. The conduct of the Government has been very weak, and perhaps worse; there has been a want of unanimity which

has paralyzed all attempt at putting down Grivas, one party perhaps even supporting him.

Monday, July 30th, Lerna. Started at daylight on horseback and rode over the plain south four miles to Chevadi, a little ruined village with a mill, where we found thirty-seven families in great misery and gave them orders for flour. Then rode on to the west, finding here five, ten, and fifteen miserable families, refugees from their native villages, and living under the projections of rocks, or in caves or little huts made by sticking up poles, slanting, and thatching them with branches of trees. Most of these were not only hungry but half-naked, and I gave them large orders, even to an hundredweight, with the greatest delight. Hearing that up in the mountains were hidden many others, we began the ascent, and after a tedious climbing of two hours we came to a little plain where we found about six hundred persons, but not a single house, only the aforesaid huts, if they even merit that name. Here was a sight! Six hundred persons, mostly widows and orphans, driven from their homes, hunted into the mountains like wild beasts, and living upon the herbs, grass, and what they could pick up about the rocks. Many women came to me haggard and wan, their skin blistered by the sun, their feet torn by the rocks, and their limbs half exposed to view from the raggedness of their clothes, and they swore upon their faith that for many weeks they had not tasted bread. Here I gave them orders for about ten hundredweight of flour, and each one, seizing the billet, ran toward the road to the sea, blessing God that he had created men like the Americans to succour them in their distress. Repaid thus for my toil by the pleasure of relieving such wants, I jogged on to find more misery, and, after giving many orders upon the road, returned at night to the ship.

Mills of Napoli, July 31st, Tuesday. Mounted again on horseback at daylight, and starting off toward Argos crossed the Erasinos, and found myself among about one thousand families, refugees from Napoli, from Argos, and from different parts, most of them in great misery. Went on to Argos, two hours' ride; found it a melancholy scene; of the houses which last year I left in good order, filled with a busy population, all but about one hundred and fifty were in ruins; the fire and the sword had passed over it, and of its numerous inhabitants a few wretches were wandering about among the ruins of their once happy homes, and trying perhaps to pick up some of their effects to sell for a day's bread. Leaving the place by the Tripolitza road, I passed the ancient theatre, which is still tolerably entire, and will probably remain distinguished as long as any in the world, its seats being hewn out of the solid rock in the mountainside. Continuing, we came through the famous Marsh of Lerna without meeting any Hydra. Distributed to three hundred families. . . .

Thursday, August 2d. Nearly finished all the flour, and exchanged eight barrels of rice for the flour of the country in order to distribute it.

Friday, August 3d, Spetzia. Left the Mills and arrived here this morning, and landed in the national magazines the goods intended for the hospital. The Primates gave me a superb building, having two large magazines, several chambers, and a fine piazza, rent-free. Some difficulty with the captain.

Saturday, August 4th, at Sea. After much exertion, and by dint of alternate persuading and threatening, praying and swearing, I succeeded in getting into the magazines the goods for sale, viz., beef and fish, and having engaged caiques for ballasting the brig (the beast of a captain would have been three days ballasting with his

own boat), I got under way at nine A. M., and we are now off Hydra, with the wind ahead.

Sunday, August 5th, Poros. Found ourselves at daylight off Cape ——, and having the wind from the north, we made a long stretch toward Cape Sunium [1] and stood for Poros, which we reached at ten A. M. Found Miller well, and just the same in way and manner. The other brig had just arrived with Stuyvesant and Jervis, having distributed at Corinth, etc. Discharged.

Tuesday, August 7th, Spetzia. Left Poros this morning at eleven in a boat for Hydra, and running rapidly along the coast we soon arrived off the cape, near which are two little rocks, keeping a sharp lookout for a piratical boat, armed and manned by twenty-five Hydriote brigands, which had been three days off this port, plundering all small boats. Suddenly, when we were about a quarter of a mile from the little island southeast of the cape, our sailors discovered their lookouts, posted on the high points about, and running toward their boat, trying to grab us; but we having a stiff breeze from the north, and being to windward, our boatman, shifting his helm, ran west between the island and the cape, and with all sail and oars we got out of the passage and were bearing away full sail for Hydra before they got under way, and thus escaped. Arrived at Hydra, I quitted my good Karavokurios and entered into another boat of a very suspicious character, for this island, and after waiting some time for the master, who at last came on board, drunk as a pig, we got under way. We were hardly out when I began to see, too late, that I had imprudently put my life at hazard by taking passage in a boat of bad character. Luckily one of my men understood Albanian, and he gathered enough from the discourse of the sailors to know they had some

[1] The modern Cape Colonna.

bad plan. All night it was calm, and I saw the sailors would not take their [oars] though we were near land. Seeing another boat approach, they began a shrill whistling, but it was not answered. I put on the best appearance possible without breaking with them, primed my pistols, kept my servant, who was well armed, always by my side, and showed them they must have a fight for their spoil. But what probably saved me was the presence of two Spetziote sailors who were passengers, who would not agree to my being robbed, and thus I got up here.

Friday, August 10th. Left Spetzia yesterday at three P. M., and after a pretty run arrived at Port Hellada, one of the ports of Kranidi. Went to the monastery, and was well enough received and treated by the hegoumenos, or superior, until he found my object was to see if his monastery might not be turned into a hospital, which put his pipes entirely out. Supped on his good things, nevertheless, and after a comfortable night's rest got up this morning, and mounting a mule rode to the town, about four miles from the port. The Primates, coming together to consider my proposition, began only to consider whether it would be for their interest or not, and started so many selfish questions that they well deserve to be ranked with their semi-barbarian brothers of Hydra, Spetzia, and Poros. In this town (containing three thousand houses) and the surrounding villages there are about fifteen hundred refugees from Roumelia, etc. Got under way at noon, and after some difficulty in getting out of the port, came away for Didaskaleion, or School Island, which I thought might possibly serve for a hospital. Found it dry and barren; the old Venetian school in ruins and the cistern dry. Ate of the fruit of the prickly pear, which much resembles in taste the musk-melon. At six P. M. arrived at Napoli and found everything *in statu quo.*

Napoli, Saturday, August 11th. I found this unhappy place just as I left it twenty days ago; its population driven to take refuge (from the shells and balls from Palamidi) in the environs, where, either in caves or in huts erected by hanging a blanket on a pole, they wait and wait until the most imbecile beasts that ever took the name of Government shall effect some arrangement with the brigand chief who holds the castle. . . .

CHAPTER XI.

TRAVEL AND DISTRIBUTION

Sunday, August 26th, Poros. Arrived last night, from Philadelphia, the brig *Levant*, with a cargo of provisions for the poor. Went on board this morning and found letters from my father, Mr. Everett, and others. The cargo is consigned to Mr. Miller and the supercargo for distribution, the Committee doing me the honour to direct them to consult me in case of any disagreement, and to make me umpire. Accompanied young Mr. Leib to the Mills, and there displayed to him a scene of wretchedness and misery such as he had never been witness to, nor had formed any idea of. Here was offered to us for sale a beautiful Turkish woman for $100, the Greeks still keeping up the dreadful practice of selling their prisoners. Went with him also to the Government, and found them on the point of embarkation for Ægina.

Monday, August 27th. It being impossible to remain there in the present state of things, the vessel got under way at nine P. M. last night, and running outside of Spetzia, and this morning outside of Hydra, we arrived here and came to anchor at five P. M. Found all well.

Tuesday, August 28th, Poros. Started with Mr. Leib this morning, and crossing the neck which now (not anciently) connects the two islands, rode about one hour, until we came to the monastery, finely situated in a ravine facing the sea to the southwest. Here we found Mavrocordatos and his family, who received us in his usual kind

way. From this we jogged on up the hill until we came to the top and found ourselves among the ruins of the once famous temple of Neptune. This sanctuary, dear to the classic traveller as the spot in which Demosthenes took refuge and where he died, can plainly be traced by the foundation of its walls, still visible, and by the fragments of marble which lie scattered about in confusion. A broken column and a block with an inscription remain, but all the rest have disappeared; its lofty walls, its splendid columns, its rich ornaments have been thrown down, crumbled, or carried away, and the spot once frequented by superstitious thousands is a dreary waste, dear only to the solitary traveller.

Report of the sailing of the Egyptian fleet has spread alarm, and Cochrane has gone upon the lookout for them, but he has almost nothing prepared, nor has he the means; the supply which reached him the other day was only $20,000. . . .

Wednesday, August 29th, Ægina. Left Poros in company with Mr. Leib at about ten this morn, and with a smacking breeze we ran over here in three hours. Found everything in confusion,— the Government just arrived and [in] the greatest difficulty about houses to put their heads in. Found my friend Finlay on the point of departure for Syra. Got a place to *stay*, not to lodge, in the *chaumière* of Prylas, an Athenian, a man of information, of liberality, and oh! rarest of all, a man of honesty. Went out and visited the spot where once stood the splendid temple of Juno, of which but a single column is now standing. This island is full of tombs, which being opened every day produce great numbers of remnants of antiquities, vases, etc. Delivered the biscuit we had brought into the hands of a commission composed of Prylas, Doctor Anag[anei?], the Bishop of Atalanta, and Kanaris, to be distributed

to the poor, of which great numbers have taken refuge here; say the population is forty thousand.

Thursday, August 30th. Spent the day in inquiries about the situation and ground for a hospital. Left in the evening in a caique, and had one of the [most] delightful sails imaginable; the wind blew fair and strong, the moon rode in the bright, cloudless sky, and shone upon the dark waves of the Ægean around us with a splendour unknown elsewhere. . . .

Friday, August 31st. Left Poros this morning at ten o'clock; passed and went on board the steamboat. Am charged with a *trabacalo* loaded with four hundred barrels of biscuit, destined for distribution to the poor of Spetzia. Winds light and ahead all day; toward eve we passed the point and ran for Spetzia with a fair wind.

Saturday, September 1st, Spetzia. Arrived here early this morning, and commenced unloading the *trabacalo.* Wrote letters to Poros and to Napoli, communicated with the Primates about the manner of distributing. . . .

Monday, September 3d. Occupied all day in loading the *trabacalo* with the fish and meat for the hospital. Message from the Government pressing the Spetziotes to hasten to elect their representatives; for the deputies from France and Russia having arrived, and Hamilton, on the part of England, being daily expected, important business is on hand. Our news are confirmed by the sailing from Alexandria and arriving at Rhodes of the Egyptian fleet. Cochrane has run down to Candia and back to look out, and is again at Poros, hurrying out the Greek vessels; they will rendezvous here. He is very active.

Tuesday, September 4th, Napoli. Left Spetzia this morn at daylight and arrived here at dark. . . . Families begin to come back, but with fear and trembling. Skirmishing about Tripolitza; Greeks killed some hundred and fifty

Turks and pursued the rest to the walls of the place; few Turks in it.

Wednesday, September 5th, at Sea. Left Napoli at ten A. M., after having delivered to Mr. Millikanis two barrels of rice and taken his receipt therefor, payable in two months, I considering it more for the benefit of the hospital to sell the rice than to keep it a length of time to spoil. Wind being ahead, we made very small progress down the gulf, and at night are off Kranidi.

Thursday, September 6th, Spetzia. At daybreak found myself off the east end of Spetzia, becalmed, so leaving the *trabacalo* in my boat, landed and pushed down to town. Found the business of giving out billets to the poor for bread had been badly done, the priests giving them *à tout le monde*, so I declared them all null and void, and commenced giving them out in my own way, to distressed families only, and sending them directly to the magazines to receive their portion. Received a message from Lord Cochrane requesting me to come immediately on board to consult with his surgeon upon the case of young Bonaparte, the son of Lucien, who had just wounded himself accidentally with a pistol. I went on board the frigate, and found the really noble fellow stretched upon the deck, and without a groan, without a shadow of fear upon his pale countenance, suffering the pain of a wound which he thought must be mortal; and so upon examination I found it, for the ball having apparently passed into the cavity of the abdomen, leaves but little hope for him. An exact examination could only have satisfied curiosity, not done any good, so consoling him, and giving him all the hope possible, we dressed his wound. The agitation of Lord Cochrane during the dressing was extreme, and on hearing our opinion he paced up and down his cabin, weeping like an infant; his heart, warm and affectionate to all, had

been particularly impressed by the open, ingenuous manner and the fine enthusiastic feelings of young Bonaparte (who in his countenance has the strongest resemblance to his great uncle), and his regret was heightened by the accident happening while the young man was under his care. Continued the distribution, and gave to eight hundred and fifty poor persons at the rate of nine pounds of biscuit each.

Friday, September 7th. Going on with the distribution, but with peculiar difficulties from the character of the people. The priests, upon whom I am obliged often to rely for information, are little to be trusted, for each one wishes to get billets for all the poor of his own parish; that is to say, for all who are not rich. Now my object is not to give to all the poor, but to those poor who are in distress and have not the means to get their daily bread. There are many poor and miserable families here from other parts, and the poor Spetziotes try all possible means to exclude these strangers, as they call them, from getting a share of it. It is a scene really of the *comico-serio*, to see the pulling and hauling, scratching, screaming, and jabbering among the women that besiege my door from morning till evening. The Spetziote women, not knowing Greek, jabber away in Albanian, and the strangers scold as stoutly in Greek, and end by pulling one another's hair after a long "jaw," in which one has not understood a word the other has been saying.

Sunday, September 9th, Poros. Left Spetzia yesterday morning at ten and arrived here at nine P. M. Found Miller and Stuyvesant; George gone to Grabousi. To-day arrived a letter from Doctor Russ, announcing his arrival at Hydra. Miller went off in the Greek brig-of-war, Captain Thomas, to find him.

Monday, September 10th, Poros. Arrived the brig

Statesman from Boston, with provisions from the Committee. Doctor Russ is supercargo, and the Committee have associated Mr. Miller and myself in the distribution. Received letters from many of my friends, and one from the Committee naming me an associate with Doctor Russ and begging my acceptance of the sum of $500, for which they have sent me an order on Paris. Occupying myself very busily about the hospital, for which I have persuaded Miller and the rest to make provision by selling part of the things.

Wednesday, September 12th. Loaded the *trabacalo* with ten barrels of fish and two hundred and seventy-seven barrels of bread, and am ready to start, but the tempestuous weather prevents us. . . .

Saturday, September 15th. Ran around the island much yesterday and to-day in search of a spot fit for a hospital; at last, after viewing several delightful situations, selected one which, combined with other advantages, presents that of a very large natural cavern in the rock which will serve for magazines.[1] . . .

Sunday, September 23d, Tent at Ægina. Left this island on Monday and went to Poros. Continued and finished the landing of the cargo of the *Statesman*, sent off the *trabacalo* to the Mills; George and Stuyvesant going with her. . . .

Monday, September 24th, Poros. Left Ægina this morning at eight A. M. and arrived here at one P. M.

Friday, September 28th. Engaged a *bombard* at the rate of two thousand piastres per month, with two hundred okes of bread, one barrel of fish and one of meat. Commenced loading. Had confirmation of the loss of the cargo of the *trabacalo* at Napoli; she had strict orders not to go to Napoli, but a tempest forced her in, and

[1] The common word for "shop" or "store" in Greece is *magazi*.

the Government, by the farce of a petition from the people, stripped her completely, in spite of the remonstrances of Mr. S. I had prophesied this, and it was in part brought on by the foolish vanity of Constantine, who must, forsooth, go about the streets bragging that he had got charge of a cargo of American flour; so the good folk, being hard pressed for the rations of the soldiers, saved their own pockets by plundering the *trabacalo*. Miller, after much swearing at an accident which prudence or an ordinary attention to advice might have prevented, went off to Ægina to rail at Government. . . .

Tuesday, October 2d, at Sea. Embarked last night at nine, and have the company of Doctor Russ, my associate, with the gallant and virtuous Colonel Pisa, who goes the rounds with us for his amusement, and Doctor Dupont, who wishes a passage to Syra.

Wednesday, October 3d, Melos. Found ourselves at daybreak off St. George, and the wind being north, bore away for this island, and at noon entered into this beautiful and spacious harbour, where we found several men-of-war. Went on shore and up to the town, which is on a hill about four miles from the port. Found an English consul, who acts for America also. There are very few poor here of the natives, but a number of Candiotes. Called the chiefs and directed them to number their poor, and we will commence to-morrow.

Thursday, October 4th, Melos. Gave out orders to about one hundred and thirty families, of which one hundred are Candiotes; commenced delivering to them meal at the rate of five okes each person, and delivered forty barrels. The inhabitants of the island are not in want, for there is more land even than they can cultivate. The Candiotes here are about three hundred in number, have one hundred and fifty to two hundred musquets, and

are complete masters and tyrants in the island; they are just like the *palikaris* in the other islands, who strip and abuse the poor. Here a man cannot have anything in security except in the town. All the villages and farms get pillaged; that is to say, the Candiotes take what they choose. The islanders are about two thousand in number, at the very outside. The soil is middling, producing a little of everything, cotton, rye, wheat, figs, grapes, etc. There are several sulphur mines, and there were silver mines. There are some mineral springs, and one of water hot enough to boil eggs. But the only thing that renders Melos of any consequence is its fine port, always a secure refuge from any storm. Visited the amphitheatre, which is still very perfect, it being only filled up in the centre by a vast heap of earth which has fallen in; but all the seats are entire, of white marble. There is here a port-charge of a dollar per mast for entrance, and half a dollar per anchorage. Our news are that [the] Russian fleet is coming along, that the English and French are blockading the Turks, and have distinctly expressed their determination to oppose by force any hostile movement toward Hydra or Spetzia. The Greek vessels are coming in, leaving Cochrane and the national vessels.

Friday, October 5th, at Sea. Left Melos at two A. M. and soon gained the open sea, but there the wind proved contrary and prevented us not only from gaining our intended port, Paros or Antiparos, but headed us off from Seriphos and Siphnos; nay, before we gained Thermia we were to the leeward of the port and unable to gain it. Vain also was any attempt to beat through the passage between Thermia and Zea; for besides that our vessel, partly from her nature and partly from the inability of our crew, is entirely unable to beat to windward, there runs a

strong current through from east to west. Making the best of necessity, we concluded to hold on during the night, hugging the wind; but the Greeks are timid sailors, and ours, according to the general custom, took in every sail, reefed close to the topsail, and then, having hardly enough to steer by, gradually drifted to leeward, notwithstanding the breeze was steady, the sea smooth, the weather fine, and a full moon shining.

Saturday, October 6th, Paros. At daybreak this morning found ourselves about fifteen miles to leeward of Thermia, but the wind soon died away, it became calm, and remained so an hour, when a light breeze springing up from the west, we soon came through the passage between Thermia and Zea, and thus entered among the beautiful Cyclades. Leaving Syra and Tenos away on our left, we steered for this island, and about evening came off the north port, and taking a tack or two, soon gained the entrance and came to anchor among a division of the Greek fleet, commanded by Miaulis. This port is very fine; sheltered in one part from any wind, its holding ground is good, its waters rather deep, and it can accommodate in the worst weather thirty ships-of-war, in summer one hundred. We have been in danger from pirates, and should have undoubtedly been attacked once by a *mistico* which was pulling for us, had it not been for a breeze that saved us. We have two cannon, twenty musquets, and should hold a pretty good tussle against two or three boats.

Sunday, October 7th, Paros. Came on shore early in the morning, and found friend Finlay and Captain Bannister both here from Naxos; persuaded them to accompany us in a visit to the grotto of Antiparos. Set my secretary about making out a catalogue of the poor, and at eleven A. M. started with the two and Colonel Pisa and Russ for the grotto, all mounted upon jack and jenny asses. Riding an

hour and a half over ground badly cultivated but naturally rich, we began to mount to the left till we came to the Monastery of St. John. Leaving our beasts, we took candles and guides, and descending the other side of the hill, we came to the entrance of the celebrated and extensive quarries from which the ancients drew their [Parian] marble. The entrance was natural, but everything within bore marks of the chisel, and we could see that the long vast hall, as far as the eye could reach, had been all cut out, and was all beautiful white marble. Going about one hundred and fifty feet, we were obliged to light our candles, and went on through a vast hall, high as the light of our candles could reach, and one hundred and fifty feet broad. This continued perhaps four hundred yards, when we were stopped by the passage being filled up. Our guide, pointing out a low passage, entered it crawling on his hands and knees, and we followed him. Soon the passage became so low that we could only advance by lying flat on our bellies and hitching along, always guarding well our candles; then advancing another two hundred yards, we came to a place where we could stand upright and walk about. Stretching out to the right, we followed a passage to its extremity, and there we saw every mark as though the ancients had only yesterday left their work; every mark of the cuttings being perfect in the marbles. To the left our guides dared not go far for fear of getting lost, but there evidently was an opening once on that side of the mountain, from which the marble was drawn. We left with regret this mark of the industry and enterprise of the ancients, and at five P. M. arrived at the village of Parechia on the shore opposite Antiparos, where we spent the night.

Monday, October 8th. An hour before daylight we were awakened by our guide for the grotto of Antiparos. Hav-

ing provided ropes, a ladder, candles, etc., he embarked with us in a boat, and in an hour and a half we rowed across the channel to Antiparos. Landed at the little village, we were provided with twelve jackasses. Accompanied by guides for the route and for the cavern, we started, and after two hours' ride arrived at the summit of the ridge, where leaving our beasts, we descended a little to the other side, and turning to the right came to the entrance of this most famous of all grottoes. It is high, arched, and entering some way into the mountain forms by itself, with its two fine columns of stalactite in the centre, a noble cavern. Our guides began by fastening a strong rope around a column, by which they descended [through] a small hole in the rocks at the back part of the outer cavern; they soon called us, and lighting our candles, we followed them. Hanging on to the rope and slipping down the rock some distance, we came to a more level place, over which we crawled, always hanging by the rope, which was fastened at both ends and drawn tight; we were completely shut out from the light of day, and our candles showed us that we were in a sloping passage through the rock of considerable dimensions. After pushing on for some time we came to a frightful abyss, down which it was necessary to descend by a rope ladder which our guides had placed; this we did with some difficulty, and then pushed along over a ridge with an unfathomable abyss yawning on our right, the blackness of which was made partly visible by the light our candles threw into it. This passed, we came to more level ground, and having a moment to breathe, we held up our candles and found ourselves in the body of the grotto, one of the finest situations in nature; a huge cavern whose extent the eye could not make out, with a lofty wall from which hang thousands of large and brilliant stalactites in forms of icicles, while at

the head of the cavern the glittering stalagmites, in forms of tables, columns, and altars, formed a *tout ensemble* the finest in nature. We recognized the splendid altar on which the bishop caused mass to be celebrated, and we found it as he had left it; its beautiful columns, its stalactites hanging about, here in light fanciful fringes, here in long icicles, were just as he described them. Beyond the altar we found the beautiful little chamber formed by the alabaster fringe that hangs from the roof.

Tuesday, October 9th, Paros. Having a list made out of the poor, and tickets given to each family, we commenced distributing, giving to each person three okes of flour and one of beans, being on an average forty pounds of flour and five of beans to each family. Gave to three hundred and ten families.

Wednesday, October 10th, Paros. Continued distributing; gave out to about five hundred and five families, whole number of barrels one hundred and fifteen. Cretans making some fuss. The Politarch sent me a paper, half petition, half order, for flour for his soldiers; put off answering him until nearly night, when he could not bother the distribution, and then sent him a flat refusal. The island has seven villages, of which Parechia is the principal, but its port is bad. This village has about sixty houses, but its port is excellent; there is a ruin of a Venetian fort with a tower and lighthouse. The whole island may have about two thousand inhabitants, but the foreigners are perhaps still more numerous, that is to say, the Candiotes. . . .

Antiparos is rather insignificant, separated from Paros by a channel nearly a mile broad, but with rocks and islets in it; the island has about fifty houses and two hundred and fifty souls. Here also the Candiotes rule supreme, in fact in these two islands. In Melos they are tyrants; they

oppress the people abominably; they go about armed; they rob the farms, or rather openly take possession of them. In this place they have openly taken away the contents of two shops, and just now I was called to a man who had been stabbed in the belly and mortally wounded by a Candiote; he had, upon being questioned by the Candiote about something, merely grumbled about the right to examine him, when the Candiote stabbed him. Now this man will die, probably, and what will happen to the Candiote? Why, nothing, just nothing, for there is no civil power. Laws exist in Greece, and good laws, too, but who is to put them in execution? . . .

The smaller islands about here, such as Argustier, Siphnos, Seriphos, etc., are still more distressed by the Candiotes, who do just as most of the inhabitants of Greece would do if in their place; and probably better than the inhabitants of most other countries would do; for an ignorant people with no law to restrain them, with arms in their hands and nothing but their own will for directors, will not sit among another people who have plenty and starve because this is not their own. . . .

The Greeks [themselves] fear no punishment, for none follows even murder. The lawless, half-starved soldiery are scattered all over the country, and yet robbery on the highway is as rare as in any country, and murder *rarer* than in any other that I know of. During three years' residence in the country I have not known more than six murders. The Greeks *are not a bad people;* in fact, all things considered, it is strange they are so good; for without religion, without the still stronger tie of a spirit of honour, what can be expected of a people? They have no religion, I say, that tends to govern their moral conduct or inspire them with honest or honourable feelings, for it is nothing but superstition, which is stronger than most

people are aware of. The most desperate, abandoned crew of pirates that cruise the Archipelago would hardly be found to have one man aboard who would dare to go forth on a thieving voyage without lighting a lamp before the picture of the Virgin, or to level his gun to shoot a man without making the sign of the cross; nay, should they succeed, and their consciences become a little more burdened by some outrageous robbery, they have only to enter the first church (of which every barren rock has one), make the cross some dozen times, fill up the Virgin's lamp, leave a few paras for the priest, and all is well; they are as good candidates for heaven as their most pious neighbours. I found a very good old woman to-day, with whose expression I was pleased. "I will crawl on my belly" (for she could not walk) "and beg my bread in the streets, rather than [that] my daughter shall be dishonoured, or the lamp of the Virgin be not filled day and night."

Thursday, October 11th, Naxos. Got under way from Paros at nine this morning; nearly calm. Hardly had the anchor up when I saw a boat pulling off to us filled with Candiotes; got guns and cutlasses all ready, and warned them off, but finding they wanted only to give a message, and that they were not so strong as we, let them come on board. They brought a message from the principal Candiotes, which I found was apparently to beg a portion more of flour for families which they pretended had not received any, but in reality to get a little rice for themselves; they talked about writing to the Government about unjust distribution, but on my answering that I was not accountable to Government, and cared not for them, they went off satisfied I was not to be *hummed*. At two P. M. came into this port, if port it can be called which cannot shelter vessels of any size, and cast anchor close to the

town and near the little island on which is the splendid gateway of the temple of Bacchus. On shore found friend Finlay, lodged like a prince. Went off to see the gateway; it is indeed most nobly simple: two slabs of white marble eighteen feet in length, crossed at the top by a third twelve feet, form a *tout ensemble* hardly to be surpassed by any combination. . . .

Friday, October 12th. Commenced the distribution to the families to which we had given billets last night. Find many who have every earthly mark of being poor, poor, poor. Gave to about two hundred and sixty families. Last night was much agitated by a report received of the killing of my friend Haine, but to-day a letter from Captain Hastings not only relieved us of all anxiety on Haine's account, but filled us with exultation for the glorious success of the old *Perseverance* steamboat. Hastings writes thus:

My dear Finlay: — The 29th of last month was the finest day of my existence; we went into the Gulf of Salona to attack nine Turkish vessels, one brig of sixteen guns, bearing an admiral's flag, one schooner of fourteen guns, three smaller schooners, two armed transport-brigs, and two *boves*. Thomas and the two gunboats went in with me, but before we could come to anchor, although close astern of me, the admiral was on fire, a schooner on fire, a transport-brig sunk forward and on fire aft, and a cargo-schooner deserted. They were all aground, and we destroyed all but one very small schooner and one *bove*. But as a counter-balance to all this, I am in want of everything, provisions, ammunition, coals, ropes, boats, and above all money; pray try to get me some. Yours, etc.,

F. Hastings.

. . . . . .

Saturday, October 13th, Island of Naxos. Left the principal town this morning at eight o'clock and proceeded to the village to oversee the distribution of tickets to the poor, as well as to get a view of the fine parts of this island, called the Queen of the Cyclades. Rode one hour to the little village of Agio Previna: about thirty-five houses, all well off. From hence an half-hour we turned the hill and saw to our left the beautiful *Potamia*, a sort of ravine between two hills, down which runs a perennial stream. It is full of olives, citron, etc. High up on an almost inaccessible mount is the ruin of the castle of the Dukes of Naxos. Farther on we came to the plain of Damario, which is surrounded by mountains, and on which are about twelve villages; this is one of the most beautiful spots imaginable. . . .

Sunday, October 14th, Naxos. According to arrangements made, started two hours before daylight on mule-back and commenced climbing to the top of Mount Zeus, or Jupiter, the highest peak upon the island, from which all the isles of the Archipelago may be seen in a clear day. By a tedious and dangerous route we arrived at the peak just as the first streak of light began in the east. We were surrounded by a thick mist, which wet us, although the clouds were far beneath our feet. For a few moments as the light advanced we could see, through broken rifts in the sea of thick white clouds which hung round the mountain, the Archipelago spread as a chart beneath our feet, but soon the mass closed around us, and we lost one of the finest views in nature — a sunrise from the peak. But I was amply compensated by the sublime scene we enjoyed for half an hour of the thick clouds rolling about beneath us, shutting out all view of the earth. Leaving the mountain-top with our guides we began to descend, and in half an hour reached the entrance of one

of the finest caverns in the Levant. Having everything prepared, light brushwood in abundance, candles and guides, we entered through a narrow hole, which soon expanding, we were in an entryway through the rock of such dimensions that our candles could not throw light across it. Advancing thus about two hundred feet, we turned a little to the right and found ourselves in a vast apartment whose dimensions we could hardly calculate, but when we had kindled brushwood in different parts of it and the flame lit it up a little, we could see that from side to side was at least six hundred feet, the roof of smooth stone three hundred feet high, while the farther end was lost in distant darkness. After sufficiently admiring this grand scene, we began crossing to the upper end of the cavern, lighting fires as we went along, by which we might find our way back. We lighted twenty fires along at intervals, and at last reached the upper part of this great natural church. Here we found a huge stone altar, from which rose columns of alabaster. On each side were antechambers formed by sheets of stalactites; in one was a column perfectly round, about ten feet high, twenty inches in diameter. Long icicles and sheets of stalactites hung about and formed a scene equal to any I have yet seen for magnificence, and only surpassed in brilliancy by that of Antiparos. We were an hour in the great cavern, and yet did not explore it all, so huge are its dimensions. Returned to the town and finished the distribution. . . .

Monday, October 15th. Left Naxos at midnight, and had a breeze for about two hours, and then it became calm and continued so all day.

Tuesday, October 16th, Syra. At daylight, about three miles from the entrance of this port, were becalmed, but by nine o'clock got in and began unloading. Syra, as usual, very busy. Three ships were taken in sight here

to-day, by the pirates, at noon. We mustered twelve foreigners, and with our servants volunteered to go and release the vessels, which are at Mykonos, if the Government would give us an armed vessel with ten sailors. This they would not do; nobody would start. We offered one thousand piastres for a small vessel; they demand two thousand, and there is not public spirit enough in the merchants to pay it.

Wednesday, October 17th. Commenced distributing to the poor here after having a list of the families, of which about one thousand are very poor and four hundred miserably so. Got the whole of our cargo landed.

Arrived last night the brig *Cherub*, of Boston, brought in by a Greek brig; she was found ashore upon the isle of Delos, abandoned by her crew, and pillaged of the best part of her cargo. Her jolly-boat being missing makes it probable that her crew saved themselves on one of the other vessels which escaped; for there were three together, and only one got away. On her arrival (part of her goods being on board the brig), the authorities put a guard on board, as also [did] the English consul and the captain of the brig. The authorities had some intention of landing the cargo (hoping to get the duties), but with Doctor Russ I protested against it. Being the only Americans here, and no consular agent, we petitioned the authorities to have all the cargo put on board, a *procès verbal* taken of the state of the vessel, and seals on our part, as well as that of the authorities, put on until some vessel-of-war arrives. The English consul is very meddling, and pretends to be [an] American agent, which we doubt.

Friday, October 19th. Going on with the distribution without the least trouble or confusion, and apparently to the satisfaction of every one. The brig, with part of the cargo of the *Cherub* on board, left this port last night with-

out having had an inventory of the things taken ; this outrageous proceeding of the local authorities in allowing the brig to go away aggravates the guilt of their neglect, and in some measure renders them responsible for the cargo. All that we can do after our petition, of which no notice has yet been taken, is to make protest and represent the business to the proper authorities.

Saturday, October 20th. Finished the distribution, and there remaining about six barrels, we decided to commit them to the charge of the Swedish consul, a man who by his honourable conduct, his philanthropy and urbanity, has rendered his name dear to all Philhellenes. He will distribute the flour to some miserable Catholic families in the upper town, who from fear of the Greeks had not got themselves written down upon the list.

Nothing yet done about securing the cargo of the *Cherub*. Endeavoured to get an authorized copy of the address we sent to the local Government yesterday, but could not succeed ; their eternal delays prevent. Just as we were ready to go off came news that the brig had returned and brought the boat that was missing from the *Cherub*. The captain says he found it anchored near Mykonos, and saw three men on shore, two with hats ; called them, but they fled ; thinks they were part of the crew of the *Cherub*. Thinking it an imperious duty to countrymen in distress, I endeavoured to get a boat to go to Mykonos, but there being no suitable boat here, and all others fearing to go, I am obliged to wait till to-morrow in a painful uncertainty about the fate of the crew, who are probably living in the mountains, afraid to go to the town of Mykonos.

Sunday, October 21st, Mykonos. Got a Mykoniote boat to take me to Syra for thirty piastres. We had a pretty breeze and a pleasant passage, passing in view of Tenos and plainly distinguishing the houses in its villages (of

which there are sixty-six), and passing close to Delos, once so famed and held in awe, not by Greeks alone, but by barbarians, as the chosen seat of Apollo, now inhabited only by a dozen shepherds. At two P. M. arrived here; the port is miserably bad; houses about one thousand in number.

Went with a letter from Signor Manolaki to the French consul, who, simple old soul, did all he could for me in the way of sending out for the crew, but nothing is known of them here. Afterwards came to look for Signor Cordei, who was supposed to be United States consular agent. Found that he in reality was so, and that he had been doing all he could about the crew; but every circumstance seems to prove that they are lost, or gone on board the other vessel, and not on this island. Sent out some shepherds with a letter and the United States arms, to show in case they should find one of the crew. Persuaded the consul, as he is appointed for the three islands of Tenos, Mykonos, and Syra, that it is his duty to go to Syra and protect the cargo; and he is ready to do his duty as soon as he sees it, but as his instructions from Offley were to act no more publicly than should be actually necessary, he is in doubt. In fact, Offley's letters to him are written in a very equivocal and bungling manner. . . .

Monday, October 22d, at Sea. Started from Mykonos in company with the consul at four A. M.; arrived at Syra at eight A. M., and at ten got under way with our *bombard*, [bound] for Poros. Passed a pirate boat, but he saw too many marks of preparation about us to attack us; in fact, if vessels only knew what cowards these pirates are, they would never be robbed, for the least resistance will keep them off. Give me a vessel with moderately high sides, two light guns, and twelve resolute men, and I would

pledge my all on sailing about every port of the Archipelago and beating off every vessel which approaches. The pirates always come in long, light, open boats which pull from sixteen to thirty-six and forty oars; they sometimes have a gun, and always select calm weather to attack. But how get up the sides of a vessel if twelve men with cutlasses were to oppose them? They are arrant cowards, and as the first half-dozen who mounted would be likely to be killed, they would give up the attempt. . . .

No place can be better than the Archipelago for piracy; with an island always in reach, and calms almost every noon, the light boats can always escape from vessels of war. The crew land and hide among the rocks; there is no police, they are safe. Before the breaking out of the Revolution each island had great numbers of men entirely supported by navigation. The war cut off their means of livelihood. They suffered two or three years, then some began to "pirate;" they had no other resource. Others saw that they gained, that they risked but little, and vessels of all nations were plundered. In the disorganized state of things they found a ready market for their spoil; they could bring it into any port, sell it openly, be known as pirates, and yet not be punished. They enriched themselves, built vessels for the business, and went on flourishing. If now and then one was taken, the vessel was burnt, or perhaps the men sent to Malta for trial, where they were sure to be acquitted, and come back to resume their trade more boldly, for they saw their punishment was not to be death. They never murdered those whom they plundered, and they escaped hanging. But it was a great fault on the part of the commanders of vessels-of-war not to have made examples; a few bodies hanging at their yard-arms, and displayed round among the islands, would have had more effect than all they have done. . . .

A brief extract from the "Historical Sketch" will further illustrate the methods of these pirates.

"It was not uncommon for a frigate, after a hard chase of a pirate, to cut her off from every chance of escape, and force her into a bay from which there was no outlet; the barges would then be manned, and sent in to bring out the pirate, but not a vessel, nor boat, nor the least appearance of one, was to be seen. There was no creek or outlet by which she could have escaped; where was she? for she certainly had come in here. Had the Greeks lugged her off, masts and all, into the mountains? It was for a long time a mystery; they did not know that the Greeks would pull out the plugs of their little vessel, tumble overboard, and paddle ashore like water-dogs, and let her sink to the bottom, which was not very deep. They would then watch in the caves till they saw the astonished Europeans retire, and the moment the frigate was well under way, they would plunge into the water, dive, one after another, till they had thrown all the ballast-stones out of their sunken bark, and thus lighten her until she would rise to the surface, when they would right her and row away to seek more spoil."

The two letters which follow throw further light upon this eventful autumn of 1827.

Poros, November 1st, 1827.

To the Members of the Greek Committee, Boston.

Gentlemen: — We beg leave to inform you that in the disposition of the cargo of the brig *Statesman* we have ventured to deviate a little from the course generally pursued in the distribution of supplies sent out from America, believing that we should most effectually "relieve the distress occasioned by the disastrous war in this country" by devoting a portion of it to the support of a hospital for the

gratuitous relief of the poor sick. But a few weeks ago, the American agents were solicited by the Government, and by many of the most respectable citizens in the country, to lend their assistance in establishing an institution of this nature. This fact, together with the simple circumstance that but one hospital (and that upon a distant island) existed in Greece, might be sufficient to authorize us in so doing, but we had other and more powerful reasons, which convinced us that the benevolent donors would have taken the same step had they been intimately acquainted with the peculiar kind of suffering which exists in Greece. Many a poor object have we seen lying upon the bare ground by the roadside or under a tree, parched with fever, whom all the flour in America could neither solace nor save — many a poor soldier whose long undressed wound, full of little maggots, was hurrying him to an untimely grave, from which a little care and cleanliness might have spared him. . . .

Considerations of this nature, gentlemen, have induced us to appropriate a part of your cargo to the houseless sick. We feel thoroughly persuaded that more good will be done, more misery relieved by this measure, than by any distribution of triple the quantity of goods and provisions which we have appropriated to it. We estimate the expense at only $——— per quarter, and intend that the accounts of all expenditures shall be approved by men of known integrity and then forwarded to America. Should the Committees in America be inclined to continue the support of this charity, it can be much enlarged by removal to some other place. We chose this because at present the safest, and have possessed ourselves of the most convenient and spacious building on the island for its accommodation. The Government, desirous of promoting our design, has given us an order for the large building at Napoli formerly

appropriated to the purposes of a hospital, but unhappily the unsettled state of that town prevents an immediate removal.

We have the honour to be, gentlemen,

Very respectfully yours,

[Signed] J. P. Miller, Sam. G. Howe, John D. Russ.

Poros, November 2d.

To William Sampson.

My dear William: — This day has been to me one of the happiest of my existence, and to all Greece one of joy and exultation. For it has brought the confirmation of the news of the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino, and for ever puts at rest the question of the reconquest of Greece by Turkey. . . .

On the 13th of September the English and French admirals entered Navarino, and according to the spirit of the treaty between the European powers for the purpose of putting an end to this war, they exacted a promise from the Turkish admiral that he would make no movements whatever, and they returned, leaving each one frigate before the port.

Five days only elapsed when a division of fifty [Turkish] sail left the place and steered for Patras. Notice was received by the English and French admirals, who immediately started to overtake them. Sir Edward Codrington arrived first, and immediately opened his fire upon the headmost ships and compelled the squadron to retire to Navarino. On the 3d of October the Russian fleet arrived at Zante, composed of four ships of the line, three frigates, one corvette, and one brig. The next day the combined fleets, consisting of twenty-nine vessels, viz., three English, three French, and four Russian ships of the line, four English, three Russian, and one French frigate, one English and one Russian

corvette, the rest [being] brigs, bore away for Navarino; and on the 8th entered the port, with the intention of signifying to the Turkish commander that, having broken his word, he could not be trusted and must retire from Greece; but not the least idea, probably, of a battle entered the minds of the admirals. At the moment of their entrance, a shot was fired from a Turkish battery on shore, probably unintentionally. Having entered and come to anchor, the Russians formed the left wing, the French the right and the English the centre, the English admiral being commander-in-chief. A Turkish fire-ship happening to be very near the ship of the French admiral, he sent a boat, desiring her to remove a little. The Turks fired upon the boat with musquetry, killing some men, and the admiral opened his battery upon the Turkish vessel, which the Turks put fire to and cut her cable that she might drive upon him. At the same moment an Egyptian corvette began to fire upon the English admiral, who immediately sent a boat to the Turkish Capitan Pasha, saying that he had not come in with any idea of fighting him, and should not, unless forced to it. The boat had hardly delivered the message and pushed off when she was fired on and some men killed. At the same moment a boat was sent to a Turkish fire-vessel, which was too near him, desiring her to remove and not put fire. The moment the officer mounted her he was seized, his head and feet were cut off, and the boat fired upon. Then began the battle from all sides. The Turkish ships, more than triple the number of their opponents, opened all their broadsides, and seconded by the batteries on shore, poured such tremendous volleys of shot as if well directed must have annihilated the Europeans, but the latter sent back, if a smaller, yet a far more destructive fire, for every gun was pointed, every shot told, and the result was in a short time visible. The

allies, sending out their boats, cut the cables of the Turkish fire-vessels, and setting fire to them, let them drive down upon their own fleet. In a few minutes several ships-of-war, taking fire, added to the horror of a scene already terrible; the two long lines of ships, from which roared near two thousand cannon; the blazing fire-ships, driving to and fro among the huge Turkish vessels, whose falling masts and shattered hulls began to show how the battle went; the sea covered with spars and half-burnt masses of wood to which clung thousands of sailors escaped from their exploded vessels; the lines of batteries upon the shore, which blazed away all the time, and were covered by the whole Turkish army most anxiously watching a scene upon which their own fate depended; all this must have presented a scene worthy the pencil of genius. But a contest could not be long where one side had only a vast superiority of force, directed by blind fury alone, against cool courage, discipline, and naval skill.

The battle raged till nightfall, and in this proud and vast Turkish fleet there only remained uninjured a few small vessels, which saved themselves by hoisting European flags. . . .

About four thousand Turks perished in this affair. The combined fleets accomplished the destruction of the Turkish fleet without the loss of a single vessel, but most of them were injured more or less. . . .

Monday, October 29th, Ægina. Came over to get through the scrape about the rent of the magazines.

Wednesday, October 31st, Poros. Arrived last night from Ægina, a letter of the admirals to the Bouleutikon (Council of State).

Friday, November 2d. Confirmation of the glorious news of the destruction of the Turkish fleet. More Turkish

vessels coming down from Constantinople. News of the debarking of Fabvier at Scio. Candiotes stirring round.

Saturday, November 3d. Barrel of meal to poor man from Ægina. Have reason to think Heideck will accept the command of the Candia expedition, and he has probably reserved means sufficient. Tombazi is endeavouring to get it, and Mavrocordatos, being his friend, is backing him. . . .

The supplies were distributed, the hospital was established, but my father's work in this field served only to make him more and more deeply sensible of the need of further help of the same kind. Acting on this conviction, and at the urgent request of the Greek Government, he determined to return to his own country, tell his story, and try to rouse an enthusiasm which should have substantial results. The resolve, once made, was carried out as usual without a moment's delay; and the last entry in this volume of the Journal is made at sea.

Tuesday, November 13th, at Sea. Sailed this morning on board brig *Jane*, Captain Proctor, for New York. The *Jane* came several days ago, under charge of Mr. Port, who arrived at Napoli, and notwithstanding he was directed to act only in conjunction with Mr. Miller, and that he received there a letter from all of us, cautioning [him] of the abuses which would be committed, he was weak enough to let himself be flattered out of five hundred barrels of flour, which the persons in authority promised to deliver to the poor; he then came round to Poros. Letters from Napoli assured me that only eighty barrels were distributed; the rest were given to the soldiers, and the seventeen boxes of clothes sold for the benefit of the parties concerned. Engaged my passage, with that of my boy, for $100; paid the captain $50 in advance.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIRST CRUSADE

THE *Jane* arrived at New York on February 5th, 1828. My father's first act was to present to the Greek Committee of New York a letter from the Greek Government, accompanied by the following one from himself:

NEW YORK, February, 1828.

GENTLEMEN: — The accompanying letter addressed by the Greek Government to the Philhellenic Committee of America, as you will perceive by the date, should have been handed you months past, had not circumstances connected with the object therein named detained me some months in Greece longer than was intended. It may perhaps be well for me to explain to you fully the circumstances which induced the Government to address to you that letter, viz., the great need there is yet in Greece of everything necessary for the safety of the sick or wounded. I have been witness there to miseries of all kinds, but those which were most immediately under my observation, and which it was most particularly my duty to attempt to solace, naturally attracted most of my attention. These were the certain capture and butchery of the wounded soldier, from want of means to carry him off if his party were defeated; and his suffering, perhaps death, from want of the proper means for his cure, even if his party were victorious and he escaped the enemy. Soldiers have often said to me, "We fear a slight wound more than a mortal one: this brings

sudden death without pain; that a lingering one, perhaps with tortures." Sometimes a number of them, saved from the field, are removed to some neighbouring village. In a few days there is an alarm of the enemy's approach; every soul flies. The wounded rush out, pale and emaciated, and attempt to fly with the crowd, but soon sink down from weakness, struggle on again as they see the enemy gaining on them, but are soon overtaken and their heads dangling at the cavalry's saddle-bows. Or if they have been removed to a place of safety, and some kind of hospital is arranged, perhaps hardly a week will pass without the want of some necessary, and the total failure of even bread is not a rare occurrence. The situation of the surgeon in these cases is painful, for he is obliged to witness misery without being able to solace it, and finds the exercise of his art useless, for want of the common necessities of life.

Then, it was only the very few young surgeons from Europe, whom the chances of war had spared, that ever would attend a wounded man without pay; the native surgeons wrung every cent from their patients' pockets, then took their clothes, then their arms, and the soldier found himself restored to health, perhaps, but half-naked, without money, without arms, and a beggar. . . .

Having had such frequent and painful experience of the want of proper provision for the wounded, I often urged on the Government the necessity of establishing one large central hospital, several flying ones, or men to attend each detachment of the army, and after dressing the wounded on the field of battle, have them sent to the central hospital for final cure. They saw the need of it, and made one or two exertions to effect it, but the pressing want of money defeated them.

Then it was proposed to me to go to America and en-

deavour to obtain from the Committees the necessary means. I was on the point of starting when Mr. Miller arrived and urged me strongly to remain and assist him in the distribution of his contribution, promising to use his best exertions to give me the means of establishing a hospital, not military indeed, but for the sick poor, of whom numerous instances are to be seen lying about by the roadsides or under the shadow of trees, in every part of Greece. Conceiving I could be useful I consented, and was happy enough to effect the establishment of a hospital at Poros with fifty beds and every accommodation for the sick. This establishment is under the charge of Doctor Russ, and means are provided for its support for nine months.

Gentlemen, the noble and generous exertions which have been made by my countrymen prevent me from making an appeal to them for the object specified by the Greek Government. I feel they have done their part; and they have shown, too, that they do not wish to support the war by any direct means. But allow me to direct your attention to the establishment at Poros. It can, by having enlarged means of support, become most extensively useful, not only to the helpless sick, but to the hungry. An arrangement could be made for the daily distribution of cheap soup to the thousands of poor wretches who are collected about there, who, without houses or means of cooking, often subsist on sorrel and snails for weeks together, and whose sufferings must be protracted until peace enables them to return and cultivate their lands. The state of these miserable beings, and the augmented suffering they must undergo the ensuing autumn and winter, will be doubtless strongly represented to you by the philanthropic Miller. I shall only add that I consider myself still in the service of Greece, and as my coming to America was partly in the hope of assisting her, I

hold myself ready to return, can I by doing so contribute in the least to advancing her cause.

We have no copy of the letter from the Greek Government, but its tone may be inferred from that of my father's second letter to the New York Committee.

NEW YORK, February 8th, 1828.

To the Executive Greek Committee.

GENTLEMEN: — I observed with some surprise that you had laid before the public the communication of the Greek Government handed you by me. This, as it is merely a certificate of my character, could have no interest to the public, but as my name has been brought forward, I wish it should be perfectly understood upon what grounds I am to stand. My opinion is decidedly that the funds which will probably be at the disposal of the different Committees cannot in any way so relieve individual suffering in Greece as by the establishment of an extensive hospital. Should this be decided, I will agree to take the direction of it, and stand by it at all hazards for one year, provided it shall have at least two hundred beds, and the means of supporting it in a manner creditable to America; and that my expenses shall be paid there and my passage home. But I do not wish to have the sole management of any funds, and should request that some Greek of note should share the responsibility and oversee the application of all money — say Mavrocordatos and Miaulis. I mention these two because the first is universally known for his talents and acquirements; and the man who could doubt the honesty and patriotism of the other could believe that Brutus, Washington and Lafayette were villains.

This necessary business despatched, my father hastened home to Boston, and spent a few happy days with the fam-

ily in Pearl Street. But great as was his joy in being with them once more, he could not rest; he must be about the business on which he had come. At first he met with little encouragement, save from a very few, among them Edward Everett, the faithful friend of Greece. On February 29th, he writes to W. L. Stone:

BOSTON, February 29th, 1828.

To W. L. Stone.

MY DEAR SIR: — I find Philhellenism here in the last stages of a decline and do not see any remedy which I can administer to revive it, but as I am anxious to be useful in the Good Cause, I pray you to send me the names of some of those men in the interior who have been warmest, that I may write them. They will give some weight surely to the evidence of an eye-witness. I most sincerely wish that it were in my power to go round the country and see them, and preach a kind of Crusade, as Mr. Everett suggested to me a day or two ago, but as circumstances forbid it, I must content myself with doing what I can. . . .

My father's first idea was to put the case of Greece before the people of the United States in the shape which would circulate most readily; he therefore flung himself into the preparation of a volume which he called "A Historical Sketch of the Greek Revolution." He expected to devote the best part of a year to this work. But he soon found that Philhellenism was not dead, but sleeping. The seed dropped by Mr. Everett had been germinating in his mind, and on perceiving the first signs of reawakening interest in the cause of Greece, he determined instantly to devote himself to active propaganda. Accordingly, he threw the chapters of his book hastily together, and accomplished in five months what should by rights have taken

twice the time. As was only natural, the work showed various imperfections and inaccuracies, resulting from its hasty preparation, and my father felt and regretted these so deeply that, after his final return from Greece, he suppressed it. In spite, however, of these many disadvantages, the book is of real interest and value, and may be read with both pleasure and profit. The portraits of statesman and chieftain, if sternly drawn, are evidently drawn from the life, while the descriptions of siege and battle have a vividness that can come only when the eyes have seen what the hand writes.

My father now entered upon what I may call his first crusade: the first of how many! He travelled through the country, speaking in many cities. His power as a special pleader was instantly felt. His words kindled like a torch, and wherever his voice was heard, wherever the flash of his presence came, people's hearts sprang up in answer. My mother, in writing of this time, says: "The purse-strings of wealthy citizens were unloosed. Ladies contributed their spare garments and children their toys, to swell the tribute of the new civilization to the old. The sum collected on this occasion amounted to some $60,000: a sum representing a much greater value in those days than in these."

There were discouragements, of course, as well as victories: that was to be expected. The following extract from a letter to a friend shows something of a spirit which my father sometimes had to encounter.

SIR: — The following dialogue, as it shows upon what foundations are built many opinions too generally received, may not be useless. As I was trying the other day to hit upon some way of getting at the truth of the accounts of Greek and Turkish character, it suddenly occurred to me to sound a new neighbour of mine who stood high in his own

opinion, as well as in that of his neighbours, as a travelled man. Calling on him, I soon broached the subject by asking him if nothing could be done to relieve the suffering Greeks. "Pooh, pooh!" cried he. "No tricks upon travellers! I know the Greeks perfectly — a nation of rogues, sir; all pirates, sir, and knaves, ten times worse than the Turks."

"What is the character of the Turks, sir?"

"Fine fellows, honest, hospitable fellows, sir."

"How do you know the character of the Greeks?"

"Have I not travelled, sir, in the Levant?"

"Do you know the modern Greek language?"

"Not a word, sir; don't want to know it. Vile set."

"Have you travelled in the interior? Do you know the peasantry?"

"Not a bit, sir, but was chased by a pirate in the Archipelago, going up the Dono; *no doubt* but it was a Greek, sir."

"Have you known many Greeks?"

"Never knew but two, sir: one was my dragoman, the other my servant; one of them lied, the other cheated me — all rogues, sir; worse than the Turks."

"Have you known many Turks?"

"Knew one, sir, Hassan Oglou, — fine fellow, — stopped at his country-house in travelling. He kept me a fortnight; stuffed me with sweetmeats and *pilau* — nothing but pipes and coffee, baths and riding all day. 'Frank,' said he, 'you are master of all you see about you: if any of my slaves please you, take them. If you see any pretty Greek in your ride, name her; I will have her brought in: we don't stand for tears or prayers here — what are the Giaours made for, but for our pleasure?'"

"All this was fine," said I; "but didn't the old Turk make you pay for it?"

"Not a bit. When I was coming away I offered him money; he refused it with scorn. 'No,' said he, 'I am no publican; I delight to entertain the stranger. My Lord C—— passed here two months ago, and stayed with me; on going he gave me the fine carbine you see hanging there; and Mr. R—— also passed, and gave me the gold watch I wear. The other day Monsieur T—— left me, and gave me yonder beautiful sabre.' Then stroking down his beard, he drew a long draught from his pipe, and rolling the smoke out from his nostrils, fixed his eye on my belt, and said, 'You have a beautiful pair of pistols.' I took the hint."

On April 25th he writes to his father thus:

ALBANY, Tuesday.

MY DEAR FATHER: — I have this moment arrived in this place, and sit down to write and inform you of my progress.

I wrote you from West Point, where I was most politely received by Colonel Thayer, and all the officers; after delivering an address there, I went to Newburg, from N. to Poughkeepsie, from P. to Hudson, from H. to Kinderhook, at all which places I had large and respectable audiences, and have reason to hope that my statements will be the means of rousing the feelings of the people, and getting extensive contributions for the suffering Greeks.

It will occupy more of my time than I had anticipated, and it fatigues me to speak so much, but I cannot help it: I am so fully convinced that my exertions will result in extensive good to Greece that I will go on, as long as I am able, and folks may say or think what they please; if circumstances would allow me, I would preach from Maine to Georgia, that the foul blot may not attach to America of having left a Christian people to be exterminated by

the infidels, and not lifting a helping hand in their behalf.

I fear not much will be done in this place, and I shall push west; the time of my absence I cannot determine. . . .

The next letter to his father reveals a singular trait in Grandfather Howe. Apparently he regarded public speaking for men much as it was regarded for women thirty years ago, as a kind of disgrace. It is a pity that his own letter has not been preserved, but we may gather something of its tone of reprobation from my father's reply.

ALBANY, April 10th, 1828.

MY DEAR FATHER: — Yours of the 5th ult., just received, has made me feel quite unpleasantly. I am sorry you disapprove my mission; but we only disagree in opinion, — I consider it my *sacred duty to go on*, for I find I stir up a feeling, by relating what I have seen in Greece, that could not be done by any other means. I am fully satisfied that I have set extensive contributions a-going, in places where, before my appearance, there was not the least interest about Greece.

It is most disagreeable to me to be continually addressing meetings, — God knows I would rather serve Greece in any other way, if I could do it so effectually; but I cannot, and do you think it will be a small matter for me to reflect that I have been the means of procuring cargoes of provisions for Greece; that I have been the instrument of saving hundreds, perhaps, from starving? You say this will not raise me in the opinion of the sensible part of the community. I care not. My friends, those who know my motives, will better appreciate my services; my reward will be in that. . . .

CHAPTER XIII.

RETURN TO GREECE

In the next volume of the Journal the opening pages have been torn out, apparently with intention; probably the incidents of the return voyage did not seem worth preserving. We take up the thread of the story on his landing at Ægina, November 12th, 1828, with his cargo of provisions and clothing.

In the records of my father's last two years in Greece, we see a striking change in tone. He is no longer the ardent youth, longing for adventure, chafing at delay and inaction, uncertain, often foreboding, of the future. His character is settling into its mould; he has found the thing he is to do. The "Chevalier" is giving place to the philanthropist.

His work once clear before him, he set about it without a moment's delay, and the first entry after his arrival strikes the key-note of his future life.

Ægina, November 12th, 1828. After a tedious delay by calms, we arrived this morning off this island, and without bringing the vessel to anchor, I rowed on shore with the intention of waiting on the President with my letters, and requesting his advice about debarking my cargo; with the wish and intention, however, of making this island my head-quarters provided there were no material objections, and provided that the objects of the Committee could be as well accomplished by my remaining here as elsewhere.

My reasons were various. First, it is the seat of Government, and I consider it every foreigner's duty to pay all due respect to the powers that be, without allowing them to exercise any undue sway over his affairs. Second, Ægina is more healthy than Poros, more agreeable, more central, more the resort of foreigners. Third, it has not been made a depôt; it has many suffering inhabitants. Thus, on finding that the President was absent at Poros, and that his brother, Count Viarro, was also away, I resolved without delay to hire stores here, and commence discharging my cargo. . . .

As for our hospital at Poros, it is probable I shall change its location, and certain that some alteration must be made, for I am told Capo d'Istrias has had the impudence (it is not too hard a word!) to put in an assistant surgeon without consulting Doctor Russ. Now I, by perseverance and with much difficulty, established this hospital, the means having been granted me by the agents for the American Committee; it has been maintained solely by American contributions; not one cent has been paid by the Greeks, and no man shall say "Do this!" or "Do that!" if I am to have any concern in the business, for I am determined to adhere to the spirit of my instructions.

November 13th. Commenced discharging this morning. I employed three boats at the rate of twenty piastres per day, each having three men, and eighteen men I set to work as labourers in transporting and stowing the barrels, at the rate of three piastres per man, besides three men to guard against stealing, thus giving occupation to forty-one persons, all poor, at 120 piastres per day. With all its vexations and petty difficulties, this task of distribution is attended with many gratifying circumstances, such as the joy with which my return is hailed; the tears and prayers and blessings of some of the distressed beings to

whom I gave help last year; and the happiness which lights up the wan and emaciated countenances of many poor wretches when they learn that I have another cargo for the relief of the distressed. As yet I keep out of their way, and in my European dress[1] few know me at first, but many find me out. This morning I entered the hut of an old Sciote woman, whom, with her children, I had relieved last year from utter misery. She instantly recognized me, with a scream of joy, and would have cast herself at my feet. She kissed my hands again and again, weeping with joy, and calling blessings on me from every saint. I had always liked the old lady, for she had seen better days, was well educated, and had truly excellent moral and religious principles, united to sound sense. I could learn much more from her than from others, so, making her sit down beside me on the mat, I asked the present state of the poor.

"Oh!" said she, "it is now a little better, but it has been terrible. Thousands have perished. But oh, God for ever bless the Christians of America! if it had not been for them, it would have been tens of thousands." Then in a low whisper she said, "You know that hundreds of families have been living in caves. But do you know that many a wretch has died there, and his more wretched wife and children have been too weak to bury the body or go for assistance? Yes, the dead have lain unburied in the caverns with the famishing living."

And the old lady shuddered, but more at the thought of a corpse being deprived of the rites of Christian sepulture than of the suffering living. But, God be praised, these examples of excess of misery are now rarer, and one may go on with this melancholy task without so many heart-

[1] During his campaigns Doctor Howe had often worn the picturesque Albanian costume.

rending scenes as formerly. My plan is to do with this cargo some more permanent good than has yet been done, and, while distributing provisions to the poor, to employ them on some work, such as building a hospital, that they may not only be fed but kept out of idleness.

Friday and Saturday, November 14–15th. Continued discharging cargo; engaged another store at $8.50 per month. Knowing well how impossible it would be, in such an informal business as I shall have, to guard effectually against cheating and stealing, I have engaged a young Sciote whom I have known for years to be perfectly honest, capable, and in every way the man for me. . . .

Moved my things on shore, and entered my lodgings, a long narrow chamber with six windows, but not a single pane of glass; with a smooth enough floor, but with tiles for a roof. However, it is one of the best lodgings on the island.

Wednesday, November 19th. Finished unloading the brig. . . . The more I think of my plan of employing the poor, the more it pleases me; for in reality, all the misery now existing arises from want of employment. Why, then, should I give away these donations to be consumed in idleness, when by a proper use of them I can give employment to hundreds in some ways that keep them out of idleness and result in some permanent public good, making a road, draining a marsh, building a hospital, school, or something of the kind? I should like best to get a grant of land from the Government sufficient for the maintenance of a hospital by its rent, then to build the hospital by the labour of the poor, and support it by its own income. If they will give me some marsh to drain and have in perpetual enjoyment for the maintenance of a hospital, I will so arrange it in a year as to give my accounts to the Committee and say, "Lo, I have given all to the poor, and return you the same

value that you committed to me. Do as you choose with it!" In fine, I can give it all to the poor, and yet have it remain to be given over and over again. Signed the bills of lading and released the vessel. To have an idea of the state of the mechanic arts in Greece, one need only see a sort of four-wheeled car which passed along just now, loaded with a large bale of cotton, and drawn by eighteen men; eighteen men tugging and slowly rolling along the rough streets a load that would have been whirled off in a jiffy by a single horse in our country.

Thursday, November 20th. Being a great festival among the Greeks, of course we can do no work. Paid off the men last night, giving each labourer at the rate of 110 paras per day. Called on sundry acquaintances, it being the first leisure day I have had; on Mavrocordatos, Gropius, Vitalina, etc.; and saw various persons of various nations and temperaments. This evening several have been at my quarters: Kearing, a good, honest, intelligent, sociable German, six feet seven inches tall; Finlay,[1] a Scots gentleman, a young man of independent spirit, penetrating mind, genteelly educated, well informed, eager to acquire information, disputatious, doubting, talkative, generous in important matters, close and calculating in trifling ones; ——, an Italian, a man in reduced circumstances, of good mind, well versed in the affairs of common life, an excellent scientific agriculturist; and some others. Time passed agreeably, each one relating anecdotes of his life.

"What beasts," says one, "are these Arabs, for having so devastated the Morea!"

"Not a bit more beasts," says another, "than the rest of men. I have seen much worse with the army of Napoleon when we advanced on Russia. For miles before the army

[1] George Finlay, afterwards a resident and landowner in Athens and in rural Attica, and the historian of Modern Greece.

nothing but the scattered trunks of trees was to be seen. We had no need of a guide, faith, to find the army! We followed its tracks by the carcasses of horses and the devastation, — and every here and there we saw by the roadside heaps of fresh-dug earth out of which were sticking in all directions the legs, arms, or heads of dead men who had been tumbled into pits and very imperfectly covered up."

"The Turks," says another, "are getting on wonderfully well. The Sultan has taken the revenue out of the hands of the Pashas, and pays them a regular salary."

"Ay, ay!" says a third, who has been lately at Constantinople. "He is a wonderful man for a Turk. I used to see him out every morning by sunrise, attending to the special drill of the troops. He would remain an hour or two, and then attend the general manœuvres, remaining all day on the ground, his pipe and coffee being brought to him. Some of his cuirassiers objecting to wearing the big boots, he appeared the next day completely equipped *en cuirassier* and booted to the knee; no more objection was made. The young Turks admire him and his changes; the old men say nothing, dare not say anything. Three of them cannot be seen talking together without being ordered to separate. He has obliged two Ulemas (priests) to attend each regiment, in the tactic dress."

Friday, November 21st, Ægina. Set my clerk Michael at work to arrange all the articles of clothing, dry-goods, etc., and to make out a list of them with an estimate of their value. Made preparations for a little tour round the Peloponnesus with my friend Finlay; such preparations as one can make in Greece, packing up a blanket or two and some food.

Saturday, November 22d, Epidauros. This morning on starting from Ægina, we experienced some vexations from the system of police established by Capo d'Istrias, appar-

ently imperfect, ill managed, ill administered. We engaged a boat last night to carry us over to Epidauros, and the boatmen had taken out their passport, but no boat can leave in the night, and we were obliged to wait until an hour after sunrise before the passport office was opened. On repairing there the harbour-master was not at his post. We went to his house; nor was he to be found there. Upon which, returning to the office, Finlay began to abuse the harbour-master and all the regulations of Capo d'Istrias in great style, getting into a furious passion, and crying out in Greek before the clerks (almost all Corfiotes) and the bystanders: "Why! this is worse than Kolokotrones and the wild chiefs served us. They sponged upon us, but were always at their posts; but these vile Corfiote regulations by which our money is taken, are not even punctually enforced; any and every traveller may be detained at the will of the harbour-master — the brother of Count Viarro!"

Thus did he run on in a strain of abuse, very much to the annoyance of the clerks of the office, and evidently to the delight of the boatmen and others collected round the door, who though they dared not express their feelings in words, showed them in their countenances. . . .

Having arranged everything, we got into the caiques. After rowing out of the port our men spread their great red sail, and we flew rapidly over the waves, steering west across the gulf, passing the pretty island of Angistri on our left, and soon were under the shadow of the bold black mountain of Methana, rising in steep rough masses to a great height, with a fine effect. Passing Methana, we entered the northern port of Old Epidauros and landed at the modern village, which consists of about sixty houses of one story, built of baked mud and roofed with a sort of hollow tile. It is occupied by a few refugees from other parts of

Greece, and although in the huts were many wretchedly poor and miserable objects, still an astonishing change is seen since last year. Epidauros never was ravaged by the Turks, never occupied by a Greek army; yet such were the tyranny and the abominable abuses of the wandering Greek soldiers, that nothing was cultivated; not a sheep, an ox, an ass — not even a fowl was then to be seen in the villages. Even bread could not be bought. Now, the rich plain is highly cultivated; oxen, mules, asses, and sheep are plenty, and fowls cackling around every house. This shows that notwithstanding the extortions of the soldiery, the peasantry had contrived to hide in the earth their furniture and little valuables, while they had driven their flocks and all their animals to the almost inaccessible mountains. All the old, rich Epidaurian territory was before the Revolution the property of Kiamil Bey of Corinth, and was cultivated by Greeks, who paid him tribute. They now pay the Government about the same amount, but are content, and infinitely better off, being free from the numerous and vexatious exactions of the Turks.

Having put our baggage into the little hut assigned us, we walked out to view the remains of ancient Epidauros. . . . Along the isthmus run the ruins of the old aqueduct, and across the inner part we could see traces of the ancient Greek wall, built of solid, regular-shaped stones about two feet square. Above them in some places is the lighter work of the Romans, and this is interspersed with Venetian masonry; the solid work of the Greeks still as far surpassing in strength and durability that of the Romans as the latter surpasses the Venetian masonry, so that though the first may be double the age of the second, and the second double that of the third, they are equally in decay. There are some remains of the ancient citadel. The foundations of houses are to be seen in many places;

some streets can be traced; and the whole, overgrown as it is with lentisk and other shrubs, is interspersed in every part with the remains of the ancient Greeks, Romans, and Venetians. . . .

Sunday, November 23d, Poros. . . . After three hours' sail we landed on the rocks back of "Taktikopolis."[1] Our boys then got out the kettle, made a fire, and soon gave us a smoking bowl of tea. Sitting down on the rocks, we made our breakfast with this, and some bread and sweetmeats. This is luxurious fare, not only in the country; even in large towns tea is not to be found, but George Finlay, being an old traveller and just from his house at Ægina, has everything comfortable.

Climbing over the narrow rocky isthmus, we came to the village and fortifications erected there by Colonel Fabvier for the headquarters of his regular troops, hence called "Taktikopolis." His troops were entirely disbanded, but are now reorganizing. The place is occupied by about one hundred and fifty of them, who look more slovenly and disorderly than in the days of Colonel Fabvier. Fortifying the isthmus was a wise measure, and the Colonel has done so few things to entitle him to credit that really he needs all that can be given him for this. The position was secure for his troops, and served as a central point for all regulars; also it protected the large, fertile peninsula of Methana from the wild Greek soldiery. The peasants did not fear, as in other parts, to be gradually stripped of every valuable, then to have their houses torn to pieces for fuel, and their trees cut down in pure malice. It is true they were not overpolitely treated by the regulars; their provisions were taken *nolens volens*, but paid for; their beasts of burden used, and *sometimes* paid for. We had an example to-day

[1] The camping-ground of the "taktikoi," or regulars.

of the manner of treating them, and of how far each side dared proceed. We had a peasant bring up our baggage from the shore on his jackasses, but he would not go on with us, declaring his beasts were too feeble. We coaxed him in vain. He was pushing off, when the officer, a lame old fellow with a crutch, called him and begged him to go with us, assuring him he should be paid.

"I won't go!"

"But you must!"

"I can't!"

"You shall go!" said the old fellow.

"But I can't and won't go!" said the peasant, driving off his asses.

"Stop, you rascal!" roared the old soldier, limping after him, and foaming with rage, "Stop!" and the fellow, unused to resist the voice of authority, stopped. "Back with your asses!" said the soldier, coming up to him. The fellow hesitated a moment. "Back with you!" cried the soldier, giving a sweep with his crutch and striking him over the shoulders. "Back and load your asses, or I will beat your brains out!"

Immediately he submitted, and began to load up. I knew his only objection to going was the fear of not being paid, and satisfied him on this point. Instantly his dirty grumbling phiz was covered with smiles, and we jogged on toward Poros. After walking an hour through an uneven but apparently fertile country, we mounted a hill and came in sight of the beautiful plain of Troezene, now called Damala. At the foot of a hill was the monastery, situated at the head of the bay; beyond the plain stretched away to the west, bounded by a rocky ridge of mountains which rose in front of us, while to the left lay the port of Poros. . . . Turning a jutting point, we saw a fleet of lofty ships-of-war lying at anchor before the town, whose

neat white houses, contrasting strongly with the dark rocky islet on which they are built, presented a fine picture. . . . We came to the landing-place opposite Poros, where the channel which separates it from the mainland is but a few rods wide. Here, as usual, we found boats continually crossing, filled principally with women, who come over to procure water, each having a small cask slung over her shoulders. . . . Having got our things into the chamber given us by an old acquaintance, we proceeded to a locanda (tavern) to get supper. The best locandas in Greece have a few small rooms for travellers, formed generally by putting up rough board partitions in a larger room. Into one of these you are put, and find it without table or chair or glass, or any article of furniture; nothing but the walls, daubed well with tobacco spittle, the floor slippery with grease and full of knot-holes, and every crevice in the chamber swarming with vermin, ready to pounce upon the guest the moment he lies down. There is seldom any glass in the windows, which close with wooden shutters, and the whole would appear too dirty and uncomfortable for pigs in a civilized country. As for food, there is a long table in the hall, where anybody comes who chooses. There lies the list, meagre enough, of the dishes to be had, on which, and some wretched wine, you must make out as well as you can. The public room in this locanda was filled with sailors and officers from the Russian and French fleets, most of them boozy and boisterous, the booziest and most boisterous of all being a Russian priest. I am told that the priests in their fleet are treated cavalierly; they are considered as inferiors, mess with the inferior officers, and "row it" with all. . . .

Monday, November 24th, Poros. We got up betimes in order to pay our respects to the Greeks of distinction, who have the excellent practice of rising and transacting

their business early in the morning, while the newcomers, the Franco-Greeks, in blind imitation of European manners, have adopted the ridiculous hours of business in use in Europe. At the newly constructed arsenal we found the venerable Miaulis, with the two brothers Manoli and Jakomiki Tombazi, busy overseeing the works. They received us kindly, and I felt prouder of the hearty shake of the hand and the warm "Welcome!" of Miaulis, than I should have felt if received with honour by the proudest prince in Christendom. We then went up to the office of Mavrocordatos, who acts as Minister of the Marine, having been appointed by Capo d'Istrias with Metaxas to the general commissariat. His welcome was far different, being warm, and even hot, *à la française*, all compliments, endearing expressions and smiles, as to an old, intimate friend; but notwithstanding his flattering, obsequious manner, he is really a kind-hearted man, and in talent decidedly superior to any Greek I have known. He accepted this post, I believe, from a wish to serve his country, and conscious of his own superior ability. Nor is his influence confined to [his own position]; he has Trikoupis,[1] his brother-in-law, the Secretary of State, completely under his thumb, and may be considered the mainspring in that branch of government. Mavrocordatos conversed on various subjects with his usual ability. Then we left him to call on the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Spiridion Trikoupis, a man of little original thought and no great grasp of mind; he is no friend to the President. But . . . having made known my arrival, the President . . . sent for me to come directly, and I repaired to his house. At the gate were two *palikaris*, fully armed. The entry was kept by a polite, obsequious lackey, who went in to announce me. While waiting a moment, I observed several attendants in

[1] Spiridion Trikoupis, father of the late premier, Charilaos.

Frank dress moving about on tiptoe and conversing in low whispers, as if near the bedside of a dying man. Entering the chamber of Capo d'Istrias, he received me politely, asking quickly if I spoke French. "A little," said I. "*Eh bien! c'est tout ce qu'il faut, vous pouvez me comprendre!*" as much as to say, "I will do all the talking, you need only listen." He then began to rattle on with great self-complacency, while I took a full view of his head and phiz, to get some idea of the anatomy of the animal, to help out my guess as to his character.

After speaking on various subjects, he began upon the distribution of former cargoes sent from the United States; related his advice to the agents, that they should not give away anything gratuitously, but apply their charities so as to employ the poor at the same time they relieved them, and thus obtain some tangible result. He named ways in which this might be done, and entirely confirmed all the ideas I had preconceived, agreeing so completely with all that has been said to me by Mavrocordatos, Trikoupis, and every Greek of distinction, as well as by every foreigner in the country, that I could not hesitate about the line of conduct I ought to pursue. Many hesitate not to say that the former distributions have often been productive of ill; this is going too far, but it is really lamentable that so much capital should have been expended, almost without other effect than the temporary relief of hunger, when immense good to the public might have been done at the same time. . . . On my getting a chance to thrust in a word, and informing Capo d'Istrias that my views were entirely in accordance with his, and that I was rejoiced to find that the plan on which I had predetermined met the views of all the intelligent men of the country, he instantly changed the subject, and began to talk about the political affairs of Greece. . . . I should judge him a man perfectly satisfied in his own mind

that he possesses great talents, yet in reality wholly wanting them; without clear, systematic views, judging by the appearance of the surface alone, and incapable of generalizing and systematizing. He is undoubtedly Russian in his feelings, and would be more of a despot than the Constitution allows him, if he had the tact and resolution necessary to lead a people shrewd and capable like the Greeks.

I find that Doctor Russ closed the hospital which I established with so much pains, and left this place about ten days ago for a town in the Peloponnesus. He had agreed to remain but a year, and closed it as soon as the year expired, despairing entirely of my coming, and his means as well as his patience, I suppose, being nearly exhausted. All here regret the closing of the hospital; it has been apparently of great utility, and Doctor Russ has discharged his trust faithfully. Sorry indeed am I for it, and still more sorry for the conduct of one of the Committee's agents, who lived in such open immorality that he has brought disgrace on the very name of American.

Went on board a Russian line-of-battle ship, and though prepared to find it in every respect inferior to English, American, or French men-of-war, still I was surprised at her clumsy appearance in hull, rigging, and equipment, as well as her evident inferiority in the minutiæ of discipline, and the slovenly look of everything about her.

Tuesday, November 25th, Potamia, in Argolis. Having finished my business at Poros, I set out this morning on my tour for the purpose of fixing on some place to commence the application of the charities committed to me. Landing on the mainland opposite Poros, we loaded our baggage on hired mules and struck across the plain to Damala, on our way northwest through Argolis to Napoli di Romania. . . . We gained a hill which forms the north-

west boundary of the plain of Troezene, . . . and travelling over a steep, uneven road, . . . suddenly came in sight of a fine valley. On a level plat nearly beneath us we saw the village of Potamia, of about fifty houses, and winding down the hill we arrived there just at sunset, and took up our quarters for the night. Nothing better shows the immense change in Greece during the past year, and the feeling of security among the peasantry, than the contrast between the manner of taking our quarters to-day and a year ago. Then I was accompanied by soldiers, who as soon as they came in sight of a village toward sunset, usually ran in, selected the best-looking house, drove the inmates from the fire, stowed their own capotes near it, and lorded it in the most tyrannical manner, forcing the owners to produce food, beating them if they hesitated, destroying the furniture if they got into a rage, abusing them most shamefully, and going off next morning not only without paying, but carrying off whatever movable they could find, after having cut down, perhaps, a fruit-tree to burn, or made a fire of the very rafters of the house they slept in. . . . All I could do then was to keep my servants from doing harm, and pay our host myself instead of abusing him. To-day the soldiers entered with a humble look; the peasants stood with arms folded, and their triumphant air showed they were masters of their own thresholds, and it was only by application to the village authorities that we could get a house assigned us. . . .

On the road I had met bodies of peasantry of the lower class called Vlachoi (Wallachians), driving before them all their little stock, perhaps a few dozen sheep, as many goats, a donkey, and half a dozen fowls, all guarded by a pair of fine-looking mountain dogs, and followed by the father lugging his rough capote, with gun in hand and an old pistol and knife in his belt, and the mother with her

baby lashed to her back in a bread-trough, a kettle on her head, and sundry articles of furniture in her hands. A troop of dirty, ragged boys and girls brought up the rear, each bearing a load of baggage proportionate to their strength, a little donkey carrying all the rest of their furniture and farming tools, in fine, all their goods and chattels. Land they have none; they feed their flocks on the high mountains in summer, and now on the approach of winter, they descend to the warmer valleys where they build a wigwam and pass the winter. . . .

The rest of this tour through the Peloponnesus, though full of interest, is still an excursion in every sense, and I must keep to the main thread of the story. I cannot, however, refrain from quoting briefly from my father's account of his stay, during a week of rain which rendered travelling impossible, with Father Peter, the priest of Agio Georgio. It is in the form of a letter to George Finlay, the companion of his journey hitherto, from whom he had just parted.

Entered through a fine opening between the jutting points of two mountains, by a level, natural road, the plain above which is the modern village[1] of Agio Georgio (St. George), and as the sky looked lowering, and the drizzly rain already began to be felt, I determined to take [up] quarters here. I rode to the dwelling of the Deputy Prefect of the Province, an old acquaintance, and after having supped with him in very decent style, I went to the quarters provided for me in the house of a priest named Father Peter. As I entered the dwelling of the good father (which consisted of four stone and mud walls covered by a tiled roof, with a solid floor, viz., the mother earth), a fire was blazing cheerfully enough on the floor at one end of

[1] Between Argos and Corinth, on a by-road.

the hut, but without chimney-place or chimney, and the smoke, rising to the roof, found its way out of a little hole therein. Father Peter lay on the ground at one side of the fire, and I found my blankets spread on the opposite side, so sitting down upon them, and stretching out my palms to the fire, I looked round with a feeling of the comfort and even luxury by which I was surrounded. For though the mud walls, the crazy roof, and the smoky rafters of the good father's domicile seemed hardly fit for a stable or a dog-house in America, yet, hearing the rain pattering on the roof, and the wind whistling through the chinks, I felt myself better off than for some time past; I was in one of the best hovels of the village, and I rejoiced. But how to pass the time? To read? The miserable little lamp gave but a dim light, which continually flickered in the wind, and the smoke which curled about among the rafters often descended in whirls and half-blinded me. To think? It was too cold to think! So I wrapped myself in my blankets and endeavoured to do what is to me the most difficult thing, to pass a long night in sleeping; for to sleep more than five hours, or six at most, seems murdering time.

Wednesday, December 3d, Agio Georgio. A drizzly, cold, uncomfortable day. . . . My host the priest had long been gone out when I woke this morning. Though it was at least an hour before daybreak, I found that his household were all stirring. It was still as at midnight, but when I poked my head out from among my blankets, the mother and daughter-in-law of the priest were squatting beside the fire, twirling their eternal spindles and spinning cotton. The Greeks are very early risers, and the women very industrious. They spin, spin, from morning till night, and never go out, even to a neighbour's, without their distaff; it is common to see them going along spinning

in the streets. Their manner of cleaning the cotton, of spinning, reeling, and weaving, is inconvenient, tedious, and unscientific, but one cannot help admiring the industry with which they pursue it.

About an hour after sunrise the priest returned, having employed three hours in the performance of church ceremonies. Immediately the little low table was placed before him, with a great platter of boiled herbs and a little oil, large slices of corn bread for each person, and one of white for the priest. After the blessing, which he performed by muttering some words unintelligibly, stretching his hand out over the table and making a sign of the cross in the air, all squatted down upon their heels around the table, and fell to, each dipping his fingers in the big dish, or sopping his bread, except the priest, who was favoured with a fork. The meal was soon over, all the five together having eaten about as much as two hearty Americans would have done. I fell into close argument with the priest, and as usual turned the conversation upon the subject of his religion, he displaying that ignorance, superstition, and prejudice common with the Greek priesthood when sincere. . . .

Thursday, December 4th. Still the chilly, drizzling weather continues, and journeying is impossible. . . . I have found that most of the fevers and diseases so common among foreigners in Greece arise from exposure to cold long continued without being severe, while they are badly clad, and imperfectly sheltered when they sleep. . . .

The priest and I continued our good-natured disputes and arguments, principally on the numerous and severe fasts of his Church. The old fellow listened to me, replied as well as he could, made flat assertions or flat denials when he could not find arguments, and though feigning a wish to know the truth, was unrelaxing in his prejudice.

After all my pains, and the exhaustion of all my artillery of argument, he took up a shovelful of hot ashes and coals, and threw them into a kettle which his wife was just putting on the fire to boil his dinner. "There," says he, "boil out the kettle with that, and scour it well, you sinful woman, for you know the heretic had a pigeon cooked in it last evening, and some of the juice may remain to contaminate it."

They eat but twice a day, as do the Greeks generally, and always very frugally. This priest, for instance, is not poor, and seems not mean. He has four in his family beside himself. Yet, after a very frugal breakfast at eleven or twelve in the forenoon, their only dinner (or supper, as they call it) was a large beet, boiled tops and all, with a little oil, salt, and pepper, cut up in a large dish and served with lemon juice. This dish, with a slice of bread (perhaps ten ounces or a pound to each person), composed their meal. No water is drunk at the table, but each person drinks about a large-sized tumbler of clear light wine. They make the sign of the cross, wash their hands, and get up as well satisfied and more refreshed than we do from an expensive and shamefully gluttonous feast.

During the day a priest in the neighbourhood, hearing there was a Frank in the village, came to see me, and to get his watch mended. He began in his vulgar unceremonious way by asking me where I was from, where I was going, what was my country, my object in travelling, etc., etc.; then he pulled out his watch and asked me if I could tell him what was the matter with it, and if I could mend it. He seemed much surprised when I told him I knew no more about watches than he did.

Soon after came in the doctor of the village, with his smattering of Italian, his hat in one hand and his cane in the other; the only hat, I ween, in the village, and that,

by the looks of it, his father had worn before him. To be a doctor in Greece, several things are necessary; to smatter some European language, to have a European hat and a cane are indispensable; then with confidence, with tact in inventing stories to explain to the people the maladies they may have, with a brazen face, in fine, and a limber tongue, one is a doctor here at once. No knowledge of medicine is needful; that is, of what we should call the science of medicine. A Greek doctor seldom knows anything of anatomy, surgery, obstetrics, or pharmacy. He has a few simples, or has learned by rote the names and most striking qualities of a few powerful medicines, which he gives in all diseases; and with the assistance of his friend the barber, who bleeds, pulls teeth, administers glysters, etc., he gets along, and has the credit (as in all countries) of curing those persons who by the assistance of nature outlive both the ravages of the disease and the medicines. This doctor, more self-confident than most of them, who fear to betray their ignorance before "Franks," began to relate to me a cure he was making of a man's leg, bitten and badly lacerated by a dog. I naturally inquired if the dog had shown any symptoms of hydrophobia, but the fellow absolutely did not know that there was such a disease, though he pretended to have studied in Italy.

During my two days' stay I have become familiar with the family of the priest, and find them, like most of the Greeks of the interior, kind-hearted and not inhospitable. The son is a fine-looking young man of twenty-two, and his wife, about twenty, is pretty, with large, sparkling black eyes and fine teeth. She would be called handsome in any country were she properly dressed. But the Greeks of the Morea pack their clothes on in such an ungraceful manner, and in such quantities, that being without corset, lacing, or belts of any kind, they have absolutely an uncouth

appearance. Then the want of taste, or rather the permanence of the fashion, precludes improvement. Our pretty housewife, for instance, buckles round her waist a belt, with a pair of huge silver clasps in front, round, and as large as the largest saucer I ever saw, — the same belt which her mother and grandmother wore before her, and which, from its size and solidity, may be worn by her children and grandchildren. It would be a rare thing to find a Greek woman who could read or write; few even of the men can do so. The son of our host can read, as a matter of course, being obliged to assist his father in the ceremonies of the church; and taking up a volume of Strabo that I had, I found he could understand most of it without having ever attended particularly to the ancient language. There is one servant, a young man of twenty, strong, hearty, and active, but ragged as a beggar. He told me he was a stranger, that is, he was from the southern part of the Morea, and was serving this priest for his food and twenty piastres ($1.25) every six months, and that he was glad to get such a chance. He ate always with the family, and except for hard work, fared tolerably. I pitied the poor fellow in the night, for he was without bed or blanket, and I could hear him shiver as he drew about him the tattered capote which would not cover every part of him at once.

About eight in the evening the priest summoned his household to prayers. Turning his face to the east, he began to repeat his prayer as fast as possible, gabbling at such a rate that it was impossible for one of his auditors to understand a word, except that now and then, when the sign of the cross was to be made, he pronounced the word distinctly, and crossing himself, bowed his head low, and was imitated by all his family, the women bowing almost to the ground. Then he would gabble away again, only anxious to finish as quickly as possible. "Lord bless us!

Lord pardon our sins! Lord lead us not into temptation! You John, blow out that candle! Lord strengthen us, and thine shall be the glory for ever, Amen! Now go to bed all of you!"

CHAPTER XIV.

"THE AMERICAN MOLE"

Ægina, December 8th, 1828. Returned from my tour, and having concluded to defer any distribution in the Peloponnesus for some weeks, I turned my attention to the state of the poor refugees from Athens, Roumelia, and the islands of Scio, Crete, etc., who are here. It appeared to me at first that there were not many in a state of absolute suffering, but an examination has shown me that the excessive misery and poverty were concealed, and in some measure parried, by the employment of about twelve hundred persons, men and women, by the Government, in the construction of the asylum for orphans. These poor wretches labour for their bread alone; they work from morning until night, digging the earth, bringing stones, or such labour, and receive their daily bread only, but rejoice at such an opportunity of rescuing themselves from starvation. In a few days these unfortunate beings will be discharged (the school being nearly finished), and if I do not give them bread from the Committee's stores they must suffer, many even to death. The chief men of Athens, with all their attention and care for their wants, cannot possibly supply them, and they assure me with tears in their eyes that many of them must starve. Some have already been discharged and are going about the streets crying and begging for employment.

After revolving in my mind various plans of relief to these suffering beings, I have resolved to commence a

work upon which I can employ four or five hundred persons, give them their bread, and at the same time benefit the public; viz., the repairing of the port here, which, from the destruction of the piers and the accumulation of mud and filth, is reduced to a state nearly resembling a marsh upon its border, preventing the boats from approaching near the shore and giving out an unpleasant and unwholesome odour. To remedy this and render the port at once commodious, salubrious, and beautiful, requires only that a solid wall should be built around the border of the port a little way within the water, and then filled up behind with stones and earth; after that is done the mud should be dredged from the port within the wall and the whole filling be covered with stones. In this way a fine wharf will be formed along the whole border of the port; boats can approach and unload at it; all the dirt will be removed, and the port rendered excellent. To do this requires only twenty masons to build the wall; the poor can do the filling, and will work for the same bread which otherwise I should be obliged to give them to eat in idleness. I have resolved, therefore, with the advice and at the earnest request of all the men of information and of the Government, thus to employ them, instead of distributing to them, as all the agents have done heretofore, without reaping any advantage to the public. . . .

Almost all the sufferers are Athenians, for as the rest of Greece is now freed from the Turks, the inhabitants have generally returned to their homes, those at least who had the means given them of having bread for the road; but Athens still being in the hands of the Turks, all the inhabitants are here or at Salamis. Of those here, there are perhaps five hundred families who are distressed for the means of living, and three hundred at least who have no earthly means of getting their bread save the employ given

them by Government, which must finish in a few days. It is easy to imagine how a family which had saved its valuables from home has been able to pass four years by selling one thing after another and living upon the money, living, too, as they do, upon almost nothing; but it is difficult to conceive how a poor family which saved nothing has contrived to keep soul and body together so long, in a strange place and without having any business. Many of them live merely on roots, and inhabit caves, or the ancient tombs; though, by the way, the latter residence is not bad, for yesterday I descended into one of these tombs and found two spacious chambers, plastered and completely dry and warm; a better dwelling, in fine, than I know of in Ægina.

Ægina, December 10th, 1828. Continuing my preparations for the work of the port, upon which I shall employ the poor as fast as they are discharged from [work at] the Orphan Asylum. Some of them, already discharged, came to me begging with tears in their eyes that I would give them employ, so I am obliged to support the most destitute by rations for a day or two. It is enough to melt the stoutest heart to see the misery of some of the women. I promise them work to-morrow. "But to-day," cry they, "to-day where shall we find bread, since the Government has no more work for us?" One came to-day to the house of a neighbour, a good old Greek lady, and said, "There! for the love of God, take my child and nurse it, and I will go and work and get my bread from the Government; but with the child I cannot work, and with my miserable pittance I cannot give it milk enough to support its life."

Such scenes make me wish at once to give all the provisions I have to the poor without delay, but a consideration of the difficulties, almost amounting to impossibilities, in the way, and an experience of the comparative inefficacy of

such a mode of distribution and the numerous abuses and disturbances necessarily attendant on it, make me shut my eyes to individual cases and try to relieve the general misery. To those who seem in absolute want for the moment, I give either a few shillings in money, or some flour. We found to-day, in opening and assorting a box of clothing, three dollars in cash, and I am sure that with these three dollars I have done more real good than I can do with three times the value in such goods as I have to distribute. I gave relief also to about a hundred persons from Roumelia, who have been living as exiles here for six years, and who now are going off to their country, having received news of its abandonment by the Turks. They had no means of getting away, and the Government offering to give them passage, I gave them five barrels of flour for the road; and having ordered them all to come to my house that I might give to those who have the greatest need of clothes, I found all so ragged, dirty, and miserably clad, that I gave each a shirt and a pair of drawers. I observed at the same time a boy among them wrapped in a tattered greatcoat, with a ragged cloth tied round his head, and his feet and legs entirely bare. Calling him, I opened his greatcoat in front and found that he had on only an old jacket round his waist; below he was entirely naked, without shirt or drawers; and when one recollects that this poor wretch has no bed, but lies down at night upon the ground floor of some hovel, one may conceive what his sufferings have been. . . .

December 15th, 1828. Packed for Napoli some shirts, drawers, and blankets for the hospital at Itsh Kaleh, where the sick are lying without any other clothing than their greatcoats. Also some clothing to Colonel Pisa, who will distribute to the half-naked Turkish prisoners at Napoli, or to such Greeks as he may find in need; feeling certain that

a kinder-hearted man, a more sincere Philhellene and philanthropist, or a more faithful almoner than Pisa could not be found in Greece. (See letter book.)

Ægina, December 19th, 1828. Commenced work by employing one hundred men and two hundred women in excavating at the site of the temple of Venus, for stones for the wall. When the poor heard I was to begin this work and wanted people to labour and be paid their bread, they collected in such numbers and were so eager to have their names put down that I had much difficulty in making my selection. I picked out, however, one hundred of the poorest men who had families, and two hundred women who were married, and set them to work, the men with their pickaxes digging out the blocks of stone, and the women carrying off the dirt in baskets. Their pay is three pounds of Indian meal per man, and two and one-half pounds per woman, and for this did they set to work with a hearty shout of joy at finding the means of living. I was pleased with their manner of beginning; after dividing them into companies of twenty and selecting one in each company for leader or captain, I told them to begin, when they began to make the sign of the cross, repeating it several times, bowing and saying, "Here's to a good beginning, and may the evening be happy; success to the Americans." Then they struck their pickaxes into the ground and went on with great glee. The women manifested the same eagerness; they had collected to the number of eight hundred, and were much disappointed that I could not employ all of them. It may seem a little discordant with American ideas of Greek women that they should be employed in carrying earth, but when it is considered that the women are the peasantry of Attica, who have been accustomed from their youth to labour in the fields with the men, the apparent impropriety vanishes. I had suggested to Count

Viarro (the brother of Capo d'Istrias) that I should try to find some employment for them within doors, but he was very positive in confirming the opinion given me by men of intelligence, that I should not only do no harm, but produce a moral good by employing them as I now do. I took care, however, to avoid abuses which crept in formerly; for among the twelve hundred women employed by Government in the building of the Orphan Asylum were many young and handsome girls, who being thus in public, were exposed to be seen by vicious foreigners and others, who set pimps to work and seduced many of them. To avoid this I would not allow any young unmarried female to be employed, but took only the stout married women of the peasantry, who offer no temptation, and who have been accustomed to labour in the fields. For the unmarried women who have no father or brother, I shall endeavour to find some occupation indoors.

Ægina, December 20th, 1828. Added this morning a hundred women, thus making four hundred persons who receive their daily rations of four hundred and fifty okes of meal, and are employed in loosening and disengaging the huge blocks of stone from the mass of rubbish with which the centre of the ancient temple is filled, then in carrying the stones down to the shore and leaving them for the masons to begin work with on Monday. They are getting on cheerfully; the only discontent seems to be that all are not employed.

Some of the most wretched Greeks that I have ever yet seen came to me to-day, seven in number, just rescued from Egypt and sent here; the men dirty, barefooted and bareheaded; the women and children almost entirely naked, their arms and legs quite bare and blackened by the sun; they could hardly cover their bodies decently with the rags that hung about them. One boy, a fine-looking fel-

low of five years, had nothing on but a little shirt which was ragged and torn open in front. All had suffered, and some were still suffering, from ophthalmia, and they presented a dreadful picture of misery. They had been held as slaves in Egypt for four years, and must have suffered considerably — many, say they, turned Turks and were well treated, but they themselves preferred to die. All the little boys and girls who were without parents were brought up as Turks; these, with those adults who voluntarily embraced Mahometanism, must form a considerable number. . . . I clothed all and set them to work, except one, who, I *guessed*, had purposely left off his clothes and come to me with only a shirt and greatcoat, for he was fat and hearty, and his skin was white and therefore had not been exposed to the sun and air as had his face and hands, which were dark and tanned. I did not tell him how I discovered his trick, but sent him off, telling him to get his clothes, with an air that made him think me a wizard.

There arrived also this day about two hundred Greeks, almost all women who have been redeemed from slavery in Egypt by the French Government. Being still in quarantine, and almost all suffering from ophthalmia, they were landed at the lazaretto, and I stood by as a list of them was taken, writing down the name, place of birth, and parents' names of each one. There were old, middle-aged, and young women, girls, and children, and it was affecting to hear the accounts which they gave of their capture and their suffering. One had been carried off in an assault by the Arabs with father and mother, who had since perished from sheer misery; another had seen father and mother murdered; a third was the sole survivor of a family; a fourth recollected the murder of brother and sisters; while some little children could say only that they were from such or such a town and that they recollected their

father to have had such or such a name, but nothing more. Some had nearly lost the use of their native language, others were mutilated, others had their ankles worn sore by chains; all had suffered, all were wan-looking and discoloured, some were blind, many were still suffering from ophthalmia, and all appeared to have weak eyes. . . .

Monday, December 22d, 1828. Recommenced our work at the temple, and made considerable progress at getting out large blocks of stone and transporting them to the seaside to have them ready for the workmen to begin the wall. I divided the people into nineteen companies of twenty-five each, appointing a captain to each company; over each four companies I put a centurion, and over the whole a commander, myself acting as general. In this way we get on finely. For instance, I place one company of men at digging out the huge blocks of which the foundations of the temple were composed, one company of women transporting the loose dirt in baskets, the third company, of women, carrying small stones to the port, and the fourth company (men) dragging the huge blocks on a car to the shore. In this manner one centurion, or chief of hundred, has his four companies under his eye, and the captains of each answer to him; then the commander overlooks the five centurions, and I overlook the whole, as well as the work at the port, and no one can escape doing his duty. I pay the centurions twelve and one-half cents per day besides their one and a half okes of bread, their whole pay amounting to the value of twenty cents per day, and to the commander I pay twenty-five cents a day. He is young, well enough educated, speaks French, Italian, and English; was rich at one time and has served as captain in the regulars, but is reduced to a distressing state of poverty, and has a mother and three sisters to support. We found the steps of the great cistern — the northern line of the foun-

dation of the temple — and began to open so much of it as to gradually get an idea of the outlines and foundation. The single column which is standing I shall respect, and, shall use every possible precaution to prevent injuring any part of the temple which may be useful or agreeable to have left, being too great an admirer of antiquities to commit any sacrilege upon them.

Doctor Russ and Stuyvesant arrived and we met with mutual shouts of joy; passed the evening very agreeably and talked away more than half the night over *lang syne* and *dulce domum.* Doctor Russ most heartily approved my plan. . . .

Hundreds of men and women crowd round, begging to have their names enrolled, and be allowed to work; and it wrings my heart often to be obliged stoutly to deny their prayers — for I cannot consistently, for the moment, employ more, advantageously to the rest, but in a few days I hope to do so.

Tuesday, December 23d. Getting on finely. The poor who labour are now five hundred, and it is cheering to my heart to go among them and see the change that has taken place. Instead of, as formerly, humbly and tremblingly addressing me and begging for assistance, they look up brightly and confidently and cry out, "Welcome among us, sir!" and they often add as I go away, "God bless your father and mother; God save the souls of your relations; long life to the Americans!" or some such endearing expression, which gives me a thrill of satisfaction, and repays me for all the toils and vexations attendant upon the task of an almoner.

Ægina, December 24th, 1828. The number of poor that flock round to have their names enrolled exceeds all my expectations. . . .

As soon as they heard of the work I have commenced

they came down from their retreats and are surrounding and teasing me to employ them. "Let us live, too, and give us bread, as well as the rest."

"But," say I, "I have no need of more people."

"Oh," cry they, "only us, only my family, do take us, for we shall die of hunger."

"That cannot be," say I, "for you can still live as you have hitherto lived."

Then they all cry, "We are sick and tired of herbs and grass; we have eaten herbs and roots, herbs and roots, so long that the sweetest of them seem bitter to us."

Thus pressed, and being positive of the extent of suffering and that there is no deception about those who are so eager to work for bread alone, I yielded to solicitations and enrolled two hundred more, so that I have now six hundred persons getting out and transporting stones to the port, the men doing the heavy work and the women removing the light earth in baskets. .

My father was sorely hampered in his work at Ægina by the greed and cunning of some of its citizens. The Gerontia, or Commission of Old Men, after waiting till he was fairly embarked on the work, came forward with a prayer that since he was going to expend a large sum in improving their harbour he would, while he was about it, spend twice as much more, and by deepening and enlarging the port still more make it one of the finest in Greece. He replied that as his object was to relieve the poor in the first place, and at the same time to do a public good, he must be permitted to go on in his own way; adding that he would cheerfully undertake the proposed improvements if they, the Commission, would furnish the additional sum necessary. This they were by no means prepared to do, but still continued their importunities, until at length my father became

so much annoyed that he threatened to stop the work unless the Commission should not only signify its approval, but send him a written request to continue the repairs in his own way, and without further molestation.

The conclusion of the episode is briefly noted in the Journal.

Ægina, December 26th, 1828. I was obliged to-day, in order to show the Commission that I was not to be tampered with, to order the people not to go to work, or rather I had given such order last night, so that they might not assemble; but they had, with their usual inquisitiveness, learned that some difficulties were being thrown in their way by the Æginotes, and the whole six hundred assembled in the square at daylight and began to take measures, as they said, to make them desist. There was no noise or confusion, but they appointed a committee to go and state to the Commission that they were without bread for the day even, and that if the American was prevented from employing them, they would come upon the Government for food. They wished to go to the house of the local Governor and make an outcry, but they were dissuaded from this, and the Governor made every attempt to disperse them. They would not go, and he then sent to me to try to make them do so. I sent my young man to say to the people that I should be offended if they did not immediately disperse; they did so and all was quiet. During the day the local Government made out their petition, in which they pray me to go on in the way I may think best and disclaim all intention of interfering or dictating. . . .

Saturday, December 27th, 1828. Rainy and tempestuous day, so that we cannot work. The inhabitants of Megara, who have suffered exceedingly, not only from the Turkish

invasions, but from the frequent passing of Greek troops through their villages, are now in an unhappy state, having just returned to their homes, but so destitute that they have no seed to sow, and suffer otherwise from want. The representatives whom they have sent here urged their case so strongly, and gave me such positive proofs that if the people could have seed to sow, and food enough to pass a couple of months, they would be very well off after that (since the succulent plants will spring up and last them till their seed shall bring forth its fruit), that I deemed it my duty to appropriate a part of my means to their assistance, and proposed to them to make a distribution of flour to their people in the same way as has been done by the other American agents in other parts. They replied thus: "If you come and distribute flour to every person, it will feed them for a few days, it will save them from going to gather greens, and they will be grateful and happy while it lasts, but this will be only four or five days, and they will [then] have finished their flour, and no good will remain; but if you could give them seed to sow, they will contrive to live till the harvest, they will be happy in the expectation of it, they will be occupied and kept from idle and bad habits in the meantime, and when the harvest comes they will have enough to live upon the whole year, and seed to sow again."

This was exactly the answer I could have wished. It confirmed me in my plans, and I resolved, instead of giving them flour, to give them some seed. Now the crops which Megara produces most abundantly are rye and beans. Beans I have in plenty, and as the two kinds are equally high-priced here, but the native variety not so good for seed, I resolved to sell mine and buy an equal quantity of Egyptian beans. This resolution filled the representatives of Megara with joy, and they were profuse in their expressions of gratitude and praise. I told them, however, that

I did not mean to give them the seed outright, but that every man who received a portion should give his note promising at the harvest to pay one-third of the crop for the support of a Lancastrian school in their village. The simple fellows were astonished, and crossed themselves several times, expressing the greatest joy at so "holy a thing," and wondered, they said, that it had never entered their heads before. I shall go myself, if possible, to Megara, and either give out the seed in this way, or upon a yearly interest to be paid to the schoolmaster and secured by the Government. Thus I shall be husbanding the talent confided to me to the most advantage, and doing a far more permanent and real good than by merely giving it away. In fact, I hear on every side, from Greeks, from foreigners, and even from Americans, such expressions of disapprobation of the plan pursued by former agents, and such conclusive evidence of its *comparative inutility*, that I am more and more content with my own. It is true that formerly there was more immediate and pressing need, more hunger to be allayed; but then those hungry were unemployed, they were idle, and consequently contracting vicious habits, and in my mind it would have been better to have employed them, like the honest Quaker, in piling up wood one day, pulling it down the next and piling it up again the third day, than to give them food without employment. . . .

This plan pursued with the people of Megara proved most successful, and a few months later my father records with great satisfaction the information he has received from that place. I interpolate the following passage:

Everything succeeded according to my wishes. The seed was divided among four hundred families, the poorest

in that region; they immediately sowed it, and . . . in a few days it began to shoot. . . .

I have thus, at an expense of less than $100, restored to cultivation much land lying waste from want of seed. I have given occupation and hope to four hundred families, before sitting with clasped hands in listless and despairing idleness. I have every prospect that this money will produce seventy-five thousand okes of beans, which at a moderate price should bring $4,000, and give over $1,300 for the support of a school; or which I can give to the same poor if they should be then in distress. The letter of thanks which they sent me is very affectionate, and my agent informs me that when the Demogerontes, or Commission of old men, were about to write it, they sent out a crier to notify the people, who all assembled and shouted that it should be written in the strongest terms of gratitude and praise.

My father comments thus on the changes wrought in Greece during the past three years

We are apt, perhaps, to be more struck with the exteriors of civilization than by the real advance made in moral and intellectual acquirements by the people. The march of mind has been extraordinarily rapid for the last eight years in Greece: the earthquake shock of the Revolution roused the latent faculties of the country into instant and agonizing exertion; they have been rudely racked by the rapid and often dreadful changes which have succeeded each other for seven years; they have been put intensely upon the stretch by that most powerful of stimulants, self-preservation, and the people, deprived of all regular employment, have occupied most of their time in political or other speculations. From all this it has resulted that instead of

the degraded and apparently desperate race which existed here before the Revolution, one sees a busy, bustling, inquiring, and knowing people; and instead of here and there a solitary individual whom a residence in Europe had inspired with free and liberal sentiments which he dared not express, we now find thousands eagerly discussing their political rights with a considerable share of acquired knowledge. But as I was saying, one is much more struck with the exterior of civilization than with its moral effect: three years ago I was on this island, and it had only a dreary, dirty, solitary hole of a town, where one could hardly procure the comforts of life; now one begins to see even its luxuries. I dined yesterday with Mr. Dawkins, who set a rich table; and to-day with Kondostaulos in remarkable comfort, and found in his family rational and well-behaved, nay, genteel women, in the European dress and with something of European manners, as they have lived in Italy. This is what I most wish to see in Greece, the cultivation and refinement of females; for without their society life is a dreary task, its duties mere drudgery, its pleasures insipid, its pains doubly galling. . . .

Monday, December 30th, 1828. All hands hard at work, and I hard at work with head, hands, and feet; for I find that I have not only to run here and there, to keep the people employed, to give orders and plan schemes, but I have to devise and execute everything. The five masons know almost nothing else than to lay a rude wall, and this they could not do under water, so I put about fifty of the Athenians to build a coffer-dam, a stone wall ten feet out in the sea where the water is shallow, in a semicircular form, including the space where the masons were to build the quay; this wall I heaped with mud, and then taking some empty flour-barrels, I cut them in two, making tubs of

them, and set the men to baling and throwing the water out into the sea, the mud wall keeping it from returning. In this way it took only two hours to clear a long line of shore, in which we dug a trench and laid the foundation of the wall.

January 1st, 1829. Rainy; impossible to continue public work, so I occupied myself in going round to some distressed families of the higher order, who are reduced to extreme misery, yet still preserve enough pride to keep them from going out and exposing themselves, and never was I more struck with the force of this passage of Scripture, "I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed." They had been expecting me, and I could see that instead of any attempt to display the wretchedness of their habitations and furniture, there was a lingering pride in the endeavour to make them look well. . . . In one [house] was a mother — a widow — and four daughters, all very young; and when I asked her how she lived, she began to shake her head, to sob, and then burst into tears. Her husband had been killed, her house burned, and she driven off by the Turks. She had been living here for four years, selling one trinket or valuable after another, till all were gone: she took in work as long as she could get it; she lived upon vegetables and now and then a piece of black bread, and endeavoured to support her beautiful children, two now growing into womanhood, and whose countenances showed the effect of youthful elasticity struggling against the depression of poverty. The poor woman wept long; my question of how she lived had been too hard, and perhaps made her ask herself how she should live in future. I tried to console her and resolved on sending her an ample gift. I afterwards learned that she had been beset by many unfeeling wretches, who had proffered her support if she would prostitute one of her daughters; she had

repelled them, but shuddered when she thought that the gradually increasing misery of her family would force her to some such resort.

To many such families did I go to-day, conducted by Logothetes, an old and respected inhabitant of Salona, to whom these families had revealed their situation, and besought him to intercede with me, for they could not come to me and beg with the crowd. . . .

It was always a subject of dispute among former agents and myself, — the propriety of relieving such families; they insisting, as I thought in unfeeling ignorance, that their distress could not be so great as that of the lower class of people, since they did not crowd around the door to beg with them. But now I can do as I choose, and I am determined to relieve them; I am convinced this would meet the wishes of the donors in America, and particularly of my fair countrywomen, who would pity rather than blame the feelings of that once rich mistress of a once high family, now a destitute widow, who hides herself and daughters in a miserable cottage and passes sometimes whole days in fasting rather than go with the crowd and get charity which she is sure she can have by asking. Then I think that I am much less liable to be deceived and imposed upon in this way than in the common distribution. For instance, last week I was moved with pity at the sight of a dozen women, most of them with children in their arms, who stood at my door begging for God's sake for clothes, as they had just been freed from slavery and had not enough to cover them decently. This was true, and I gave to each warm and decent clothes, but yesterday I saw three of them in the same situation; they had probably sold the clothes, and put on their rags again to excite pity and get charity. I fear I am too often imposed upon in the same way. . . .

January 5th, Monday. Going on with my work; have

got the foundation of the wall laid for a considerable length, and the utility and beauty of the plan begin to be apparent to all. To-day being the last of the Greek fast and the day preceding their Christmas, the people are all "up in arms," as a Yankee would say, with preparations for the feast to-morrow, so that my workmen broke off before sunset two hours and went each his way in spite of me. . . .

The work on the port was somewhat disturbed by the numerous fasts and feasts of the Christmas season, and my father, though impatient of delay, and exasperated to see his people suffering from hunger and yet debarred from earning their daily bread, was still interested in the ancient and curious ceremonies of the Greek Church. After describing them with some minuteness, he goes on to tell of a singular practice then in vogue among the country people.

The priests have a way of getting money from the peasantry by pretending to disenchant cattle. A man whose horse, ass, or beast of any kind is sick or unmanageable, calls a priest, who reads the [New] Testament aloud before it, from beginning to end. . . .

January 8th. Though this day is also a festival, it is not so important, and those who have serious business or urgent want go to work, so I recommenced with all hands and got along pretty well. As the men in the water are apt to get chilled, I considered it prudent to give them a little wine, and allow for this one hundred drachms per day, the portion of each man costing about one and one-fifth cents, the wine used by the common people being about twenty-four paras per oke, that is, four cents and eight mills for about a quart. I shall also boil some of the salt provisions and give them to-morrow, so that they may be content to work

in the mud and water by getting better pay than their companions on land. . . .

January 9th. Received report from Megara that everything succeeded according to my wishes. . . .

A catalogue was kept of all who received seed, their land was marked off, and every one signed a paper by which he bound himself to pay to me or my agent one-third of the crop, be it more or less; which third, it is specified, shall be applied by me to the establishment of a Lancastrian school in Megara, and for no other purpose. This arrangement gave great satisfaction to the men of information, and great joy to the common people, who cared nothing about the condition provided they have seed to sow. . . .

X—— determined to send me one of the valuable marbles found in their village, of which the counterpart has been sent to England, but I have not seen it as yet; if it comes I must get the consent of the Government to send it to the Committee in America. I am getting on well at the port, but with an entire sacrifice of time and comfort. . . . I am puzzling my brains at inventing a machine for dredging the port, and have partly succeeded.

Sunday, January 11th, 1829. Calls for assistance and charity come thick upon me, and besides the cases of individual distress which present themselves every day, I am called upon to help those bodies of poor which are found in many, if not every town in Greece. Hydra, it is said, has many sufferers, and according to the examination I have made and the information received from them, about sixteen hundred persons are in deep distress; these are principally widows and orphans, persons who are unused to any labour: I must endeavour to make a distribution there. It is my rule by conversation and by letter to try to inform myself of the number and state of the poor in every place and seek for means of knowing the truth or falsehood of

the catalogues of poor which are presented me from every quarter. The general result of my inquiry is that these catalogues are made out by some of the head men, who seek to swell it to as great an amount as possible, putting in the names of their friends and relations down to the thirty-ninth degree, and then adding as many hundred common people as they think will be received without suspicion. The general rule is to allow about one-fifth part to be in distress; for though all are poor in Greece, I call those alone objects of my charity who have not the means of subsistence.

January 13th, 1829. This being the first day of the new year in the old style, the Greeks are full of mirth and festivity: no work can be done, no shops opened; all appear in their finest dresses, and those who are in pressing want of the necessaries of life will not perform the least labour, though one should solicit them and pay them double.

January 15th, 1829. Getting on well with my work at the port and am pleased at the cheerfulness and even glee with which the people labour in the promise of their slender pay at night. In order to keep up a spirit of emulation and industry among them I make it a habit to mark down during the day about half a dozen names of those who distinguish themselves, so that they may receive a bonus of a pound of meal at night, extra.

January 17th. An outrageous tempest last night destroyed all the outworks which I had built up to keep out the sea from my quay, and we are inundated. Such accidents, and the frequent recurrence of festivals on which the people will not work, cause me vexatious delays. These holidays are a serious injury to Greece. The people are obliged to remain idle one-third of the year at least, and if the stupid and vicious priesthood had full power they would have to remain idle half the time, for on

festivals all that is done is for the people to put on their finest clothes, to go to church at two hours before day, to witness and perform ridiculous ceremonies, and afterward to spend the day in lounging about the coffee-houses in worse than idleness.

January 18th. Went to church at two hours before dawn to witness the ceremonies at the festival of the Epiphany. They may be imposing to ignorant men, and it would seem they are also imposing to men of acute minds, for one sees many such attendant upon church ceremonies; and also an exemplification of the profound respect that the Greeks have for their religion and its ceremonies, a respect more strange when one thinks of the just contempt in which they hold its ministers. They know their priests to be vile and dissolute, yet kiss most reverently the hand of a bishop when he is clad in his robes, though they know the bishop to be a beastly man.

The President attended church very early with his brothers, Counts Agustino and Viarro, and went through all the ridiculous ceremonies of kissing the pictures of saints which have been slobbered over by thousands of dirty whiskered lips for years past. The ceremony of consecrating the water was also performed, and afterwards there was a mighty rush and scrabble, pulling, hauling, and fighting to get a few drops of it; some had brought pitchers, bottles, and tumblers to put it in, but the crowd would snatch them out of their hands and eagerly drink it or rub it on their faces and heads. Those who got very nigh would, after drinking and washing themselves, dip in their hands and reach them back over the heads of the crowd to their friends, who would eagerly grasp the wet hand and rub a few drops into their own. Then all go in procession after the priests, who march in pomp to the seashore, go through the ceremony of blessing the sea, and throw in a cross;

a dozen men instantly plunge in, and struggle and fight for it, till one more dexterous or stronger than the rest carries it off. His reward is from the bishop and great men, who each give him something.

Yet there is something imposing in this, after all, when administered by men of talent and fine personal appearance. They affect, and perhaps from habit feel, a superiority to those about them. The Bishop of Atalanta came to call on me to-day, and one could not but be struck with the dignified appearance and high bearing of this apparently humble but really haughty prelate. I would not kiss his hand, and he tried not to show his displeasure. The conversation soon turned upon that subject so all-absorbing to the Roumeliotes at present, the limits of Greece, and he expressed himself in a noble and determined strain when the suggestion was made that Roumelia might be excluded [from free Greece]. The fire sparkled in his eye and the blood mounted to his cheeks as he said: "I am a high and distinguished minister of God; my boast is that I maintain the dignity of my station. I will not wander about the earth a beggar; I will not sell or leave my country, the land of my father, of my ancestors' bones, the land whence the light of science issued upon the world. I will return to it, fight for it, die for it, but will make no compromise for my birthright."

This is the common feeling among the well-informed Roumeliotes. They are sensible that without Roumelia Greece will be nothing; they feel, too, and most justly, that it would be an unrighteous and cruel deed to cut off Roumelia from free Greece, Roumelia, which [has] fought more and bled more and suffered more than all the rest of Greece. I cannot think the Europeans will dare; they do not wish to go so directly in opposition to justice and humanity. Little do they know, perhaps, the excess of feeling here on

the subject; little do they know the consequences which would follow. The Roumeliote peasantry and country-folk may possibly remain quiet, but the mass of men who have been bred to arms will not; nor will they see the Peloponnesians enjoying liberty and their own country enslaved, without committing outrages. They will fall upon the Peloponnesus, and a dreadful civil war will be the consequence.

January 19th. Rainy, wintry weather, a dreary contrast to the fine sunshiny days which make this island one of the most delightful winter residences. Continual applications are made to me from every part of the country for assistance. The return of the Turks upon Livadia struck a panic through Roumelia, and many of the inhabitants are flying to Salamis, which makes the situation of that island still more distressing, as it is already full of miserable refugees. Count Viarro appears exceedingly attentive to the wants of the poor, not only here and in his [own] province, but generally in Greece; he is, I think, a humane man, and although not strong of intellect, is useful to the country. . . .

January 22d. . . . Admiral Count Heyden, the Russian commander, called on me to-day, to testify his approbation of the work I am carrying on, and compliment me on my manner of conducting it. He is a fine, frank old man, perfectly free and easy in his manners, and social and agreeable in conversation, without any ostentation or affectation. He is Dutch by birth, and speaks English exceedingly well. Talking about Navarino, he said, "Ha! I wished with all my soul to have injured the Turks more, but our orders were positive."

Ægina, January 24th. Again beautiful weather, after a stormy yesterday. My house is continually surrounded by the poor, who seek employment. Numerous other objects

of charity also present themselves, and my hands are full of business, for I am obliged to examine every case. Lent to Rev. Jonas King $31 and seven piastres.

January 25th. Visited the Russian frigate, *Helen*, also the line-of-battle ship of Admiral Heyden. The old gentleman was at breakfast with several of his officers, but he received me kindly and with genuine politeness. It being Sunday, he was in state [uniform], with all his orders and decorations displayed, and two huge epaulets on his shoulders. As in the French, so in the Russian service, the admiral has the title of "General.

The vessels were of course on this day made to look nice and trim, and the men were clean and orderly. The whole appearance was infinitely better than that of the Russian men-of-war I saw at Poros; yet there was a wide difference between the condition of these ships and those of the United States and England. It being a day of state, I did not like to ask to see the interior of the ships, especially as the church service was performing. The forms of worship are similar to those of the Greek Church, and the audience seemed as stupidly, unthinkingly, and zealously attentive to the ceremonies, and as little inspired by the spirit of religion as the Greeks. One would naturally suppose that the similarity of religion, with a people so blindly attached to the externals of worship as the Greeks are, would prepossess them strongly in favour of Russia above any other nation, and in Europe doubtless it has been feared that this would give Russia a predominating influence and create a strong party in her favour, but it is no such thing. We have had a French party in Greece, an English party also, but who ever heard of a Russian party, during the Revolution at least? So far from this being the case, the Russians are less esteemed even than the other nations. When an English or French sailor is seen wandering about on

shore, the people always show a respect for him, mingled with the rude and jocose familiarity which his free and jovial air always invites. But on a Russian sailor they look with contempt unmingled with the least respect. He is merely a drunken brute, whom the boys hoot at and pelt with mud, and whose only occupation is swilling rum till he is, not roaring, but beastly and dead drunk. It is not because the Russian sailor is more brutish and degraded than the French or British; it is not because he is invariably more sottish, that the Russian character is [held] in such low esteem. Even among well-informed Greeks the same feeling of comparative contempt prevails. Whether it is from the former ungenerous, if not treacherous conduct of Russia toward Greece, or from other causes, I know not; but this I know, not only no Russian party exists in Greece, but there is rather a feeling of contempt in the minds of the people, than of love or respect for Russia.

January 26th. Among the individual cases of suffering which daily present themselves to me, that of Captain Dimitri, which I inquired into to-day, struck me most forcibly, probably from having known him in better days. I remember the last time I saw him. He had a small body of troops under his command, which he had raised and supported; he was splendidly dressed, — forward, active, and respected; and on the night of a sudden and disorderly flight he was of essential service to me. He came to me to-day, pale, dejected, dirty, and ragged. He had been taken prisoner by the Turks, enslaved for some months, and finally ransomed by some friends (to whom, however, he was obliged to give up everything in repayment), and is now worse than penniless. I gave him one of the musquets sent out, a dress, a pair of shoes, and some meal. I find also many individual cases of misery, principally widows and orphans.

Wednesday, January 28th, 1829. Fine weather gives such an opportunity of continuing the work at the port, that I am incessantly occupied from morning till night. Not a stone do I allow to be laid without being present or giving directions, and as we put [in] nothing but immense blocks, the raising and placing them is attended with difficulty. I am obliged to invent everything, to inspect the execution of everything, to instruct the workmen. If a dike is to be built, I must direct the place for every pile, must see that it is driven straight, and attend to every particular that is out of the common line. This, together with my being obliged to attend to many details, to the assembling and distributing of labourers (now amounting to seven hundred), giving them their rations, attending to those who fall ill, and daily examining the cases of many applicants for charity, occupies my time so incessantly that I have hardly a moment to attend to those studies which I had determined to pursue. I rise between three and four; then until daylight I have nearly three hours of quiet, but am writing letters or examining vouchers for the poor, for without close inspection one is liable continually to be imposed upon. At daybreak I attend to the assembling of the workmen; breakfast at nine; pass the day in business at the port; dinner at six; and to bed at ten.

Work was no hardship to my father, but there were some things that he found hard to bear. In a few brief and bitter words he tells how his efforts (happily successful) to protect the honour and virtue of some beautiful young girls in his employ, by giving them work at their homes instead of allowing them to expose themselves to the public view in outdoor labour, were misconstrued, and how he was suspected and accused of the vilest crimes.

"No man," he exclaims, "can be raised to a public or

responsible station, no man can become the object of attention to the crowd, and escape the tongue of slander. Were an angel from heaven, nay, were the Saviour himself to descend upon earth and become conspicuous here, he would without fail be accused of some misconduct. . . . But I have lived too long to be *bugbeared* out of a good action from fear of misconception by this slandering race."

My father was constantly beset with entreaties for help from distant provinces, and longed to bestow it; but the common sense which was perhaps his strongest, if not his most heroic characteristic, kept him where he was. After receiving one such urgent request, he writes:

It is impossible that I should leave Ægina at present. I must content myself with doing all the good in my power, and doing it well. And it is no small thing to support seven hundred poor persons continually, many of them, too, with families. They are now happy and comfortable, but I do not know what they will do when I stop work. When for any fault I exclude a man or woman [from the daily work], they come running to me, imploring to be restored to the lists again, since they have no other means of getting bread. Nor are these all: numbers of widows and orphans daily come for assistance, and I must examine their several situations to guard against deceit. To-day about twenty orphan girls arrived from Konduri, Megara, and those villages around which have suffered most severely. They were all under twelve years of age, most of them very pretty, all destitute, and their interesting looks, their artless tales of woe and misery, their desolate situation, excited feelings which it was pain to bear. Something must be done for them, and that permanently. Much is done by Government for the orphan boys, and six hundred of them will be placed in the asylum here in a few days;

but nothing has yet been done, or is likely to be done soon, for the great number of orphan girls who are wandering as it were from house to house, without one permanent protector. If only fifty of these poor children could be saved from the corruption and prostitution which will be the inevitable lot of those who continue to live as they are now living, it would be a most humane and important act of charity. When I think of the miserable lot of those who, deprived of father, mother, brother, or protector, have grown up corrupted, to follow the horrid trade of prostitution, and compare it with what might be the life of these still innocent and suffering little girls if they were placed in an asylum, under the charge of some respectable matron, and brought up to an industrious, studious, and virtuous life, I feel resolved to strain every nerve, to overcome every obstacle, to make every sacrifice, to effect it.

Friday, February 6th. Russ arrived from Syra, and brought me the disagreeable news that he could find neither *lavo fango* nor cement on that island. I find on conversing with Russ that he is entirely of my opinion in regard to building and supporting a hospital with what funds we have and what remains of the former cargoes, and I have resolved to put the plan into execution. I can employ the poor Athenian exiles upon the building, and pay them in meal enough to support their families. Russ has some money on hand which he will appropriate to it, and Stuyvesant has many articles, such as blankets, bedding, etc., which he will devote to it.

Saturday, February 7th, 1829. The President sent for me, and after some conversation about getting oxen for several destitute villages in the Morea, I laid before him my plans for a hospital and a female orphan asylum. About the hospital, I only asked him to name the place he would prefer for it; about the other I requested his

advice. He highly approved the plan, and desired to think of the subject for a day or two.

My mole and quay are getting on finely, and I hope in two weeks to finish the work. The poor Athenians dread this much, but I hope by that time to find some other means of employing them. . . .

February 9th, 1829. "I wish to God," says Finlay, "that the fate of Greece were decided, that I might know whether to sell my horse or not!" "Oh! Philhellenism," cried I, "to what hast thou come!" These words of my most esteemed friend I would not, however, set down as aught against him, for he is a tried friend of the cause, but they struck me, as coming from one of the best Philhellenes, and turned the train of my thoughts upon the Philhellenes in general. What a queer set! What an assemblage of romantic, adventurous, restless, crack-brained young men from the four corners of the world! How much courage and talent is to be found among them; but how much more of pompous vanity, of weak intellect, of mean selfishness, of utter depravity! Quixotism and egotism undoubtedly abound in the mass of queer material, but egotism swallows up all the others, and the Philhellene becomes a crack-brained and unprincipled being, puffed up by vanity while his coat is out at the elbows; cursing the Greeks as depraved while he himself is carrying on open and shameless debauchery; and crying out against their trickery and baseness, while he himself, by every possible means, honest or dishonest, is trying to gorge down the fat of the land, and fill a purse which he brought empty from home. I must say, however, that as a body English Philhellenes are more respectable and disinterested than the French, who are too often thoughtless, vain, or unprincipled adventurers who think of nothing but glory and enjoyment, and who curse the Greeks for not more appre-

ciating a character which their own conduct sets forth as selfish and unprincipled. Little have Philhellenes done toward raising the reputation of Europeans here!

This outburst was very likely the result of some special exasperation. Having freed his mind, my father goes on without a break.

As my work at the port is more than half finished, and the Athenians begin to fear being left without occupation, I am looking round for some means of relieving them. I have been talking with Anaguros about taking off a colony of them to some part of the Morea, putting them upon some national land, and furnishing them with seed and the means of cultivation, for it seems impossible to get them along for any length of time in the way they have heretofore lived. Present relief is not all they need; they are exiles, and there is little prospect at present of their being restored [to their homes].

February 10th. Auction sale of the effects of poor Captain Hastings. I bought Gibbon's "Roman Empire," twelve volumes, at one hundred piastres; a Scott series in fifty-two volumes, 215 piastres; Shakespeare, two volumes, and Lemprière. Nothing has yet been done about the interment of the remains of this devoted and gallant Philhellene, but his memory is deeply engraved in the minds of the Greeks; he will have a high rank in their history, and perhaps no foreigner deserves a higher. From his cold and ungainly manner, his want of address and of the common hypocrisy of society, he repelled acquaintance, he made few personal friends, and gave excellent opportunities to his enemies of injuring him, but his long-tried and entire devotion to the cause of Greece, his sacrifice of time, comfort and money, his perfect sincerity, his courage, his enter-

prise, his knowledge of his profession, and more than all, his daring and successful battles and his honourable death, have forced upon the minds of all Greeks [the conviction] that he was among their greatest and best friends. His name is never mentioned without an eulogium, and a regret that his merits had been so long concealed from them by his modesty. The name of Cochrane, however, is [now] never mentioned without a deserved sneer; his conduct has thrown light upon his true character. He is an ingenious, restless, daring spirit; he is fertile in schemes, acutely observant of men and things, a perfect sailor, a cool and hearty fighter; but he is *only* a fighter, a fine partisan leader, without the capacious and far-seeing mind which takes in a wide horizon and can make everything subservient to a great end. He could plan the details of a campaign, he would abound in happy thoughts, in daring, ingenious and brilliant schemes, and effect many fine *coups de main*, but he could never plan or manage that campaign *en grand*. He would make a fine admiral under an able Minister of Marine. In Greece he did little but pocket £37,000. Not, however, that he would not try; he did try most heartily. He wished for nothing so much as to fight; but he was all fight and no reckon. He supposed he had no means of doing Greece any service because he had no bits of wood fastened together with nails and ropes and mounted with cannon. He overlooked the great and glorious opportunity which was presented him on his arrival, of wielding the whole energies of the country by means of the unbounded respect and confidence of the people, who had been looking for him as for their saviour.

February 14th. As my work approaches its termination, I feel more and more anxiety about the future lot of the Athenians engaged in it. Government does not seem inclined, or rather does not seem able, to provide for them at

present. I have sold one hundred pairs of men's shoes, which were not fit for the use of the poor, and have ordered a quantity of Greek shoes made. I employ also a considerable number of women in making up those parts of the Greek dress which are not among the ready-made clothes of the cargo, in order to be able, on the day when I dismiss the people, to give each one a comfortable dress. But do what one may, they must suffer until they can have some fixed residence and land of their own. Here this is impossible, for even were the land good, the mean and jealous selfishness of the Æginotes would stand in the way. . . . The Athenians are not the best-informed people in the world, yet they are far from stupid, and they have now come to the resolution of no longer bearing the dreadful weight of misery which as exiles they now endure. It is not long since they sent a deputation to the President, saying: "Tell us candidly, is there any hope of Athens being included within the limits of free Greece? If not, [let us know it], that we may not waste our time here, but go to the Morea or elsewhere and make exertions to save our families from starvation."

Now I know that, though they speak not plainly their intentions, yet very many of the lower class are determined to return to Attica and submit to the Turks, let the consequences be what they may. They say, with much apparent reason: "Since there is no hope of my country's being bettered by my suffering, why should I suffer any longer? If I stay here, I must see my wife and daughters starve, or eat the bread of prostitution; if I return to my home, the Turks may kill us, possibly, but cannot make us more miserable than we are now."

They know that the Turks are acting with much policy toward those Athenians who have returned. About a hundred Greek families are now in Athens, and not only

enjoy security, but have everything more plentiful and cheaper than here or at Salamis. Now, the people will not look at the future and reflect that this is merely a trick; they cannot, if they would, avoid trusting them [the Turks], for hunger is an unanswerable argument. The grand impetus is from what people suppose to be self-interest; there never was and never will be an instance of a people acting long from any other motive than selfishness. . . .

February 20th. I had to-day a deputation from Megara, which states that the seed which I sent was coming on finely. Nothing else had been sown; all the hopes of the poor hung upon it. But now, to my great disappointment and the heartrending regret of the poor, the soldiers of the Government there begin to play the same kind of tricks as formerly with the crops. They pluck up the young beans for salad, and turn their horses into the peasants' gardens. I complained bitterly to Capo d'Istrias of this to-day. He merely replied, "*Que voulez-vous que je fasse?*" He is weak, decidedly weak. Poor Greece! There is as little order now, in reality, as ever; there can be no order without the strong arm of a regular force. The other day, while the soldiers stationed at Vilia, four hours above Megara, had abandoned their post and were eating and drinking at Megara, a small body of Turks came down from Thebes and carried off several families of peasants, who could not escape. Now, the President's telling about sending this man or that man there to rectify matters, is all humbug; the evil is in the root, in the very system, and till this is changed no good fruit can come of it.

Friday, February 26th. . . . Went yesterday up to the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, that most interesting and romantically situated ruin, where the solitude, the imposing aspect of the scattered marbles, the lonely columns, and

above all the view of Attica, Athens, and the Acropolis, inspire one with feelings melancholy yet pleasing. My visit was made with George Finlay, and at the temple we were joined by that bore Mr. Black, who has just married the girl celebrated by Byron as the "Maid of Athens."[1] However, she must have been a vast deal prettier than she is now, to have drawn such an exclamation from me.

My father was through life an ardent admirer of beauty in women, and objected strongly to having ugly ones about him, no matter in what capacity.

There is a break of over two weeks before the next entry. Apparently this finds him on a riding tour with Mr. Finlay, to determine the place for a colony.

March 13th. All the houses in Corinth have been destroyed by the soldiers, and there being only a few temporary huts here, we have taken up our lodging in a store[2] where are sold all kinds of country produce; it being at once coffee-house, gin-shop, shoe-store, dry-goods warehouse, cobbler's stall, tailor's stand and hotel, all in one large room; so that all last evening and part of the night our noses were regaled with the fumes of tobacco, wine, and *raki*, our ears assailed by the vociferations of card-players and wine-drinkers, and our eyes amused with the sight of soldiers in different kinds of dirty dresses, lying sleeping in their capotes, or sitting up hunting fleas.

Early this morning, after viewing again the ruins of the town and of the palace of Kiamil Bey, we rode off with

[1] This celebrated woman is often mentioned by travellers of the period since Byron. She had been a beauty, but in Greece the youthful beauty of women soon fades and is not replaced, as often with old men, by an aspect of gravity and distinction.

[2] Called in modern Greek, "*magazi*."

Monsieur Petier, the engineer, to the ancient port of Lechæon, which is about north from Corinth, and on the northwest corner of the Isthmus we found the traces of its walls very distinct. Though the entrance is entirely choked up, there is still a depth of two and a half or three feet of water in it. The water, however, is fresh, which shows how completely it has been separated from the sea.

From Lechæon we rode to Hexamilia, a ruined village about three miles from Acro Corinth, nearly in the middle of the Isthmus, which is there six miles across. The land about it is good, the advantages of the situation considerable. A living stream runs through it; it will probably be in the course of a canal when one is cut, it will almost certainly be the point for a railroad; or, if this last should be established between Kallamaki and Loutraki, Hexamilia will be an important village, being on the route from Corinth; its produce must have a market. I decided at once in my own mind to ask five thousand *stremmata*, about two thousand acres, of land (all about here being national), from the Government, and plant a colony of poor families upon it.

Rode to Kenchreæ, the ancient port opposite Lechæon; its ruins are still recognizable and interesting. On the two points which formed its extremities we found broken columns, which probably indicate the site of the temples of Neptune and Venus mentioned by ancient authors as placed here. But all was now solitary, and we were interrupted only by the plaints of a poor shepherd boy, who came toward us with a kid in his arms; the kid was bleating piteously, and the boy weeping at its sufferings. Its leg had been broken by some French sailors who had landed from a corvette anchored in the gulf. He begged our assistance, and finding that we could not save his poor kid, which was

evidently dying, he begged us to procure him justice. He had but ten goats, he said; they were his all; one-tenth of all his earthly goods was gone. I would fain have written him a note to the captain of the ship, but how to find pen and ink? A scrap of paper I had in my pocket, and after racking our brains for some time, Russ hit on the expedient of pounding up some shot from my pouch, with which he made me a pencil. I wrote a note, which the boy took to the shore. He waved and shouted — in vain! They looked at him through their glasses; they saw only a ragged shepherd; he was beneath their notice, and though their boats were going about leisurely, they paid no attention. "Oh!" cried I, "the value of broadcloth, shoes, and hat! How much more important is the covering of a man than the man himself!"

We bought some *yaourt* or sour milk from the boy, and sitting down upon the shore, ate it with clam-shells (and with bread), with better relish than many who sit before venison and fowl and sigh for an appetite.

March 14th, Corinth. Rode to Sikyon, the ancient, the venerable Sikyon. Its beautiful situation, its interesting ruins, its commanding prospects, its numerous recollections, made the visit delightful.

March 15th, Ægina. Leaving Corinth at daylight, we walked down to Kallamaki in three hours. On the way we stopped to examine a curious subterranean passage cut in the rock, which we had discovered the other day. Having brought candles, we lighted them, and entered a narrow gallery hewn in the rock, about six and a half feet high and two feet wide, just big enough for a man to squeeze along in. It soon became perfectly dark, though the passage ran straight and we could see the light behind us, so, putting my candle on the end of a stick and holding it far before me, I cocked my gun, in case some wolf should be within,

and pushed along farther and farther, finding the passage exactly even and of the same size. We went, I should think, five hundred feet, when a sudden turning showed light ahead; pushing on, I came to a pair of steps cut in the rock, which I mounted, and came out upon even ground among a thicket of bushes. This was probably the private entry to some temple, and used in the mysteries by the priests, who led mankind as much by the nose as they do now.

Embarking at Kallamaki, we arrived at Ægina in four hours. I found the work at the harbour nearly smoothed off, and the poor impatiently expecting my return, as they knew not what they should do next.

March 16th. Demanded of the Symboulion in a petition five thousand *stremmata* of land at Hexamilia.

March 18th. Find that the Symboulion, unable to decide upon my petition, have sent it to the President at Napoli for his decision. This will cause much delay, I fear, and may put us beyond the time for seed. We have at last the proclamation for the National Assembly, which is fixed for May 15th–27th.

March 20th. Went to that old foolish ass, Count Viarro to know the reason why no notice has been taken of my note to the Symboulion. He looked as wise as usual, spoke as foolishly as usual, and tried as usual to make me think well of him. But he is most decidedly a beast, a stubborn, tyrannical beast. . . .

March 21st. Wrote to Capo d'Istrias at Napoli, urging an immediate decision about the colony. I employ the full number of poor, seven hundred, for really I cannot leave them for a few days yet, until some provision is made for their wants.

Finlay gave us a fine picnic at some ruins about six miles from the town. We were repaid for a fatiguing walk

over a mountainous rocky road, when we arrived at the ruins, by their venerable and solitary appearance. They seemed like the walls of a temple built in a solitary nook in the mountains, hemmed in on all sides by precipitous rocks. Through an opening on one side we got a fine view of the Isthmus of Corinth, and through a cleft in the other, of the plain of Athens and Mount Hymettus.

But we thought less, I must own, about all these fine things, than about a lamb which a soldier was roasting whole. It was spitted on a long wooden stake, and slowly turned by a dirty boy, before a fire built on the ground. Our walk had made us hungry as hounds, and we impatiently placed ourselves round a large flat stone belonging to the ancient building, which we made our table. The lamb was placed before us on the bare stone, soon slashed to pieces, and devoured as fast as eight pairs of hungry jaws could devour it. Then they gave us *pilau* and *yaourt*, which in the vernacular means rice boiled and buttered, and milk curds. These despatched, we began more leisurely to talk and joke and laugh, wetting our throats now and then with wine, . . . our appetites satisfied, our minds just elevated above the cares of the world; and the flow of soul went on right pleasantly. There was Dawkins, the British Resident with the Greek Government, a gentlemanly, hawk-eyed, polite, high-spirited fellow; G——, the French *chargé d'affaires*, a good-natured, silly, pleasant nincompoop; Colonel (*soi-disant!*) D——, an old Philhellene, an aide-de-camp of Ypsilanti, a fawning, vain, harmless body; L——, the quondam secretary of the Greek Deputation, a smart, loquacious, dirty-mouthed chap; Mr. L——, an Irish traveller, a restless, sensitive, hypochondriac, honourable man; L——, a Greek deputy to London, a tolerably dishonest, foolish fellow enough; our host, Finlay, a

shrewd, well-informed, gentlemanly, proud, selfish, yet generous-spirited Scot; and I, a Yankee and your humble servant.

March 22d. Finishing off all my work, much to the alarm of the poor, who know not what to do. No answer from Capo d'Istrias, which is most shabby, since he is hindering the poor from getting a good establishment. But never mind! I can only do my duty, and leave the rest to them. Occupied part of the day in visiting the sick poor, and investigating the statements of different families who say they are starving. Many I find to be true, and give them assistance in money, flour, or clothes, as I find best agrees with their condition. But it is often a vexation, instead of a pleasant task, and often do I lose my patience and wish myself out of the business.

March 23d. I fear the maxim that a suspicious temper masks a corrupted mind holds too true with respect to the Greeks, and I find it impossible that any man in a conspicuous situation should escape slander. I am by far too mindful of the opinion of the world. I have not philosophy or sense enough to despise it, even when supported by conscious rectitude. I take pains to find out what they say of me. In a coffee-house some one said: "The American is going to establish a colony of poor families."

"Ay," says another, "he must be wishing to make them work for him and be his slaves."

"No," says a third, "I know he does not like slavery, for he has but two servants when he might have ten, and he treats them pretty well. It seems to me his object must be to make money."

"No," cries a fourth, "they say he is generous in money matters, and never saves his own [money], so I think it must be that he means to choose those poor families in which are pretty wives and daughters, that he may have

a chance to seduce them and have a glorious time this summer." . . .

March 24th, Ægina. To-day I discharged my people, five hundred women and one hundred and seventy-five men, leaving only seventy-five to finish repairing the old mole. I have enriched the island of Ægina by a beautiful, commodious, and permanent quay, and given support to seven hundred poor during nearly four months of the most rigorous weather of the year. I have kept them from idleness, yet not fed them like beggars; they have gained in an easy way their own support and something for their families. The great [aim] has always been to content them; continually to show them that they were employed from charitable motives, and not from any necessity for the work they were performing. Whenever it rained, the women were discharged in the morning, yet took their accustomed rations as if they had worked. To-day I distributed to each of them a chemise, a pair of drawers, and a gown, which never having been promised them, filled them with joy, even as they filled the air with shouts of "Long live the Americans!" The men also got shirts, drawers, and shoes. Most heartily do I regret being obliged to quit them, but my duty bids me think of the poor in other places as well as here, and as the Government have not yet sent me any answer to my proposition, I must give over my hopes of a colony. The fault be on the head of Capo d'Istrias, not on mine! He has rejected the cause of the starving poor, probably from too much occupation in intriguing for the election of Deputies to the National Assembly. I shall be off for a tour of observation.

March 25th, Ægina. This morning I got everything prepared for my journey, and was just on the point of starting off with Finlay, Russ, and Stuyvesant for the Isthmus, thence to Salona, from Salona to Delphi, to Gravia, and if

possible up the Pass of Thermopylæ, now occupied by the Greek troops. We were to have gone to Parnassus, to have drunk of the Castalian fount, climbed Helicon, and after wandering there a day or two, to have returned by land to Eleusina.[1] I was just exulting at the beginning of this delightful jaunt, when in came a secretary of the Government, bringing a letter. I opened it; it was from Capo d'Istrias, approving my plan of a colony and begging me not to delay a single moment.

"I cannot go!" said I to my companions.

"The devil you can't!" says Russ. "What is in the wind now?"

"I must occupy myself immediately about my colony, for the President not only approves the plan, but promises to give it support in every possible way."

So my jaunt ended. They set out, however, and I have been all day getting information about land, seed, utensils, etc. Many poor families are longing to go, but I must choose those who are not only poor, but who have no land in their own country, and who are industrious and honest.

March 27th. About five hundred women, those whom I have been employing, gathered around my door this morning and begged most earnestly that I would continue their daily allowance, since they knew not how to get bread. It was vain to argue with them, or to tell them that I must attend to other poor. I was obliged to say that I had nothing for them. They understood perfectly well that their employment had been from charitable motives. I made a speech to the crowd, and when I referred to this, they all cried: "We know it, and God bless you for it! You have fed us for many months, and clothed us too; we are ashamed to ask more, but necessity compels us."

"Poor creatures," said I, "I know your sufferings, and

[1] Now Eleusis, but then pronounced "Lefse'na."

would to God I could alleviate them permanently! But I must think of others."

When they found that I could not employ them, they seemed sorry that they had come, fearing to have offended me, and went off blessing me. They are almost all peasant women of Athens.

I employed the day in making arrangements for taking care of my sick during my absence, in giving means of livelihood to several wretched families who cannot work, and preparing for my departure. . . .

Here follows a break of two days, and the next entry tells of the new undertaking begun at Corinth. My mother, in her brief mention of the work at Ægina, says, "The quay, a beautiful one, is still standing, and is called the American Mole."

CHAPTER XV.

CORINTH

THE Journal kept by my father at Corinth is not only incomplete, but scanty, compared with the full record of his days at Ægina. This is partly due, no doubt, to excessive business (for, as we shall see later, he had to be "governor, legislator, clerk, constable, and everything but patriarch"). But during the latter part of his stay on the Isthmus (probably in April, 1830), he incurred a new and terrible danger. While on a journey from Corinth to Napoli di Romania (Nauplia), he was delayed overnight on the low-lying plains of the Argolis, and was soon after attacked by swamp-fever in a virulent form. He barely escaped with life, and was never again quite the same man physically, the poison lingering in his system even to his latest days, and manifesting itself in the form of agonizing headaches and an impaired digestion.

The record, which is in the same ragged volume with the Ægina Journal, begins as follows:

Ægina, March, 1829. There are very few Greeks whose word would be taken by other Greeks, especially in regard to pecuniary matters, for they will cheat and embezzle tremendously. Every man almost is imbued with this spirit, and hence every man, conscious that he himself would embezzle if he had an opportunity, supposes as a matter of course that everybody else would do the same. In Ægina one would suppose that justice would be strictly

administered, but no such thing! Only three days ago a man stole a pair of shoes from my store. I made a row, found him out, and sent him to the police. To-day, wondering that justice had not been done upon the vagabond, as I saw him walking about, I sent to the police, and found that the head constable had the shoes on his own feet! I instantly demanded that the chief of police should pay for them; he refused. I sent word that I would inform the President, and this brought the money. Meeting the thief just then in the street, and finding that the police would not punish him, I in a passion (unjustifiably, perhaps) determined to punish him myself, so ordered one of the captains of twenty-five labourers who were just passing by with one of my empty carts, to seize the thief, put him on the cart, and give him a run up to the temple where all my women were at work. This the men did, shouting and hooting, and having got him among the women, they pelted him with mud and let him go. This has enraged the police against me.

I have been spending the evening with some young Englishmen, and returned to my solitary quarters full of discontent and melancholy; in a mood in which one can well conceive the motives of the suicide. Oh, poor human nature has need of every ornament, of every veil, to make it tolerable, but when we strip off those ornaments and tear away that veil, it presents so disgusting an image that a man hides his face and blushes to think he is human; at least so it is with me. The conversation turned upon the subjects so common with most young men, during which sentiments so disgusting were expressed, in language so sickening, that it made me quite melancholy the moment I could get clear of the whole of it; for one must join, or at least suffer without wincing, if one would escape ridicule. The total want of every feeling of delicacy, with the appar-

ent relish with which the most revolting circumstances are related, makes one ready to cry out, "Oh, blessed ignorance! Oh, that I had remained in possession of those fond but foolish fancies which threw a polish over every scene of human life."

My friend Finlay seemed the only one whose sentiments accorded fully with mine, and I could see from his uneasiness and subsequent melancholy that he was as disgusted as myself. He is a fine fellow, and conceals under the air of a man of the world, and partly of a misanthrope, a kind heart and delicate feelings. Most people think him cold-blooded, sarcastic, and selfish, and I once thought so, but he is not. He despises affectation or parade of feeling, but possesses it in reality. He had been teasing me to [let him] buy an elegant gold chain I wore. I let him have it. Yesterday he sent me the $30 and the chain, saying that as he had teased me out of it, I might take which I chose. I sent them both back, saying, "Keep the chain; let it remind you of our chain of friendship. Keep your end of it bright, and I will take care of mine." He at night sent me in return an elegant Turkish scimetar and dagger, with a note which I value more than forty scimetars, saying that our friendship was to him a source of pride and pleasure, and that though he hated words on such subjects, it would not be his fault if it were not kept up.

The friendship was kept up through life, and ended, if such things do end, only with my father's death in 1876.

Hexamilia, Isthmus of Corinth, March 29th, 1829. Left Ægina at noon in a caique, having settled as much of my business as I could, and found that the rest could only be done here on the spot.

I came away in low spirits, even in grief, for several things had occurred to vex me, but none more so than the necessity of punishing my boy Nikoli. He is a Cretan, about fourteen, whom I found poor and ragged in the streets, and took, not only from compassion, but from a strong prepossession in his favour, derived from his looks, for he certainly is one of the most beautiful youths I ever saw: a face full of expression, sincerity, mildness, and intelligence. He also showed a talent for painting, and I had conceived hopes of his making a valuable man, besides becoming attached to him for his assiduity and attention in serving me. But in looking over his accounts to-day, I detected several errors (probably from negligence on his part), which he attempted to conceal by falsehoods, and I instantly decided to punish him severely, if not turn him away, so ordered him to take his things out of the boat and to find another master. Poor fellow, he cried, and begged so hard and so ingenuously that I could scarcely keep from tears myself; but I persisted, and left him, knowing that nothing but severe suffering would make him change when once he had come to lying. I arrived at Kallamaki about five o'clock, and putting my tent and baggage on mules, I started off on foot over the lower part of the Isthmus, and arrived at this spot just at dark. But here are only the ruins of some wretched huts, and as there was not a living soul [to be seen], I began to be uneasy about my baggage and attendants, who did not appear. It was soon pitch-dark, and my only resource was to climb the ruins of the Bey's house and fire my gun several times, until at last, to my joy, I saw the flash of a pistol in answer to mine, and soon heard my servants shouting to find me. We immediately pitched the tent, made a comfortable supper, and went to sleep as comfortably as the chill night air would let us — for the tent was badly pitched.

March 30th, Tent at Hexamilia. Went to Corinth (one hour distant) and made arrangements with the Governor about our land. I find that within the limits of Upper Hexamilia there is very little arable land, and must take some in Lower Hexamilia. . . . I have engaged Signor Magno, an old Italian agriculturist, to be at the head of that business. The Isthmus of Corinth has a dry and stony soil, which, however, is good for grain of all kinds that do not require irrigation.

March 31st, Tent at Hexamilia. Engaged fifteen men to clear out the ruins of the Bey's house, where I mean to form a sort of *casa di padrone* for the colony. I find there are very many poor about here who wish only bread [in return] for work; and it was a lucky hit for these men to-day to find me, for they had come from Megara to Corinth to search for employment, and finding that the Government work was finished, were going away in despair. They began with joy, and this evening have gone to sleep in some neighbouring caverns.

Rode to Kenchreæ, and found there about ten acres of irrigable land of the first quality, which may be made to produce cotton, corn, rice, etc. The magazines of Kiamil Bey can be put in repair at a very small expense. Returning along the foot of the Oneian ridge of mountains, I found a large quantity of land most excellent for grain, and easily to be cultivated. This ridge, being impassable except at the lower part, is there fortified by a Venetian wall, and the upper part being connected with the Acro Corinth, and field-works extending thence to the Gulf of Lepanto, an artificial defence of the Peloponnesus was thus formed. But the line must have required an immense army to defend it, and even then must have been feeble compared with that at the lower part of the Isthmus, which again is nothing in comparison with the natural fortifications in the passes of Geraneia.

April 1st, Tent at Hexamilia. Rode in the morning to Corinth, and saw Praïdes, the Governor, who is inclined to help along my plan as much as possible. He gave orders that the peasantry of the neighbouring villages should not begin cultivating land about Hexamilia, as none would be left for the colony. I sent to Sophiko for wood to roof the houses. The peasantry from Sophiko came to my tent, asking if they might cultivate the land about this place. They think, evidently, that I am some great lord who has bought all the country round about, or rather hired it of the Government, and that they must apply to me on all occasions, for all the land is national. I directed them, however, to begin at a little distance from us, as we need the land immediately around. Others continue to come, and at last the [former] inhabitants of this place showed themselves, and asked if they might come and build here again. From thirty-three families they are reduced to fifteen, who are living in the caves about here, not having dared to abide in the village for six years for fear of the Greek soldiery, who took from them their substance and at last pulled the houses to pieces. The inhabitants have contrived to save among them five pair of oxen with which they wish to go to work under my protection, as they express it. The best-informed man among them, and the best off, had a long confab with me this morning, and amused me much. "Effendi" (my lord), said he, "we rejoiced much when we heard that you had taken this place under your protection. We wished for an effendi; we have been accustomed to obey one, as our fathers did before us; we know that nothing goes well without a head, and we pray that you will grant us the same privileges that you are going to give others."

The old fellow then began to descant on the advantages of their situation under the Turks, and said it was better

[than] their present one in theory. This led me to examine the affair, and after much cross-questioning and difficulty, I made out the relative situation then and now.

The Bey gave them their house, land to cultivate, seed to sow it with, and loans without interest; they cultivated the earth in their own way, and at harvest time made the following division:

Suppose a peasant reaped one hundred bushels: he had first to subtract —

The seed he had received, say . .	20 per cent.
He paid to priest	1-2 " "
Blacksmith per annum . . .	1-2 " "
Tax for Sultan	10 " "
To labourers for the harvest . .	5 " "
To the Kehaya, or agent . .	10 " "
Horse for beating out (threshing) .	5 " "
	51 per cent.

But the Bey made a present apparently in this way: when the harvest was stocking, the peasant took one sheaf or bundle in every ten for his family, which taken from 51 leaves 41. Then from 41 to 100 we have 59 per cent., which was divided between the Bey and the peasant, leaving [the latter] 29 1-2 per cent. But then the Kehaya, or agent of the Bey, made every peasant sow, cultivate, and reap for him 3 kilo of grain, making 111 okes; so that the peasant [actually] received about 25 per cent. Now, under the Government, he has land, and pays —

One-third of the crop, making, say .	33 per cent.
He pays the priest	1-2 " "
Blacksmith	1-2 " "
Expenses of harvesting, say . .	10 " "
Expenses of his house . . .	3 " "
	47 per cent.

Taking 47 from 100 leaves the peasant 53 per cent., while before he had only 25.

They could always borrow money from the agent of the Bey, the first time without interest, afterward by paying eight per cent.

April 2d, Tent at Hexamilia. Waiting impatiently for flour from Ægina, for the poor here are begging to be employed. The moment I have set twenty-five to work at a piastre (or seven cents) per day, their pay will buy them bread enough to support them. It will take Corinth many years to regain its former consideration. . . .

Here follows a break in the Journal, from April 3d to June 19th; some leaves were probably lost or torn out, the volume being unbound and in a very fragmentary condition. A letter to the Greek Committee in America, however, partly fills this gap and gives interesting details of the work at Corinth. It is dated "Washingtonia, Isthmus of Corinth, June 16th, 1829." The first part merely recapitulates what we have read in the Journal of the planning and founding of the colony. My father continues:

I selected twenty-six families from Scio, Aïvali, and Athens, brought the men here with me, in a few days put up some huts, and then transported their families here. They were all then employed in cultivating the earth. I procured about two hundred of the poor who were wandering about Corinth in idleness, and began building huts for the colonists. I determined to give each family a house, or hut as you would call it, and as the foundations and the fallen walls [of a former village] remained, and since the earth mixed with water makes mortar, there was little that could not be done by the poor. They make the mortar, bring the stones, cut and bring the wood, and are paid

merely as much bread as they can live upon. Thus little is expended except on the poor, and the carpenters are merely employed in putting together the materials, making windows, doors, etc. When I say "doors," however, you must not imagine panels, hinges, latches, locks, etc. There is not a particle of iron about them except nails, and perhaps I cannot give you a more correct idea of the economy and even saving we use than by describing one of them. It is composed of three boards, six feet in length, nailed together, and having an upright stanchion attached. Each end of this stanchion is pointed, and it is set into a hole mortised in the door-frame above and below. This serves for hinge. This door stands open in summer, and when closed is fastened by a wooden bar which shoves into a hole in the wall by its side.

While I am thus employing about two hundred poor, assisting the masons in building, the families composing the colony are employed in agriculture, and though we arrived late in the season, they have already planted about two hundred *stremmata* with Indian corn and cotton. I have been obliged to buy oxen, to make tools, and to furnish everything to the colonists, for they had sold everything, even to their tools, to buy bread. The agreement I have made with them is to furnish them with seed, cattle, instruments, and rations for their families, at the rate of one half-oke (or a pound and a third) of corn-meal a day for each person, until the harvest, which is to be divided equally between them and the manager of the colony. Their half is for their own support, the other to liquidate the expenses of cultivation. Thus they live not only contentedly but happily, for they have prospect of a harvest which will put them on their feet again in the world. They labour, men and women, in the fields, and as every family has its land separate, and cultivates as much as it can, emulation is ex-

cited among them, since he who cultivates most will receive most. I have tried many ways of distributing American charities among this suffering people; I have been moved to tears by the expressions of joy and gratitude of the hungry wretches to whom I gave food; I have been delighted at the sight of others cheerfully labouring for their daily bread and benefiting the public; but those sensations equalled not that perfect satisfaction which I now feel in witnessing the labour of these colonists. Their homes are in possession of the Turks; they have no hope of returning to them. But yesterday destitute, ragged and hungry, they are now busily and happily at work for themselves and for the benefit of other poor. They are earning their daily bread, and enjoying a rational prospect of soon becoming *forehanded* in the world. They know that; they are grateful for it.

One of my first cares was the establishment of a school, and I was lucky enough to find a young Greek who had obtained a good knowledge of the Lancastrian system at the Borough Road School in England. His name is (——), and being in distressed circumstances, he gladly engaged here, and has now a snug little school with thirty-five pupils. Only two of them knew their letters when they began, but now we hear them repeating, "Alpha, beta, gamma, delta," as they run about, and when out of school they play at making letters in the sand. This little school is my favourite resort, and when any petty Greek trick, or any attempt to impose upon me has ruffled my temper, I retire there, and immediately all my disgust is gone, and all my hopes and anticipations are revived, when I see in the bright countenances, the eager attention, and the astonishing sagacity and ingenuity of the little urchins, the certain indications of the future character of the race.

I am occupied also in repairing the country house of the [former] Pasha of Corinth, and intend converting the upper part of it into a schoolhouse, large enough for two hundred scholars at least; and I do not doubt they will come from the surrounding villages.

Having thus begun on a small scale, and found that the experiment would succeed, I began to think of increasing the number of the colonists, and of seeking such improvements as would secure a future revenue. I had often been applied to by the former inhabitants of the village to allow them to be included among the colonists, and having found by examination that they were worthy objects of charity, I resolved to assist them. There were formerly thirty families here. This number has been reduced by the war to fourteen, whom I found living in some caverns near here. Four only of these had saved some of their effects; the others, though nearly destitute, required only assistance to build their houses and to buy seed. Certain that by cultivating their lands they could soon make themselves comfortable and even thriving, I concluded to lend them money, and as I am only a steward for the poor, I thought it only just that they should pay interest as soon as their crops came in. I therefore lent them a sum sufficient to enable them to build their houses and buy seed, which is to be repaid in five annual payments at the rate of eight per cent., the lawful interest of the country. And what sum do you think they required? Three hundred piastres, or $20 per family, to set them going again in the world. This will give you an idea of how much good can be done in Greece at this moment with a little cash. (I may observe *en passant* that one may get the very best security for money lent at thirty and up to fifty per cent. per annum, and very good security at from five to eight per cent. per month.)

Thus the families in the colony amount to thirty-six, mak-

ing about two hundred souls, which, with two hundred other poor employed in day labour, makes a very busy community, on a spot where ten weeks ago I was obliged to have a guard in the night to keep the wolves away from my mules.

I propose the name of Washingtonia for this colony. Within its boundaries is the old port of Kenchreæ (now called by the Greeks Kechrees), which is nearly useless from the destruction of the old mole, and is unfrequented on account of its insecurity. I propose, during the hot months when nothing is to be done in agriculture, to employ the colonists and other poor in dragging down rocks from the hills which overhang the port, and throwing them in upon the foundations of the old mole, and then easily making it what it once was, the most important harbour in the Province of Corinth; it being the one so often mentioned in the Ancient History of Greece, and the port whence St. Paul sailed for Ephesus. The mole will give security for anchorage, and that is all that is wanted, for the port being five miles nearer to the town of Corinth than any other on this side, all commerce with the East must pass through it. I have asked the Government to grant all the revenues of this port for the support of a hospital, and am in hourly expectation of [receiving] the act, for Capo d'Istrias has promised to obtain it, and as he is the Alpha and Omega, he can do it. Doctor Russ has in his hands about the value of $2,000, the remnants of former cargoes, and he will apply this sum to building the hospital. The situation is well adapted for it, being central, healthy, accessible by sea on each side, and with running water at hand. It is advantageous on all accounts. The commercial capital of Greece will in all probability be on the Isthmus of Corinth; perhaps it may be on the very spot where we are now building the young Washingtonia. If the Isthmus should be traversed by a canal (and there is every facility

for such an undertaking), it will very probably pass through the village; for though the Isthmus is narrower at the other end, there are many objections to a canal there. The ancients found it impossible, and we see, at the spot where they left off work as though but yesterday, the nature of the difficulties they met.

But this is not the place for a discussion of this interesting question. I have given you a short sketch of my proceedings here, and hope you will approve of my novel way of employing your charities. Should you do so, you can continue me in my interesting task; and I hope you will send out some assistance to the colony and hospital, which are considered entirely your work. We are in the greatest need of the commonest agricultural implements, and you will conceive the low state of mechanical arts and everything else when I say that yesterday was quite an epoch here, because after infinite pains I had finished a rude wheelbarrow, to the great amusement and astonishment of the people, who had never seen such a complicated machine. There are no wheel-carriages in Greece; the ploughs are the rudest things you can imagine; shovels and spades, hoes, rakes, etc., are entirely unknown. Think, then, what an opportunity a man of common information has of doing good, and how seductive the prospect of introducing among such a people improvements equal to those which Cecrops taught their fathers!

But I should tire you did I dwell longer on the subject. I beg you only to let me hear from you. I repeat what I said to you before, that I shall continue here until I get some advice from you. Any things you choose to send will come safely to me if addressed to the care of our consul at Malta.

I have the honour to be

Respectfully yours,

Sam'l G. Howe.

Doctor Howe to Rev. Rufus Anderson, then in Greece.

WASHINGTONIA, July 14th, 1829.

I have now thirty-six families subsisting here, twenty-six of whom are from parts of Greece now subject to Turkey. They were poor, hungry, and naked when they arrived; they are now thriving. In about ten days I shall discontinue their rations, and they will subsist for the future upon what they have raised. In the autumn I hope to put fifty families to work sowing wheat. If Providence smile upon them, and they get in but a moderate crop, the surplus, after enough has been taken for their own subsistence, will serve for establishing several other families, and paying the yearly expenses of a hospital for fifty beds. In ten years these poor will probably be augmented to two hundred families, or one thousand souls; a large hospital will be supported, and a useful example given to the rest of Greece of improved agriculture. I may add that the people of the surrounding villages begin to appreciate the establishment. Every day sick persons are sent to us, sometimes from considerable distances; continual applications are made by peasants to become members of the colony; and our little school is rapidly filling up with children from the neighbouring hamlets, where a school was perhaps hardly ever thought of.

On the 27th of April preceding this letter, Mr. Anderson and his travelling companion, Rev. Eli Smith, an American missionary, visited the colony at Hexamilia, and of the region where Doctor Howe had planted his poor they had this to say:

"Though not sufficiently level to be called a continuous plain, it is very high, and nowhere is it broken by a hill, except on the Gulf of Corinth near Kenchreæ. It contains

two villages, Upper and Lower Hexamilia. The situation of the former is open and pretty, on a plain of the same elevation as that of Corinth, with a fertile soil, irrigated by a perennial streamlet of excellent water. The war demolished its houses and scattered or killed its inhabitants. Upon this territory Doctor Howe was to establish a colony of Greek families, and furnish them, by means derived from America, with habitations, seed-corn, working cattle, and implements. The tract selected by him embraces the port of Kenchreæ, and extends far over towards the Gulf of Corinth. The colony has grown out of the experience of those who have had most to do in distributing the charities of our American people among the Greeks. They think the mode of dispensing charity which is the basis of this colony is less liable to abuse than former methods. None will be likely to apply except such as are really in want, and willing to work; and there are few who cannot perform some kind of labour. The habit of industry is cherished; the beneficiaries are more contented with what they receive than such as are assisted by a mere gratuity, and quite as thankful to their good friends in America.

"We were kindly received in the colony by Doctor Russ, the superintendent, in the absence of Doctor Howe, and lodged for the night among barrels of meal sent from our country for the famishing Greeks. Early the next morning (April 28th) we were awakened by numerous female voices before the door, and looking out we saw a great number of poor, ragged women, who had come from the neighbourhood to apply for work, for which, at the close of the day, they receive in payment a small portion of meal. They labour upon the rubbish of the ruined village, or in the fields; and it was affecting to observe how anxious they were to obtain this privilege, and to behold with what a glow of satisfaction and cheerfulness they received their

reward. About one hundred poor men, women, and children were employed daily in this manner, besides the families belonging to the colony, which at the end of April were twenty in number, mostly refugees from Bœotia and other places in possession of the Turks. Several houses had been erected, and a quantity of ground on the site of the ancient Kenchreæ had been converted into a plantation of cotton. . . . Afterwards, on May 21st, as we were travelling from Patras to Corinth, and were near Xylokastro, looking for a shelter beneath which to spend the night, we passed a tent pitched in the field, and soon heard a gentleman calling after us. I immediately recognized my townsman, Doctor Howe, for whom I had brought letters from parents and friends. He and his English friend, Mr. Urquhart, were on their way to Patras, and at their united solicitations we took up our lodgings with them."

The following letter to William Sampson throws further light upon this period of my father's work.

WASHINGTONIA, ISTHMUS OF CORINTH,
January 30th, 1830.

What can be the reason, my dear William, that you have not written me for so long a time? Sure, your business and pleasures have not so multiplied upon you that they have banished from your mind the recollection of your old friend. I know you better; but can hardly forgive your not writing me now and then a line, just to say that you are well and think of me. I have received not one solitary epistle from you since I left Boston, though I have written you at least a dozen. I hear you have removed to Cincinnati, and though it removes you far from those in Boston, it does not seem to add a whit to the distance between us. I approve your taste, however; I should myself much pre-

fer living in the West or South to the North. Virginia, however, would be my choice. I like the high, fiery, though generous spirit of its inhabitants, and though I do not know them from personal observation, should think them not inferior to New Englanders in sterling honesty. Cincinnati, however, from all accounts, must be an interesting place; to me it will be, now that you are there, and if you do not come *down East* when I return to America, I certainly shall come up and pay you a visit.

I shall leave Greece in a short time, and pursue the homeward track which I detailed to you in one of my former letters. My companion will be Doctor Russ; that is if he recovers his health sufficiently, for he has been down with that fever from which hardly a foreigner in Greece has escaped this season. It has made sad havoc, and when I look around and see how our little band is lessened, it makes me reflect on the uncertainty of everything we calculate most on. For the loss has been greater than in those campaigns when so many, by one mishap or another, got popped off by the Turks, and when it was no uncommon thing to hear of a companion's head being on its way to the headquarters of the Turks and his body left near us. Thank God, I have gone safely through all dangers and sickness, and now enjoy a degree of health equal to that in my younger days, when, as you know, nothing hurt me.

I had a difficult task before me, in carrying out the plan I detailed to you, but I have succeeded, though not on so large a scale as I had intended. I have, however, built a village, and established in it fifty families of poor refugee Greeks, who are busily employed in agriculture. One-half of their gains will be their own; the other half is to constitute a charitable fund for the increase of the number of families, for the support of a hospital, etc. This must act, you see, on the principle of compound interest, and be an

ever-increasing fund of charity, and I confidently believe will one day be an important one. This I have done with those funds sent out to me, which, if I had given at once to the poor, would have now been expended and dead without having done any considerable good further than the momentary relief of want.

My plan has met the hearty approval of all enlightened men here, and what is more, reflection and my own conscience approve it, so that I need not fear any censure for having acted differently from my predecessors.

Have you not got married yet, Will, or have you not made preparations for it? If I recollect aright, you are about my age, twenty-eight, and I assure you I begin to think I am late. I should have been married long ago, I think, had it not been for the recollections of S——. My mind has never been able to master my bitter regret for her loss; though to others and in society I showed it not, it has not been the less severe. But romance and feeling have nought to do with the matter-of-fact business of this sordid world, where so few look out for anything but their own interests. But thank God, there *are a few* whose generous spirits reflect no more upon their own selfish plans of life than absolute necessity demands, and who share their hearts, as their goods, with others. The world may censure this, and call it thoughtless wastefulness — or give it harder names. Out upon the world! It censures that which it sees excellent in others because it feels this to be a cutting reproof to its own selfishness and meanness. I had rather see that generous spirit which wastes its possessions upon others, though to its own ruin, than the one which prompts man to act and live as though he alone were pursuing happiness in the world.

God bless you, William! May you find many who know your silent virtues and esteem them as much as I do; and

that you may live long to enjoy their esteem is the prayer of your sincere friend, SAM'L G. HOWE.

Mr. Sanborn quotes from the letter to Horace Mann a passage which speaks of my father's life at Corinth:

"In one of my journeyings I found a sick straggler, a deserter probably from the present army, who was by trade a wheelwright. After curing him up, I got him to build a cart, and it was such a marvel that the peasantry flocked from all the neighbouring district to see it, having never seen a wheeled vehicle before. . . . The Government granted ten thousand *stremmata* of land, to be free from taxes for five years, but they could not give much practical help. I was obliged to do everything, and had only the supplies sent out by the American Committees to aid me. The colonists, however, coöperated, and everything went on finely. We got cattle and tools, ploughed and prepared the earth, got up a schoolhouse and a church. Everything went on finely, and we extended our domain over to the neighbouring port of Kenchreæ, where we had cultivated ground and a harbour. This was perhaps the happiest part of my life. I was alone among my colonists, who were all Greeks. They knew I wanted to help them, and they let me have my own way. I had one civilized companion for awhile, David Urquhart, the eccentric Englishman, afterward M. P. and pamphleteer. I had to journey much to and from Corinth, Napoli, etc., always on horseback or by boat, and often by night. It was a time and place where law was not, and sometimes we had to defend ourselves against armed and desperate stragglers from the bands of soldiers now breaking up. We had many 'scrimmages,' and I had several narrow escapes with life. In one affair Urquhart showed extraordinary pluck and cour-

age, actually disarming and taking prisoner two robbers, and marching them before him into the village."

It is highly characteristic of my father that he recounts with pleasure his companion's exploit, while passing lightly over his own adventures with no more than a general mention.

"I laboured here day and night, in season and out, and was governor, legislator, clerk, constable, and everything but *patriarch;* for, though I was young, I took to no maiden, nor ever thought about womankind but once. The Government (or rather, Capo d'Istrias, the President) treated the matter liberally, — and did what he could to help me."

Mr. Sanborn says that he found at Athens, in 1890, the correspondence between Capo d'Istrias and my father on this subject. The colony, he tells us, was near the present railway station of Hexamilia, on the way from the new town of Corinth to Argos. "It extended southeast from Hexamilia toward Kenchreæ, and was nearer to the Isthmian sanctuary than to New Corinth, which was founded only in 1858. Old Corinth lay on the northwest side of Acro Corinth, from Doctor Howe's village."

My father's hopes for the future of his colony were not destined to be fully realized; yet the village flourished and prospered for at least a number of years, and may, I hope, still be in existence. I cannot close this chapter more fitly than by quoting a passage from my mother's Memoir, describing my father's second visit to Corinth, in 1844.

"To this spot his travels brought him, after an interval of many years. As he rode through the principal street

of the village, the elder people began to take note of him, and to say to one another, 'This man looks like Howe!' At length they cried, 'It must be Howe himself!' His horse was surrounded, and his progress stayed. A feast was immediately prepared for him in the principal house of the place, and a throng of friends, old and new, gathered round him, eager to express their joy in seeing him. This is only one of the many scenes which fully attested the grateful recollection in which his services were held by the people of Greece."

CHAPTER XVI.

TRANSITION

THE last volume of the Journal in my possession (from which the preceding chapter is taken) ends, like the others, abruptly; the final entries give details concerning the beloved colony, and there is one characteristic passage which I cannot forbear to quote, even though I have in a manner taken leave of Washingtonia. My father found, on a visit to Napoli, that a certain mechanic, a valued and valuable person, had, through the influence of a dissolute woman, been led into extravagance, and had finally in desperation appropriated certain funds which had been entrusted to him. Every one was sorry for the man, who seems to have been beloved and trusted by all. Some friends tried to help him to escape, but this proved impossible, even though the Governor connived at it, and he was arrested. My father, after telling the story, writes as follows:

"Now I propose that he shall come to the colony, where we have need of a workman, and I will advance upon his wages enough to pay his defalcation (about twelve hundred piastres). He can work it out in a year, and thus be saved from desperation and ruin, which would ensue if he were tried and condemned as a defaulter; and on the other hand the colony will have a most valuable workman for carts, tools, etc. All the officers of the regular troops are anxious that this should be done; they will be guaranty for his ful-

filling his contract, thus covering us from any risk, and I hope I shall be able to arrange the business."

From January 30th to July 1st, 1830, we have neither journals nor letters; no record of any kind. Probably one volume of the Journal was lost or accidentally destroyed. But we know that it was during this silent time that my father went through the long and desperate illness of which I have already spoken. I cannot remember his ever speaking of this illness. We know, however, that in June, 1830, he left Greece, now a free country. His immediate work was done, and the condition of his health made a change of climate and scene imperative; moreover, he was anxious to be about some other business, and looked forward eagerly to resuming his professional studies.

The first word that we find in this year is a letter to William Sampson, which I give in part.

GENEVA, July 1st, 1830.

If I have not written you for a long time, my dear William, it is not that inclination or matter is wanting, but opportunity of sending; the post being so difficult in passing letters from one country to another, that unless you have friends in different cities to pay for them and push them along, they get lost. I am sorry I have left Italy, lovely Italy, for though it is almost July, I find it uncomfortably cool in Switzerland; the thermometer is low, the barometer is low, and the blood flows slower in the veins of people here than on the other side of the Alps, where I left everything in bloom and glowing under the first heats of summer a fortnight ago. I mean not nature alone, but man, who there feels keener, lives faster, and gives and receives more enjoyment than here. But I must not let rainy weather prejudice me. These republicans are

better men; their land is more picturesque and beautiful than that of their livelier neighbours.

I found an old fellow sufferer in Greece established here, and he has made Geneva delightful to me. We have been out this afternoon on the lake, "clear placid Leman." We rowed steadily up the lake, gazing with delight on the rare beauty of its scenery. . . . There were other boats out, some with fishermen or craftsmen, others pleasure-boats, often rowed by ladies; and to complete our pleasure, there burst from one of them the peals of a bugle, which, admirably played, produced a fine effect on the water, particularly when we passed points which sent back the echo, often double and always softer and more delicious than the original. At sunset we enjoyed that indescribably superb scene, the effect of the last rays of light on the snows of Mt. Blanc, which glow in richer, more gorgeous hues than any the kaleidoscope or pencil can produce. It is humbug attempting to *describe* fine scenery, at least for common mortals. Let Byron do it, and such as he alone, if such there be.

I hope, Will, you have not fallen off from our champions; for I see many are picking at dead lions in our country. I am sorry that this spirit should be abroad among us. Napoleon, too, was no warrior, no statesman, no genius at all.[1] Ye gods! that a man of the mind of Channing should be so warped! Let them who decry Napoleon look at Europe. Let them look at Italy, and answer which of the tyrants is the better. For Nap was a tyrant, but I wish with all my soul he had conquered [all] Europe except England, and am convinced that the march of education and liberal principles, and the arts and sciences, would have been more rapid. You will find few in Italy who do not sigh for the days of Nap, and if you ask who began this or that noble public work, you hear his name alone in answer.

[1] Alluding to Doctor Channing's celebrated essay on Napoleon.

Naples, Rome, Florence, Milan, Venice, and a hundred [other] cities are full of works of his planning and finishing. But nowhere have I been more struck with that bold, original, and vast spirit of enterprise which distinguished him, than in the astonishing work uniting France and Italy by a military road, one of the finest in existence, crossing the Alps by Mt. Simplon. Ay! the mountains melted before him, and the passage of the Alps, which before his day could only be effected by infinite labour and fatigue, on foot or in drags, is now done at your ease in your carriage, which may trot you up one side and down the other between breakfast and dinner, without your knowing anything about where you are except from the confounded cold when you get to the top; unless you should look out, and see precipices rising on one side of you, abysses yawning on the other, here your carriage gliding by an elegant bridge over a torrent which thunders far below, and there driving full butt, as you would suppose, against a wall of granite, through which you find a spacious and lengthy passage hewn out of the solid rock. Nature in her wildest mood here presents every obstacle to the passage of man; mountain piles of jagged rocks, precipices, chasms, the thundering torrent, eternal ice and snow, and the overwhelming avalanche; and yet in spite of all, in four years Napoleon there finished a road one of the most splendid in the world, deserving for the boldness of its conception, the expense and labour of its execution, and the beauty and utility of its finish, a place with the mightiest works of the Romans. But stop! you may be comparing it to some of our fine roads. Not a bit; not a bit! Notwithstanding its immense length, it is everywhere raised high, sustained by massive walls of hammered granite, with gutters, parapets, aqueducts and bridges, all in profusion, and executed with equal boldness, strength, and beauty. Then on the moun-

tains you have "Houses of Refuge," where he kept men always [ready] to succour travellers who might be in danger of perishing from cold, avalanches, or what not. He kept, too, cordons of men for repairing, or rather for clearing away snow and preventing it (the road) from ever suffering.

"Damn these mountains!" said our driver, as he tried to get by a rock which had fallen into the road; "they are always bothering me nowadays."

"What," says I, "did they not do so formerly?"

"Bah!" said he, "what did I care for them then, if half a thousand ton fell into the road? Crack! it was away in ten minutes. Nap was the boy for business! These lousy beggars are not fit to clean the streets of hell."

Meaning, you know, the Holy Allies! And this is all the talk among those who dare speak.

But I have travelled over much paper in travelling over the Alps, so I will quit the subject for the present. I mean some day to give you a full [letter] on no other subject but the Simplon Road.

I am going through Switzerland, and then to Paris, where you will hear more from me. I do not know how long I shall travel; it depends on my money. It costs me about two dollars a day, all included, though I pinch my belly to feed my eyes, and often dine on bread and cheese for fourpence rather than at the table for half a dollar. In Italy, however, I can travel for a dollar a day, stage-fare included; that is, I make money, as I call it, spending only half a dollar a day, everything included, while remaining in cities, and overrunning when going from city to city in the stage. I did live in some cities, room-rent and everything, at fifty cents a day, but I defy most people to live for less than three times that sum, and keep on a footing with the most genteel in appearance. A man may have a mean dinner in his belly, nobody bows less to him; but he must

have a good piece of cloth on his back and round his loins, or he is scouted.

Good-bye, Will. I look for letters from you in Paris. If I do not find them, then *look out*, [or you] will not find

Ever yours,

Sam. G. Howe.

P. S. I have looked over my letter, or *tried to*, for a wonder, and really am quite ashamed. It is shabby to write in such a manner that one cannot read it oneself, and I promise to write better next time.

P. P. S. *July 23d.* I have overtaken this letter in Paris, and I salute you.

The next letter is dated some two weeks later, and is, according to promise, far more legible than the last.

Paris, August 8th, 1830.

My dear William: — If a multitude of letters [written], and those, too, mostly unanswered, constitute a good correspondent, then am I the very paragon of faithfulness; for although you do not let me hear from you once in a twelvemonth, yet I cease not from time to time to let you know my outgoings and incomings. I cannot conceive what you are about that keeps you so busy, unless you are getting married; if so, then it is a "gone case" with me, for you will be such a doting duck of a husband, devoting yourself to Wifey, or trotting the young Sampsons on your knee, that I shall give up all hopes of hearing from you. But I have thoughtlessly, my dear fellow, drawn a picture which I would fain realize. Yes, William, highly as I prize your friendship, I would relinquish [my claims upon] your time to see you as you ought to be, with objects

about you on whom you can lavish the stock of affection with which your heart is filled. And yet you try to bury it, and many think you cold and unsocial, when in reality no one so much needs, no one more desires that kindly intercourse of soul which sweetens the bitter of life, than you do. And yet I will bet a biscuit you will not wed a kindred spirit, or, what is worse, you will not wed at all. I say it is worse not to wed at all than to wed [only] tolerably well — though fortune keep me away from a blue or a brimstone! But really I do not know how I ran into this subject; perhaps from seeing a beautiful creature in the opposite window, perusing a book. I see her as I sit and write, and she knows it, and I think does not profit much from her lesson, for the leaves turn over too rapidly. It is only when she is obliged to turn over a leaf that her eyes leave the book and come over to my window, — accidentally, you know, — but fast enough, for I look up naturally at the end of every line I write, and every time I catch her eye; over goes the leaf, and down go the eyes until I finish the next line, when the same thing happens again. Confound the coquette! If she does not keep her eyes at home, or draw her curtain, — for you know I cannot draw mine! — you will not have much of a letter, or one filled with — eyes, and sighs. I never shall be a philosopher, I fear. I thought I had grown sober, and could always hold in my feelings; but while I bridle them up into the staid parson-like gait becoming a man almost thirty, I see a glorious sunset, a rich landscape, a splendid show, or above all a beautiful woman — away go my feelings helter-skelter, and leave Mr. Philosopher standing like a fool, scratching his head and feeling for his brains. 'Tis queer, the effect of beauty on the mind, and man is a queer animal from every point of view. But you will say, "When will you come to the object of your letter?" Why, Will, it is only

to talk to you ten minutes that I write, not tell you, "I am well and hope you enjoy the same blessing."

Hang it! I wish you were here to see that girl opposite! There! She is getting up and leaning over the balcony — standing tiptoe just to torment me and show off her slender and really beautiful figure. No matter; she is not such as I have seen and known, though her blue eyes remind me of — you know who! God bless her! though she is another's I can never forget her, or cease to think her the sweetest female I ever knew or shall know. Heigh ho! No matter; let's change the scene!

Did I write you from Switzerland? I forget. I ought to have done so, though I was not long there. It is a wonderful country. It is like the workshop of Nature: you see her works of every kind in every state of progress, from the beautiful, finished, polished landscape, to the roughest draft, where mountains, rocks, glens, precipices, cataracts, ice and snow, confusedly mingled, seem like the materials in chaos, from which the hand of the Almighty is to form regular and beautiful scenes. But it would be humbug to attempt description. Go look at Niagara, and tell me what it is like if you can.

Switzerland is dear. It cost me double what it did to travel in Italy or France; partly because I had no companion; for you pay just as much for your chaise, if you ride, for your guide, your room, etc., if alone, as if with another; and besides this, the immense influx of travellers, particularly English, destroys everything like simplicity and honesty. You pay, say thirty cents, for bread and milk, which a peasant would gladly give you for five; though it is not always that one can get bread. Butter, and that too the most delicious possible, is never wanting, but in many districts they do not taste bread — say once in three months, living on milk, cheese, curds, herbs,

etc., and as fat and rugged as their own cattle they are, too.

But after all, Will, do not sigh too much to travel in Europe. There is much of trouble and *ennui* attending it; many disagreeable scenes, many dull hours, much time lost, particularly if one is alone. Never travel without a companion. A poor one is better than none; for you cannot carry many books, and much time will hang heavy in spite of oneself. Travelling in the United States is perhaps as useful. Could I do but one of the two, I should choose to see and know well every part of my own country, and I hope to do so — though it is doubtful. I do not know when I shall return; probably in November, or (possibly) not until May. I may conclude to pass the winter in Europe. I will let you know. From here I go to Holland and England; if my health continues, I shall do them, as I did part of Switzerland, on foot.

I have been witness to a most interesting and important event here, the late splendid revolution; that wonderful event, the pride of France, the admiration of Europe and the world, a stern lesson to tyrants, be they ever so strong, that the people in their might are stronger. You will have read all the scenes; I saw most of them. I witnessed the enthusiastic, devoted, and truly patriotic courage of the people; I saw them attack with clubs and stones veteran and well-armed soldiers. I saw them while the cannon roared, musquetry rattled, and the bayonet, sabre, and lance made their blood run down like water, rush upon the ranks of the enemy, carrying post after post; and finally, after a bloody struggle, on the third day witnessed the complete triumph of citizens without order, without any preconcerted plan, and almost without chiefs, over a highly disciplined, well supplied and officered army of veterans. And what is more, I saw that people quietly lay down

their arms, return to their occupations, and leave to a provisional Government, at the head of whom was Lafayette, the power which they had gained by their own exertions.

But I must finish. Good-bye, William.

Truly yours,

Sam'l G. Howe.

The revolution here spoken of is known as "The Three Days," which resulted in placing Louis Philippe on the throne of France. It may well be imagined that my father longed to take part in it; indeed, though he does not mention his desire in his letters home, in after years he wrote thus in regard to the episode:

"I had before seen something of Lafayette, and when he finally resolved to put himself at the head of the revolt, I made one of the small band who escorted him from his home to the Hôtel de Ville. I knew it was none of my business, but I could not help joining in, and cheering on the revolution."

That my father did not take a more active part in this uprising seems to have been in direct obedience to the wishes of General Lafayette; and if proof were wanted of the General's influence over other men, we might find it in the power of his advice upon so ardent and warlike a spirit as my father's. My mother tells us that "Lafayette, seeing the young American about to expose himself to danger, is said to have admonished him gravely, saying, 'Young man, reserve yourself for the needs of your own country, — this is *our* battle.'"

As we shall see a little later, the time was to come when Lafayette asked for my father's services in another

and an equally noble cause, and obtained them in full measure.

The next letter that I have is addressed to his father, and shows his heart to be for the time pretty equally divided between France and Greece.

PARIS, Aug. 28th, 1830.

You will have ere this got my letter by Russ, and he will have informed you of the possibility of my delaying my return. Since then I have written you on the 1st of this month, though I had not then decided exactly. My letters to Joseph will explain more fully my motives, though, as I say to him, the slightest thing may alter my resolution and bring me back. As far as pleasure goes, I am disappointed in Paris; I had imagined a different place; but for education, study, and facilities for acquiring information of all kinds, it is the first city in the world, as its inhabitants are the first for enthusiasm in patriotism and courage. I say enthusiasm, for I know them too well to grant what they assert and would fain persuade the world is true, that they are the *most* patriotic and the *bravest* citizens in the world. Nay, to hear them talk, you would think there was *no* courage, *no* patriotism, among any people but the French.

As yet I have been rather negligent of what I ought to be about here, attention to study, but on my return from the voyage I now propose, I mean to go at it with that industry and perseverance of which you know I am capable. I know that the public cannot tell the difference between a well-accomplished physician or surgeon and a merely showy one, but I would not that my brethren should see it. Nay, I would not that I should feel a conscious defect myself, though the world were ignorant of it. And what is three months?

My health is good; very good, thank God! Don't judge me by Russ; poor fellow, the fever racked his constitution most terribly, and I doubt whether he gets over it in a hurry. I, more fortunate or more hardy, have I think outweathered the gale, without carrying away or materially injuring any part of my equipment.

I fear I shall be some time without news from you, as you seem to have got the idea that I was not to stop any time in Europe, but I hope you will immediately resume [writing], and continue until I give you notice of my starting, which will be early. I think I can put the month of March as the period which I shall not exceed in getting home.

I have had bad news from Greece, as regards me personally. My baggage, which I had left to be sent from Malta, with my books, arms, dress, etc., has been pillaged, and I fear everything valuable is gone. It is hard, very hard, just on getting through, to meet with such an accident; but no matter!

Public news, on the contrary, are cheering. Things go on finely. People see the part Capo d'Istrias played in dissuading Leopold by false reports from coming, and are indignant. Luckily, [it is] well they escaped. Leopold is a goose, and Greece may yet escape without having a king forced upon her. If she does escape, and liberty is left to take root for a few years, we shall see the glorious effects of the Revolution. We shall see the tree rise majestically, and throw abroad its mighty branches, a happy and enlightened people rejoicing in its shadow. Yes, there is yet hope left to cheer those who have struggled hard and risked all, and who, though but yesterday almost desponding, are now cheered by a new ray of hope.

My love to all, my dear sir, and believe me

Truly yours, SAM'L G. HOWE.

The next letter is again to his father, and is dated Paris, October 26th.

My dear Father: — You will excuse my having missed the opportunity of sending you a line by the last packet. I do not know how it slipped my mind; surely not from want of often thinking of you and home. However, my last, of the 29th September, No. 11, will have nearly reached you now.[1]

I am surprised at not getting a word from home since the arrival of Doctor Russ. I expected letters by this last packet, but received only one, [and] that from Mr. Everett, September 15th. You surely know that I am here, and that I intend staying some time, though I am growing exceedingly stingy of time, and probably shall be home sooner than [the date] I had fixed. I am busy here, going over the minuter parts of anatomy, and shall soon commence at the College of France and the School, attending the courses of some of the professors, who are the most celebrated and the best in the world, who lecture on every subject, and whose lectures are *gratis*. Nor this alone, but at the beginning of the term, the magnificent libraries, the rich cabinets and museums, the collections, the dissertations, the experiments, in all branches of all sciences, are thrown open to the crowd of students, or rather of physicians, lawyers, and other learned men, who flock from every part of the world to Paris, to enjoy what they can find nowhere else. All these I must see [during] at least a few months, and then be off; and for these alone do I remain, for I assure you that all the boasted pleasures of the place have few charms for me now that I begin to feel that my time is too precious to be spent in enjoyment merely. I am fast approaching thirty years of age, a period which a long time

[1] This letter is missing.

ago I fixed upon as [that at which it would be] necessary for me to be settled in life, and no longer a wanderer. I shall be twenty-nine next month, I think; is it not? Pray look in the great red Bible. I should consider a year a great reprieve if in my favour, though my feelings and my glass tell me I am no longer a boy. As for health, though, I am quite thankful it is firm. Not a touch of the fever since I was in Geneva in June. I have travelled so hard I have given it a sweat, and quite run away from it. Good riddance to the worst acquaintance I have ever had. So now I am quite hearty, and seldom have an indigestion, except I eat macaroni fried in cheese, a dish I love as an Indian does his enemies' rum and cider.

I am in a boarding-house, where I have a noble apartment and two meals a day, for five francs a day, lights and firewood excepted. The latter, however, is confounded dear: they deal it out to you by the pound, just as one sells you bar soap; sticks just about as big, and as dear, too. So they sell you water by the bucketful. I think I shall change, however, and go into lodgings at the end of this month. One may have good rooms for forty francs; he may breakfast at the coffee-house for fifteen sous; dine for forty sous; in fine, live for 140 francs per month, and have the advantage of eating when and where he will. It is an unsociable way of life, but better for a student or one who runs about much, for Paris is large, and one finds himself sometimes two or three miles from his house at breakfast or dinner time. Then he can pop into a coffee-house or restaurant, take up the bill of fare, and call for anything he likes, the price of each dish being marked. The French live in this way almost as much as the Italians. Heads of families even go out to the coffee-house to breakfast or dinner, and leave Madame to mope about the house.

Hence the reason that Madame so often consoles herself with a sweetheart.

You are, I suppose, all eyes and ears in the United States to know how politics go here. There are divers opinions about the stability of the present government. I consider it one of the firmest in Europe, except Russia, though that is not saying much just now, when kings are shaking in their shoes, and Revolution knocks them so hard across the knuckles that they can hardly hold their sceptres.

I hope to hear from you by the packet of the 1st. Give my love to Mother and Sisters, and believe me ever yours.

SAMWELL.

My father carried out his intention of returning to America in the spring of 1831, for April 19th finds him writing to William Sampson from Boston.

. . . I think my last to you was from Paris, on my return from Belgium and Holland. I remained some time in Paris, the paradise of places, then went to England, where I remained ten weeks; but I cannot relate anything of my travels there. I do not know how it is, Will, but the news of your illness has unhinged me from my usual swing, and my mind will not turn on anything else but you and your situation. . . . I do not know what will be my future course. Prospects which all my friends call brilliant are held out to me for settling in my profession, and perhaps they (the friends) are right so far as gilding is brilliant; but the glare of gold has no charms for me, and if I find that I cannot in this country fill a more useful sphere than getting a large practice and making a large fortune, why, futurity is to me a blank without a charm. In an-

other land I can reap a harvest of gratitude and affection, and reputation, and render services to others which will more than compensate [for] the want of riches — which, by the way, I am sure I never could get, for I am such a stupid, careless wight that money runs out at the bottom of my purse faster than I can put it in, and it is only when [the purse] is empty that I can find the hole, which with all my exertions I fear I shall never be able to darn.

I shall probably be here some months at least. . . .

The next letter is dated some three months later.

BOSTON, July 24th, 1831.

MY DEAR WILLIAM: — On my arrival from Europe some two and a half months ago, I learned with the greatest sorrow that you were unwell, and had gone down to New Orleans for the recovery of your health. I immediately followed the impulse of my feelings, and wrote you a long letter directed to that place, and have most anxiously been waiting to hear from you ever since, but in vain; not a single line has announced to me that you are in the land of the living, or that I live in your memory. Once, indeed, I thought I had you. When in New York, as I was glancing over the papers at breakfast, I saw among the arrivals from Charleston, William S. Sampson, and away I flew to the packet to try and find where you had put up. But no such man was known, and it appeared the name was put by mistake for Lampson, or some other like it. I need not tell you how I was disappointed. I now learn that you have been heading up–stream. Of course you are better, and God grant you may be perfectly recovered. I cannot get the particulars of your situation or your movements from any one here, and I pray you write me fully, for no one can feel a greater interest in whatever concerns you

than I do, and I will not for a moment indulge in the thought that you have forgotten your old friend, or ceased to feel an interest in him. With respect to my movements since I saw you, they have been communicated to you by my various letters from Europe. I visited pretty thoroughly Sicily, Italy, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland, and England, besides having a slight peep at Spain. This, with my previous travels in Turkey and Greece, makes me somewhat of a travelled man, though not inclined to believe that he is most benefited who goes over the most ground. I was, however, delighted, instructed, and I hope improved, inasmuch as I have laid up a fund upon which I can draw in future life, either of important or trifling, or serious reflections. Since I have been home, I have had several tempting plans presented to me, one of which I embraced with too much eagerness, perhaps; viz., that of managing a new daily paper, to be established in Philadelphia, to advocate the "American system," United States Bank, Tariff, and so forth, with H. Clay for the Presidential candidate. The place was desirable on many accounts, and I even signed my name to the prospectus, which was published; but on nearer examination, though the pecuniary emolument would have been considerable, I concluded to abandon the business, from several motives, the leading one of which was delicacy and consideration for a dear friend of mine, who was to have been largely concerned, and who in fact got it up on my account, but who found himself, by unexpected and extraordinary losses, suddenly embarrassed. On the whole, I am not sorry to have retracted, for it is not a life to suit me. I am too sensitive, have not enough of moral courage, or *brass* perhaps, for an editor. The business, however, occupied me two months, and caused me to take two journeys to Philadelphia and the interior of Pennsyl-

vania. All I regret is having my name published as connected with it. I am now lying on my oars, though by no means idle. I am engaged in writing for periodicals, and must make my pen support me; in a poor way enough, God knows, but my wants are few, and easily supplied; and I fear from my incapacity for money-making, I must for ever forego the pleasing hope of that social and domestic enjoyment without which no man, constituted as I am at least, can be happy in this world. I cannot marry a poor girl, and will not marry to be supported by a wife. I would rather starve an old bachelor than have my bread buttered by one whom I ought to feed. But let these things go; I am in a day or two going to dive into studies, the result of which, I flatter myself, will be of some utility to the public, and give me some reputation. Gain I look not for so much, but I am determined to follow a path as yet untrodden in this country by the multitude, and flatter myself to do something in it. I shall probably be in Boston for some months, perhaps a year or two, after which I shall pitch my tent for life. My ideas are vague on the subject, but I think I shall alight in Athens, or Cincinnati, or Louisville, or in the Oregon country; but it depends altogether upon circumstances which may intervene between this and the time when my necessary preparations shall be made.

I have no news to give you about any of your old friends here, for I am quite a stranger myself. Seven years of a young man's life make an immense change, and I find none of my old mates as I left them. Boys with whom I played marbles or drove hoop are now preachers of the gospel or gig-riding doctors, and the girls with whom I romped are grave matrons, with romping girls of their own about them. I alone am, or feel, unchanged. Yet how? Unchanged? No! I am more changed than any of them.

I have not yet numbered thirty years, and I feel like a man of fifty. I feel as though my youth was long since gone, the greater part of my active life spent, and I hurrying off the stage to give place to those who are bustling at its entrance. Not that I am old physically, but I feel old and time-worn within; though at times the sunshine of gladness breaks through the clouds, and his beams, striking on my soul, make it leap up with the freshness of youth and look out upon the green glad earth as a paradise which will yet yield it much enjoyment. Then I feel all my boyishness and gaiety return, and I act and seem a boy again. But do let me hear from you, Will! You see I have been running on in this long strain about myself, on purpose to set you an example of egotism, which I really hope you will imitate, and that soon. Meanwhile, adieu, and God bless you.

Ever truly yours,

Sam'l G. Howe.

It is comforting to know that this period of depression and indecision (the latter a quality so foreign to my father's nature) was a short one. Even now his work was ready and waiting for him, and we can only rejoice that the plan for newspaper work, and another for taking charge of the negro colony in Liberia, failed.

Before the work begins, however, I cannot resist trying to give a slight sketch of my father as he appeared at this time to his contemporaries. Some descriptions given me in my childhood are still so fresh in my mind that I almost feel as if I myself had seen the "Chevalier" in his youth.

This title was my father's by right, as he was in the thirties made a Chevalier of the Greek Legion of Honour. The star, a beautiful one, is now in the possession of my brother, Prof. Henry Marion Howe of Columbia Uni-

versity. I never saw my father wear it; it was kept in what we children called his "picknickle and bucknickle" drawer, in company with some beautiful Turkish pipes and other enchanting things, and we were allowed to look at it and play with it. But it was rather by right of true knighthood that he bore the title always among those who loved him. They called him "Chevalier" because he seemed to them to embody the beautiful word. I trust I may be pardoned for adding that within a few years, thirty years after my father's death, I have heard my dear mother, under stress of sudden emotion, cry "Chev!" in unconscious appeal to the strength and support that never failed her while he lived.

My father was now twenty-nine years of age, in the very flower of his life. His personal beauty, as I have already said, was remarkable. Slender and erect, with a soldierly bearing which marked him through life, he may be said to have foreshadowed Kipling's fine description of a youth:

> "He trod the ling like a buck in spring,
> And he looked like a lance in rest."

His complexion, naturally very fair, was now browned by long exposure to sun and wind, but he still had a colour like a girl's, and this, with his regular features and jet-black hair, and the wonderful blue of his eyes, a blue at once soft and brilliant, would have been enough to draw attention to him. But this beauty of form and colour was perhaps the least part of my father's charm. His presence was like the flash of a sword. There was a power in his look, an aspect of unresting, untiring energy, which impressed all who looked upon him; they turned to look again. Said a lady of his own age to me, "Your father was the handsomest man I ever saw. When he rode down Beacon Street

on his black horse, with the crimson embroidered saddle-cloth, all the girls ran to their windows to look after him."

The crimson saddle-cloth (he never used it within my memory, but I remember it well, folded up in the great camphor chest; I believe it is there to this day) was the only mark of anything approaching dandyism my father ever showed. His personal modesty was as great as his personal charm, of which, be it said, he never seemed in the least aware. Absence of self-consciousness was one of his strong characteristics, and I doubt if he ever knew or thought why the pretty girls looked after him, even if he noticed that they did, which seems improbable. He notes soberly in a letter to a friend that he is "somewhat of a lion," and if his tastes had led him in that direction, I fancy he might have become a very gay and fashionable lion, but these were not the things he cared about. Indeed, he cared so little about them that he sometimes, though never intentionally, overstepped the bounds of decorum; as when he forgot a state dinner which was given in his honour by two maiden ladies of high social standing, and only remembered it the day after. "I went to see them at once," he would say, in telling the story, "and told them the truth, making every apology in my power, but I don't think they ever forgave me."

Apropos of the black horse, there is another story that my father used to tell with great enjoyment. He sometimes drove, instead of riding the good steed. One day, while driving through a crowded street (possibly somewhat faster than the law approved, for he loved fast driving, and had never a moment to spare), an old woman ran across directly under the horse's nose. My father turned to one side, to avoid running her down, and in doing so knocked down and ran over a young girl who was crossing from the other side. Instantly, before he could check his horse,

a man on the sidewalk cried, "Better have taken the old woman!"

Happily the young girl was not seriously injured; it is perhaps unnecessary to say that my father took her to her home, and gave her every attention until she was completely recovered.

In 1829, an act had been passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts incorporating the Trustees of the New England Asylum for the Blind. In 1830–31 this institution had still no existence save on paper. It was at this time that one of the trustees, Dr. John D. Fisher, visited the schools for the blind founded by the Abbé Hauy in Paris. He returned fired by a noble enthusiasm, and immediately began a search for the right man to establish and direct the much-needed Institution for the Blind. Walking along Boylston Street one day in company with two other members of the committee, they met my father, and Doctor Fisher's search was over. "Here is Howe!" he said to his companions; "the very man we have been looking for all this time."

It was the meeting of flint and steel; the spark was struck instantly. Doubt, hesitation, depression vanished from my father's mind like mist before the rising sun. "In a few days," he says, "I made an arrangement to take charge of the enterprise, then in embryo, and started at once for Europe, to get the necessary information, engage teachers, etc., and I visited the schools in France and England."

CHAPTER XVII.

POLAND AND PRUSSIA

My father's first report to the Trustees shows the enthusiasm which the new undertaking roused in him.

"There can be no more delightful spectacle than is presented by these establishments, where you may see a hundred young blind persons, changed from listless, inactive, helpless beings into intelligent, active, and happy ones: they run about, and pursue their different kinds of work with eager industry and surprising success; when engaged in intellectual pursuits, the awakened mind is painted in their intelligent countenances; and when the whole unite in sacred music, there is a display of deep-felt interest, of fervid zeal, and animating enthusiasm, which I have never seen equalled. . . . Instead of the solitary, helpless beings whom we so often see, the blind here present us the spectacle of an active, industrious, and happy youth, who, finding constant occupation in the exercise of his physical power, and being buoyed up by the hope of rendering himself independent of charity, has no time and no inclination for repining at his lot, or drawing unpleasant comparisons between himself and those about him."

The only personal letter of this time that has been preserved is one to the faithful Sampson; for he appears to have proved faithful, in spite of his long and obstinate silence.

Paris, Nov. 14th, 1831.

My Dear William: — My dear William, hang me if I can think of anything so pleasing or interesting to myself as to keep on saying "My dear William" so I might e'en fill up a sheet with *dearing* you, it is so pleasant to know you are in the land of the living, and that I too am living in your memory; for your last letter convinced me that the current of your affections still ran warm and kind under the frozen surface of your exterior. Yes, my dear fellow, I judge you by myself, and flatter myself, too, by this judging; for to be content, I can but demand of you the measure of affection which I mete out to you. I have not your letter by me now, nor anything by me but a table and chair and these writing-materials with which I talk to you, but how triumphant is the mind of man over circumstances! Here, alone in the almost naked room of an inn at midnight, I can call up images which cheer and delight me; I can summon you from across the Atlantic, put you down in a chair, — or rather on my bedside, for [second] chair there is none, — and say, "Will, my dear fellow, and my dear fellow Will, how are you, and how have you been?"

I know I write on with little rhyme and less reason perhaps, and shall amuse myself more, and perhaps interest you full as much as though I gave you a chapter of dry politics; for which, by the way, I refer you to the Boston *Courier*, as I write for it from time to time about the state of things in this vile old Babylon of Europe, a state of things disgusting enough to any man who is not content to take a thing for good merely because his father called it good before him. Alas! the day of political regeneration is yet far off. There are throes of convulsive pain, as of a woman in travail, but the hour of deliverance hath not yet come; but as surely as the child must be born, so surely must Europe succeed in delivering herself from the mon-

strous and ridiculous institutions which sit nightmare-like upon her, and retard the growth of whatever is good or liberal or calculated to raise man in the scale of intellect. But it is to be hoped that God will darken their eyes that they see not, and harden their hearts that they feel not, and that they (the oppressors) go on blindly in their present course headlong to that destruction which must inevitably come upon them.

But I have fallen inadvertently into politics, when I meant to be personal. Well — what shall I say of myself? Alas, dear Will, not much. Do you know, I fear all my sinister forebodings are to be fulfilled. I always said that unless I were married or engaged before I was thirty, I should live a miserable, musty bachelor; and lo! I have just crossed the equinox of life. I have just turned the corner and left youth; I have commenced holding back in the downward course; and — I now know what I would not say to any one but you — I am an old man. I feel as though I had lived fifty years; as though I would not give a pin to choose between fifty and five to come.

I am hard at work here, both for others and for myself. I hope some good will come of it; nay, I more than hope, I am strong in the confidence that it will. I shall be home, God willing, in April probably, though it may be three months later.

But adieu! I can't look over my letter, so say good night, Will, and God bless you!

Yours,

Sam'l G. Howe.

Near Paris, Nov. 14th, 1831.

My father was so hard at work that I fancy he wrote few personal letters in this winter of 1831–32; at all events none have been preserved. He was studying the methods

of teaching the blind, visiting schools and consulting those high in authority on the subject of his future work; but he was doing other things besides, and the note in which I find the first mention of those other things is in a different hand from his. I have here beside me a little packet of notes and letters, seven of them, each folded lengthwise, bearing a great red seal, and addressed to Monsieur le Docteur Howe. The paper is yellow with age, the ink faded, but the signature, "Lafayette," brings no association of age; to us the good General is always young, as he was in truth always gallant. In point of fact, he was at this time seventy-four years old. This is the first note:

PARIS, November 9th, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR: — Some Gentlemen of the National and of the french Pole Committee will meet to-morrow, 11 o'clock, at my house, to consider of the fitness to do something on the anniversary day of the Polish Revolution. Could you and the gentlemen of the Subcommittee attend precisely at 11?

Most truly and affectionately Yours,

LAFAYETTE.

The arrangement of capitals is the General's own.

This meeting had serious consequences for my father, for it was at this time or soon after that General Lafayette, knowing that he was about to visit the school for the blind in Berlin, asked him to extend his journey as far as the Vistula, and to carry money for clothing and feeding the Polish refugees along the banks of that river. The mission was naturally a most congenial one to my father, and the fact that it was both delicate and dangerous certainly did not detract from, and may rather have added to its charm. He undertook the task with alacrity, and performed it

successfully, as his letters will show, although it was a disappointment to him not to be allowed to distribute with his own hands the garments whose making he had directed. Before they were finished he received peremptory orders to leave the Polish frontier, and after making an indignant protest was obliged to do so. Conscious of his entire innocence, he returned to Berlin without a thought of danger; though he thought it probable that he might receive a visit from the police, since he had noticed, while riding over the dreary wastes of Prussian Poland, that he was followed by one or two horsemen who kept him steadily in view, though without attempting to molest him.

Arrived in Berlin, he went quietly to his hotel. At midnight he was roused by a knock at the door, and opening it, he saw three men in citizen's clothes, who without wasting words bade him come with them. On my father's demanding their authority, they opened their coats and showed him the badge of the police. After some discussion he persuaded them to leave him in peace till morning, promising to go quietly with them after he had had a few hours' sleep. They departed, fortunately without searching him, for he carried papers which might have been highly compromising not only to himself but to many others. Left alone, he hastened to dispose of these papers. Glancing round the bare little room, he spied a plaster bust of the King of Prussia, standing on the porcelain stove. He thrust the dangerous papers (letters to and from Lafayette and others of the Polish Committee) up into the hollow of the head — the first time that head had ever received any ideas of liberty, equality, fraternity! Then, taking some other papers of no importance, he carefully tore them into infinitesimal fragments, threw them into a basin of water, and went peacefully to bed.

Early in the morning the police returned, pounced upon the floating scraps in the basin (which they showed him afterward, pasted together with pathetic nicety), and marched him off to prison. This was on the last day of February, 1832. At first, my father seems to have been unable to procure even writing-materials, for the first of the three letters that have been preserved is dated March 20th. I give the three entire, without further comment.

To Dr. John M. Fisher

BERLIN PRISON, March 20th, 1832.

I have oft dated my letters to you from queer, out-of-the-way places, from city and from camp, from mountain, from cottage, and, I believe, from caverns, but never did it enter into my imagination that I should write you from the cell of a prison; and that, too, by stealth, on a bit of brown paper (in which my candle had been wrapped), with a stub of a pencil coaxed from a turnkey, and by the glimmer of light that comes from a close-grated window. Yet so it is; here I am, as sure and fast as bars and bolts and stone walls can keep me. Here I have been for the last twenty days, and here may I be for the next twenty months, for aught I know. But that I am in prison is not all; that my cell is eight feet wide is not the worst of it; my imprisonment is of a kind which to us poor ignorant mortals in America is unknown. It is called *the* (*au secret*) *secret;* that is, no one can write to me, or send me a word of consolation, nor can I communicate my situation to a single friend; even a newspaper is prohibited, lest perchance I should see that some one had got notice of my being in prison.

"Good heaven!" you will say, "has the fellow plotted high treason, or shot one of the king's deer, or refused to

give the wall to a prince of the blood?" Neither, my dear sir, nor any other human law have I broken, that I know of; but though I have again and again vainly called for a copy of the accusations against me, though I have demanded to know my offence, and to be confronted with my accusers, though I have appealed to the laws of the land, and to judgment, and though to all these my demands I have not been able to get the least answer, still I cannot pretend ignorance of my offence. It is rank! It smells to heaven! I have administered some succour and consolation to that gallant remnant of the Polish army which took refuge in Prussia. I have endeavoured to distribute to the poor, half-naked soldiers the generous contributions of the American people. And the tangible proof which they received of its sympathy at a moment when they thought themselves abandoned by all the world so encouraged them and enraged the Prussian authorities, that the latter have rewarded me with this lodging *gratis*. I am, *aux frais de l'état*, the nation's guest; that is the only explanation I can give of it.

But I forget that you are probably unacquainted with that which has been continually in my mind for the two months past, viz., the singularly interesting, I may say heroic, situation of this last relic of the gallant army of Poland. At the end of their bloody struggle, being determined never to yield to, or live under, the Russians, they entered the Prussian territories, and laid down their arms, on the condition of being left at full liberty to direct their steps whither they would. For the last two months, however, every possible measure has been taken to induce them to reënter Poland. But it being found that argument, entreaties, and threats were alike useless, as long as the officers remained with their men, these were separated from them, — those officers being dragged away by force

who hesitated to obey,— and a few only succeeded in remaining, by disguising themselves as common soldiers. It was a sad day — that of parting ; it seemed like separating a band of brothers ; and many an officer, feigning, or really making himself sick, remained weeks afterwards near his men, receiving news from them only by night. The officers were sent off to France, whither they all demanded to go ; and you might have seen these gallant fellows, without their swords, their once splendid uniforms soiled and torn, seated by dozens, on bundles of straw in the carts of the peasantry, and transported along the highroads in midwinter, leaving behind them country and home, and all they held dear, going they hardly knew whither. I shall never forget the day when at Dirrone, a little village near the Vistula, I met with three cart-loads of these heroes, all young, splendid-looking fellows. Our stage-coach had stopped at a tavern, and a dozen people were standing at the door ; as the carts passed, the Germans gazed with their round unmeaning eyes, but not a voice was heard, not a hand was raised, not a hat was waved in the air. There was no sympathy in their souls, or if there was, they dared not express it, for the Argus eyes of the police were there. I forgot the police and everything else but the feelings natural to man, and imprudently yielding to that impulse, I waved my hat in the air, and shouted, "*Honneur ! Honneur aux braves !*" The Poles looked up, surprised at the sound, and pointed me out to each other ; as they raised caps to return my salute, they cried, "*Vive la France !*" Poor fellows, they took me for a Frenchman. They had, as yet, found so little sympathy, that they seemed astonished at this instance of it, and, as they waved their caps, long after passing me, and endeavoured to express their thanks in their looks, it so affected me that I turned away to hide a womanish weakness, and left the

Germans to stare and wonder what the de'il could have moved me.

You know (or you do not know) that while in Paris I had taken much interest in the fate of the refugees, and when I was about to leave for Germany, it was proposed to me by General Lafayette, and the American Committee, that I should take charge of part of the contributions, and aid with them such of the Poles as I should fall in with and who should be suffering, and this I most gladly undertook. On my route hither I met many who seemed badly in need, but most of them would not own it; they wanted, they said, to get to France; and some to whom I sent assistance returned me the half, as being more than they needed; but all begged me to go to their soldiers, from whom they had been separated as by force. "There," said they, "you may do good — you may save them from entering Poland, from worse than death; they are abandoned by all whom they can call friends, and your presence will cheer and encourage them, for you have with you the tangible proof of the sympathy of your generous countrymen. Go and see with your own eyes the most devoted and generous soldiery in the world." "Alas!" said several, "our poor ignorant soldiers are better than we — better than our leaders. They felt only love for Poland, and hatred to Russia; we had other passions. But go — go and see the poor fellows; many will be in want of clothing before now."

Could I hesitate? When I had finished my affairs in Berlin, I started off to see with my own eyes the situation of the soldiers, hoping there at once to find proper objects on whom to bestow all the charities of which I was the bearer. I found them indeed suffering, morally and physically; that is, depressed in spirits, and anxious about the future, and but miserably clad, very many being entirely

shirtless. To my surprise, too, I found I could not give them anything without demanding permission of the Prussian commander; this I did, nor could he refuse me, though he granted a growling, unwilling assent. I immediately set about making a contract for shirts, etc.; but before they were finished, I received an order to quit the neighbourhood of the army instantly, an order accompanied by a force to put it in execution. It was in vain that I pleaded the protection which my passport gave me — that I urged the permission given me by the commander, Schmidt; he himself had given the counter-order, and forbade me distributing anything to the Poles, or seeing them, even in the presence of a Prussian officer. "You have had time," said he, "to make your contract; let your distribution be made by Prussian agents." I wished to give the things myself — to tell the poor fellows whence they came, and comfort them with the assurance of the sympathy felt for them in America. But the aide-de-camp hurried me off *nolens volens.*

I came then to Berlin to attend to my affairs, little thinking I was running my head into a trap; for, though in the order which I received from Schmidt to quit the army he told me that I was suspected of being an emissary, I was so confident of my own innocence that I despised the thought of skulking out of Prussia as I might have done, and slipping into Saxony. What was my astonishment, then, on arriving here, to find myself arrested, stripped of everything, lugged to prison, and locked up in a cell, without being able to get one word of explanation. The next day came the long-faced, solemn scribe, to question me on the events of my life, beginning with my very birth, writing down my answers without ever lifting his little eyes from his paper, and going off with my whole biography under his arm, without ever thanking me for the

information. Then came cross-questionings, and pumpings of various kinds, but no communications to me from without; no assurance that my friends knew what had become of me. All this, you may imagine, did put up my Yankee blood, and perhaps my answers were not always obsequious enough for the atmosphere; nevertheless, they were true ones. For the last ten days, however, I have been left alone, and, though I cannot find out of what I am accused, I am not tormented by questions.

Do what you choose with the general information I have given you, but do not publish this letter with my name, which has been thrust too much on the public. But if, however, by the next packet you should not hear of my release, then, for God's sake, do what you can for me. I appear to make light of it, and show a bold front, but I assure you it is no trifle. We have no ambassador here; I am in the hands of arbitrary men; I have served a cause which they detest; and my heart sinks at the thought of my strength wasting away in this miserable cell, and my health gradually giving way under the influence of the foul, unwholesome air I breathe. Others have suffered years for but light words spoken, and it may be that I have given mortal offence by cheering and encouraging those whom it seems to have been their object to reduce to utter despair.

To W. C. Rives, Esq.

March, 1832.

Mr. Rives.

My dear Sir: — I appeal to you as the representative of my country for that protection and redress which she promises to every citizen, and I trust my appeal will receive the more prompt and serious attention that it comes from the cell of a prison, and from a captive who looks to it as the only hope of his deliverance.

It is now nearly twenty days that I was seized by order of the Minister of Police of Prussia, and thrust into prison, where I have since been kept in the strictest seclusion. I can see no one, I can hear from no one; even a newspaper is forbidden to enter my cell; and it is only to-day I have received permission to address you and my relatives.

I have in vain sought to know my offence, I have in vain prayed to be brought to judgment; it is now ten days that they have ceased to examine and cross-question me, and it is a fortnight that all my papers have been in the hands of the Minister of Police.

You, I trust, Sir, know me well enough to believe my word of honour that I have done nought to merit such treatment, and at Paris you will have the means of knowing that my mission to Germany was one of humanity, unconnected with politics. I was the bearer of the charitable contributions of thousands of the citizens of the United States for the relief of the unfortunate Poles. I endeavoured to administer those charities conformably to the intentions of the donors. I sought and obtained the permission of the Prussian general, commanding on the spot, to do what I did; and yet on my return to Berlin, to my utter astonishment, I am seized and thrust into a common prison.

Had my imprisonment lasted but the time necessary for the examination of my papers, I should have supposed that some strange mistakes had given rise to suspicion about my motives; I should patiently have endured it as a necessary evil; as it is, I am obliged to come to another conclusion, which I shall not mention now, but which I hope to prove when I have an opportunity of claiming redress for the grievance I am now suffering.

There are laws and judges in this land; I have vainly demanded to be tried by them; my prayers are unheard,

or if heard, are mocked, and there only remains for me to claim the interference of the government of my country, and I request you would speedily transmit my case to it, should you feel unauthorized to take the necessary measures for my deliverance. I know that my claim will have an hundredfold the weight that my little individual importance would give it; the thousands of respectable citizens who contributed the charities, for the distribution of which I am arrested (for I know no other cause), will back it with their interest. And it may be that the matter will have to go thus far, for the hand which has held me eighteen days may continue its grasp eighteen months.

I remain, Sir, most respectfully,

Your friend,

SAM'L G. HOWE.

From the Prison of Berlin, March 21st, 1832.

P. S. I am in as good health and spirits as could be expected, somewhat bored, but nothing daunted by the granite walls and iron grating which hold me in "durance vile;" and though —

> "'Tis a weary life this, . . .
> Vaults overhead, and grates and bars around me,"

still, I can endure it for awhile, and I beg no reports may go home which would alarm my friends for my safety. I have gone unscathed through the hands of Turk and Tartar, and trust in time to be delivered from this people, who, though a bit suspicious, are nevertheless Christian and civilized.

Mr. Cooper can prove to you that there was nothing political in the charge I received.

I beg you to present my respects to your lady, and to believe me, most truly, Yours, S. G. H.

To Dr. John M. Fisher

My dear Fisher: — I should be perfectly miserable could I suppose that you should not have received the letter which I wrote you from Berlin previous to my leaving it, on the business it was my duty to be about, for what I supposed would be a six or ten days' affair, but which has, to my surprise, as well as my grief and indignation, led to my imprisonment. I say, I should be miserable, for in that case it might be supposed that I had engaged in some political intrigue; that I had neglected the duties of my mission, and got into prison through my own fault. I trust, however, that you did get that letter, which will explain how, acting upon the spirit of my engagement, I considered myself at liberty to make "some little digression from my route, at my own expense." And in leaving Berlin for Elbing, I thought of doing a deed only of charity and of humanity; which might, indeed, get me the ill-will of a government like that of Russia or Austria, but not of one so civilized and Christian as Prussia. I was free from all political connection, or design; and yet (do you believe it?) I cannot persuade them here that even my voyage to Europe had not a political object in view. They think that my examining the institutions for the blind in Germany was but a pretext to cover another intention; and acting up to this, and in the absence of any representative of our government here, they have dared imprison me, put me *au secret*, and have kept me here three weeks without even telling me of what I am *suspected*.

This will sound strange in your ears, — that in a country like Prussia, where laws and judges exist, a stranger should thus be shut up in a cell of a common prison; that he should not be permitted to see a soul, nor receive a line from a friend, nor an assurance that his friends know what has become of him. It is only within a day or two that I

have been permitted to write, and as my letters must pass under the eyes of those who have thus cruelly trampled on my rights, and the laws of justice, I must speak of my treatment in such qualified terms as my indignation will permit me, lest they should not permit my letters to pass. I'll be cool, then, and let you know where and how I am — snug enough, between four granite walls, in a wee bit cell, fast barred and bolted, and writing by the light which comes in from a little grated window, or air-hole, eight feet from the floor. I am kept in perfect seclusion; not a newspaper is allowed, to tell me how the world wags without, and not a sound disturbs my meditations, save the clang of the sentinel's heel, as he paces up and down the corridor.

But I keep a good heart, and recollect when I was shut up in a little castle in Candia,[1] with no food but biscuit, and the Moslem dogs whetting their sabres to dissect us when we should have eaten all our bread and been forced to come out. Even as I escaped then, shall I be again delivered from the Philistines who persecute me. As for food, I do not complain in that respect; plain food is no hardship for me; but though I had Very's or Beauvillier's bill of fare to choose from, still would I say:

> "Give me a morsel on the green sward rather,
> Coarse as you will the cooking; let the fresh spring
> Bubble beside my napkin, and the free birds,
> Twittering and chirping, hop from bough to bough
> To claim the crumbs I leave for perquisites;
> Your prison feasts I like not."

It is not this which torments me — it is the delay, it is the loss of time, it is the distracting thought that it may be supposed at home that I have neglected my duty. Let no conclusion be drawn till I am heard in my defence.

[1] In the attempt on Crete under Kallerges.

Were I free from any engagement, I would hold this imprisonment as a mere trifle. I would laugh at men who can thus punish me for doing what they must approve if they have a spark of humanity.

I went to carry comfort and consolation to the gallant relic of that army of heroes who fought so long and so gloriously in the purest cause man can draw sword for. They were abandoned by all the world, as they thought; they were suffering physically and morally; they were standing on the frontiers of Prussia, near to their own lost land, yet resisting every effort to induce them to enter it. I went in the name of thousands of my fellow citizens to clothe those who were naked, and to say to all that they had the sympathies and the hearty good wishes of America. I did this openly at midday, and for a reward I have the solitary cell of a common prison. I am put into the abode of murderous thieves and outlaws; yet, from the bottom of my cell, I can put my hand on my heart and say sincerely, I would not change situations with those who have thought it their duty to put me here. How long my imprisonment will last I know not, nor should the thought of that annoy me, were it not for my engagement in America — that is the thorn in my side. However, let me make the best of it; I could not have got home before the rising of Congress, we could not have done much without assistance from the different Legislatures, and the Trustees will be relieved from all expenses during the time I am not employed about their business. Besides, it may be that the Trustees granted the request which I addressed them from Paris, to have permission to quit their business long enough to visit the colony which I established in Greece. The colony, God bless it! Am I not a happy fellow (dear Fisher), hardly thirty, and a bachelor, to have two hundred children? — for all the

colonists call me *patera*, which in the vernacular means "father."

I say, in case the Trustees granted the request (though I always acted on the supposition that they would not), I shall be a happy fellow. I would cheerily support my misfortune, since they imagine the poor services I have rendered the unfortunate Poles are important enough to merit a long imprisonment. I will try to civilize the spiders in my cell, or find out whether there are any blind among the bedbugs; or perchance I can tame the mouse that nibbles my slipper. Poor fellow! he must fare hard here to come to that. I have, in my day, eaten jackass meat, but never tried the hide; nevertheless, with the aid of Papin's Digester — But a truce with joking. I am rambling from home to Greece, from Greece to Poland, and even into a Digester; you'll think me mad and not sad. But I have need to keep my spirits rattling about everything but the dark side of the prospect before me, which (I fear not to contemplate it, however) is that of long confinement, of hope deferred, of strength gradually wasting away from inaction, of health yielding to the attacks of anxiety and the influence of the foul, unwholesome air I breathe. But no! before that my country will make her voice heard; I trust she will not let the humblest of her citizens long suffer as unjustly and undeservedly as I do.

I say I can look on the very worst side of the picture without flinching, or feeling inclined to crouch or cringe, and beg forgiveness. No; I am proud of what I have done, I shall ever be so. Let not then my friends have any anxiety about my personal safety. I trust ere long to assure them and you of that in person, as also how truly I remain your friend,

SAMUEL G. HOWE.

P. S. I have got hold of some German works on the education of the blind. I did not know of their existence in France. I hope, if pen and paper are granted me here, to translate some good things. If by the next packet you hear not of my liberation, then do all that can be done for me. I trust our government will know how to redress the wrongs done its citizens.

My father's imprisonment actually lasted five weeks, but there is no knowing how much longer it might have been, had it not been for a most fortunate occurrence. On the evening of his return to Berlin, he met, on the way to his hotel, a countryman and acquaintance, Mr. Albert Brisbane; the two young Americans stopped to greet each other, and exchanged cards. The next day Mr. Brisbane went to the hotel the name of which was written on my father's card, and asked for Doctor Howe. To his amazement, he was told that no such person was there; that no American had been there at all. Whether this gentleman had any knowledge of my father's mission or not, does not appear, but he instantly suspected treachery, and his suspicions were confirmed by learning that the police had visited the hotel the night before. He wrote at once to Mr. Rives,[1] the American minister at Paris, who promptly investigated the case, and made requisition upon the Prussian government for "the person of an American citizen, unjustly detained." The Prussian Government stoutly denied any knowledge of such person or such detention. Mr. Rives as stoutly persisted, being strengthened in his conviction, I suppose, by the receipt of my father's letter to himself, though I am not sure of the date of its receipt. Finally the Prussian Government, hearing perhaps an ominous rustle of the Eagle's wings, decided that it did after all know something about the matter, and that it might be as well to let

[1] William Cabell Rives, a distinguished Virginian, afterwards Senator in Congress and editor of President Madison's papers.

the American go. The manner of his release is told in his second letter to Mr. Rives.

To W. C. Rives, Esq.

METZ, April 6th, 1832.

Mr. Rives.

DEAR SIR: — I am happy to be able to announce to you that I am safe upon the soil of France, and delivered from the hands of the Prussians. I attribute my liberation to your efforts, for I know of nothing else that could have effected a change in the disposition of those who so unjustly deprived me of my liberty. But though I have to thank you for the efforts you have made in my favour, I must request the continuance of them. The wrongs I suffered ceased not at the expiration of my imprisonment. On that day and for the first time the Minister of Police communicated to me the knowledge of my accusation; it was that I had persuaded the Polish soldiers to disobey the directions of the Prussian Government, and to refuse to reënter Poland; that for this I could be brought to trial, but that his Majesty *in his indulgence* had merely ordered me to be sent to France; that several of my papers — my memorandums and my passport — would be kept from me.

I protested strongly against this decision; I repelled the *indulgence* as an insult added to injustice. I requested to be brought to judgment, and not to be sent out of the country. I defied the minister or any one else to prove that I had in aught violated the laws of Prussia; I demanded my passport and my papers; and finally protested against the fresh outrage of sending me six hundred miles out of my route. If I must be sent out of Prussia, said I, let it be by the nearest frontier, and into Saxony, where my business calls me. This protestation was added to the *procès verbal* communicated by the minister, and sent back to him; he gave no other answer than that his first orders

were to be executed to the letter. I was then conducted to a post-wagon and, accompanied by two police officers, driven out of Berlin and toward France. My imprisonment had somewhat enfeebled me, and toward the evening of the second day the violent and unceasing motion began to render me quite ill; at Homburg, where they stopped for a few minutes, I became so sick as not to be able to hold up my head, and begged for God's sake that a physician might be called to give me an emetic. They called one indeed, an old fool or knave who instead of examining me gave to the officers a certificate of my being able to travel without endangering my life. And they hurried me into the miserable cart, where jolting over a rough by-road, I suffered the torments of the damned for two hours until a copious vomiting relieved my pains. They were followed however by a tormenting thirst; and will you believe me? I could not persuade them to get me a glass of water. My strength of constitution however enabled me to undergo the fatigue of the rest of the journey, which lasted six days, and during which I was subjected to a thousand vexations. I mention my sickness as a proof of the severity of the orders of the minister, for I do believe the officer in command to have been a man of some humanity, who was grieved at the conduct he felt obliged to observe. He was to hurry me day and night; to avoid the large cities; to prevent my speaking to any one; to refuse me rest *on any pretext;* and to imprison me in the nearest fortress and put me on bread and water *if I attempted to escape*. (Once, on the Hanoverian territories, I succeeded in shaking them off; they would have used violence, but finding me determined not to enter the wagon without a desperate struggle, they consented that I should appeal to the magistrates for the protection of England. These answered that they could not give it, even were I an Englishman; that though the

officers were acting under the orders of another state, they should second them with force if I refused to go on. Of course I yielded.)

Had he executed these orders to the letter, and had he not allowed me to rest, such was my state of health that he would have delivered me on the seventh day rather dead than alive, at the frontiers of France. This he saw. I say seven days; for observe, they did not come the direct road. On the frontier, my effects and a Prussian passport were delivered me, but the papers I have mentioned, and $40 of my money, were retained.

I claim, then, redress for such wrongs. I have been arrested and kept in close confinement a month, upon vague suspicion; I have been kicked out of the country as it were like a criminal, in spite of my reiterated demand to be judged by its laws; cruelty has been added to injustice, and insult to cruelty. I declare the Minister of Police of Prussia to have been wilfully the author of these injuries. I offered to make good my cause in the courts of Prussia, but it was refused me, and it only remains for me to seek redress of my country, and of my country I demand it.

I request, sir, that you will demand my papers; that you will endeavour to procure copies of all the documents in relation to my affairs — particularly the *procès verbal*, and the orders given by the minister to the head of the prison, — the decision of the king, etc., *with dates*.

As I have none but a Prussian passport, and that only to go to Paris, I beg you will cause one to be sent to me to Dijon as soon as possible, to enable me to go to Zurich in Switzerland, which it may be necessary for me to do unless I can engage the instructor of the blind at Dijon to go to the United States; at all events I shall need a passport. I shall endeavour to come to Paris for a few days, but as I

have lost so much time, I am by no means certain I shall succeed.

Sam'l G. Howe.

On Doctor Howe's return to Paris, his fellow countrymen then felt bound to explain his actions and their consequences to the world. The following paper was therefore drawn up by Mr. Cooper and Professor Morse, and signed by all the members of the American Polish Committee:

STATEMENT OF THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE IN PARIS

The moment of terminating its trust having arrived, the American Polish Committee believes itself bound to render an account of its organization and proceedings to that portion of their fellow citizens whose liberality was the cause of its existence.

The manner in which the contributions for the succour of the Poles was made is generally known. The money was remitted to General Lafayette, with the request that he would see it handed over to the Polish treasury, in the event of its being received in time to be of aid in the struggle; with an understanding that it was to be applied to the relief of the sufferers, should it be too late for the principal object. The first remittance having arrived in France after the fall of Warsaw, the money was necessarily devoted to its second destination. Had it reached him earlier the task of General Lafayette would have been limited to paying it over and receiving in return vouchers which he would have been able to show to all interested. But, under the circumstances, he found himself possessed of considerable sums, without any direct responsibility, and, we may add, charged with duties of a laborious and delicate character, which his other employments would scarcely

permit him to perform with sufficient fidelity. With his usual tact and judgment, he decided to appeal to the Americans at Paris for assistance.

The American Polish Committee was formed in obedience to the written requisition of General Lafayette. The Committee assumed the office of keeping the accounts, of investigating the merits of applicants for relief, of deciding on their reception, and of doing all things properly connected with the faithful discharge of a trust so sacred. As the members of the Committee felt, however, that they were unauthorized to act by those who had furnished the contributions, the resolutions of organization were so framed as to contain a clause which rendered it necessary to the validity of their acts to refer all their decisions to General Lafayette. Although the accounts were kept by the Committee through their Secretary, the money was deposited to the credit of General Lafayette, and was only drawn for use by his drafts. The Committee deems these explanations necessary to its own vindication in assuming powers with which it was not more regularly invested.

Dr. Samuel G. Howe, of Massachusetts, having been especially named in communications from America as commissioner to act in behalf of some of the contributors, and having been particularly designated in the requisitions of General Lafayette as one whom he would wish to see on the Committee, was appointed its Chairman. This choice was made, in addition to the considerations connected with the personal claims of the candidate, in deference to the wish of General Lafayette, and as furnishing the nearest approach that the case allowed, to what might be esteemed the selection of a respectable portion of the contributors at home. Several weeks elapsed after the regular organization of the Committee without an application for relief. This unexpected forbearance on the part of the emigrants

is to be ascribed to several causes. Few reached Paris, with the exception of those who were in possession of more or less means. The sympathies of the French were powerfully awakened, and the disposal of their succour, which was of magnificent amount, admitted of a more regular and continued system than it was believed would comport with the delicacy that strangers in the country were bound to observe; and we should do great injustice to the noble-minded men who are the victims of the unsuccessful effort to gain the independence of Poland, did we not add, that in several instances our offers were declined, gratefully it is true, but with a proud reliance on their personal efforts for support. At this moment, when we were periodically assembling without being able to effect much in behalf of those for whom the succour had been intended, it became apparent that it was the policy of the states adjoining Poland to force the refugees back into the power of their enemies. In addition to this, which of itself made a strong appeal to the sympathies of every just mind, we had reason to think that while our money was useless at Paris, it might relieve many brave men at a distance, who were actually suffering for the necessaries of life. In this view of the case it was decided to remit a portion of our funds to Germany.

It was an important consideration to find a suitable agent. Luckily, our Chairman was about to visit the North, in furtherance of the views which had brought him to Europe. He accepted the trust with a condition, that he was not bound to proceed further than was consistent with his other duties. With this understanding, a large portion of our funds were placed in his hands, and he left Paris clothed with this charitable mission in the month of January. A part of the money confided to Doctor Howe was distributed by that gentleman himself to different

Poles, and the remainder was left with confidential persons to be applied as he had directed. We are grieved to be compelled to say that while he was thus employed, Doctor Howe, who, it was understood, acted with the entire approbation of the Prussian local authorities, was peremptorily commanded to leave the part of Prussia where the Poles were quartered. He instantly obeyed, taking the road to Berlin. Here, it would appear, he was arrested, shut up in prison, and cut off from all communication with his countrymen. At the end of more than a month, he was sent through the intermediate states of Germany to France, being escorted the whole distance by Prussian gendarmes. We are told, it was pretended that Doctor Howe was engaged in a mission that produced an indisposition in the Polish soldiers to return to Poland, which was declared to be an offence against the laws of Prussia. It is unfortunate that the Prussian authorities did not find it convenient to vindicate themselves in the open and loyal manner in which all just acts may be vindicated, but that recourse was had to secrecy; and violent measures are calculated to throw distrust on the intentions of all who practise them. Doctor Howe says he remonstrated against the manner in which he was banished from Prussia, that he denied having violated any law, and that he repeatedly demanded a trial.

[Signed] J. Fenimore Cooper,
S. F. B. Morse,
July, 1832. *and other Americans.*

This statement was submitted to General Lafayette for approval and was returned by him with the following letter. Both papers were published together in the United States soon after my father's return thither in the autumn of 1832.

LAFAYETTE'S COMMENDATION OF DOCTOR HOWE

La Grange, July 28th, 1832.

My dear Sir: — The address from our American-Polish Committee to the people of the United States, and the special communication to the fellow citizens who have bestowed their confidence upon us, could not but meet my cordial approbation and sympathy. Conscious as we are to have done for the best in the execution of their philanthropic intentions, it must be also an object of patriotic gratification to think that their donations, at the same time they have relieved misfortune, highly interesting, have done great and extensive credit to the American character. For this happy result, I shall take every opportunity to say that we are chiefly owing to the manner in which Doctor Howe has acquitted himself of the mission entrusted to his care. While we are to thank him for the correctness of his conduct, and the enlightened zeal of his exertions, we find in those circumstances, and the other proceedings of the Committee, in concert with me, new motives to be proud of the part acted by American donators, and to cherish the hope of a continued interest of the people of the United States in behalf of heroic Poland, and her exiled sons, whenever occasion offers for its emancipation. I am happy in this opportunity to offer my personal acknowledgments to the Chairman, Secretary, and members of the Committee, who will ever find in me a grateful, affectionate fellow citizen and friend.

Lafayette.

Another letter of Lafayette's, written to my father in April of this year, 1832, is too interesting and characteristic to be omitted.

PARIS, April 16th, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR: — I have had the pleasure to receive at the same time your letter dated Metz, April 8th, and Dijon, the 12th. Mr. Cooper has also communicated his correspondence with you; so has Mr. Rives. I hasten to send an answer in the hope that it may still reach you at Dijon. One of your letters to me has been lost; so it would have fared with your first communication to the Minister had not a duplicate been sent through more safe Hands. Those were not the only opportunities we have had to hear of you. The grateful acknowledgments of the poles, their admiration of your conduct in their Behalf, the well-deserved reports of the Credit you have done by yourself to the Committee, and to the American name had already cheered our Hearts and gratified our patriotism when we were alarmed at the intelligence of your having become a state prisoner of the Russo-prussian Government. While the alarm was transmitted by your zealous countryman to Mr. Rives, I had a letter from Mr. Brellon (?) announcing the fact, and promising his best exertions to obtain your release. He commissioned his Colleague Young Perier (?), then in paris, to let me again hear of you and repeat his assurances, and by him we had the first information of your having Been set at comparative liberty, which he said was preferable to a delay, since his endeavours to rid you of the escort had been fruitless. So far for Mr. Brellon's Correspondence. The moment we heard of your captivity Mr. Rives called on the prussian minister at paris, and I had an interview with Baron de Humboldt, who appeared greatly mortified at what had happened. Yes, we have to complain that a citizen of the United States has been without any pretext imprisoned and secreted during four [five] weeks, sent under an escort not only to the frontiers of prussia, but through all the

States of Germany; nor is it the least shocking part of the outrage, that an Hanoverian Government dared not, on its own ground, put an end to the act of prussian piracy, exercised against you under the influence of Russia. It is the intention, and I warmly feel it is the duty of the American Committee in paris to offer you a vote of thanks for the manner in which our instructions have been understood and executed to the great Comfort of the Polish soldiers, to the Credit of the American Name, and to the gratification of every good Heart and sound Mind who cannot but admire the very important and salutary effect you have produced with limited means so happily trusted in your Hands.

The Gentlemen of the Committee who have not left paris shall meet at my house the day after to-morrow, when an official answer shall be sent to your communications; in the meanwhile there is no doubt but that your expenses are to be paid by the Committee.

M. Joly's inquiries have not reached me; I send at all events a letter to him. Enclosed you will also find what I have said lately in the House against the Alien Bill; perhaps will you think it advisable to translate it for the English and American papers.

Tell my young friends of Boston what has become of their two standards; how well they have shone in our polish public meetings, and with what care I keep them for better times. Tell them above all how eminently the choice of the Bearer has been justified by the Services he has rendered to the Cause and to the men of poland, so as to have obtained their first-rate Blessings on the American Name. I most heartily congratulate you on the pleasing remembrance that part of your youthful life cannot fail to leave through your carrier in the world, as it has been your well-deserved lot to produce a great and most gratifying

effect on the so very interesting situation of that heroic people.

Most affectionately and gratefully,

Your forever friend,

LAFAYETTE.

During all the time of my father's imprisonment he was obliged to pay the jailer for his board. Mr. Sanborn tells us that it was only through the favour of the jailer's daughter that he obtained writing-materials; and he adds, "Years afterward, when the King of Prussia gave him a gold medal for his philanthropic achievements in teaching the blind, Doctor Howe had the curiosity to weigh it, and found that its value, in money, was equal to the sum which he had paid the Prussian government for his prison board and lodging in 1832."

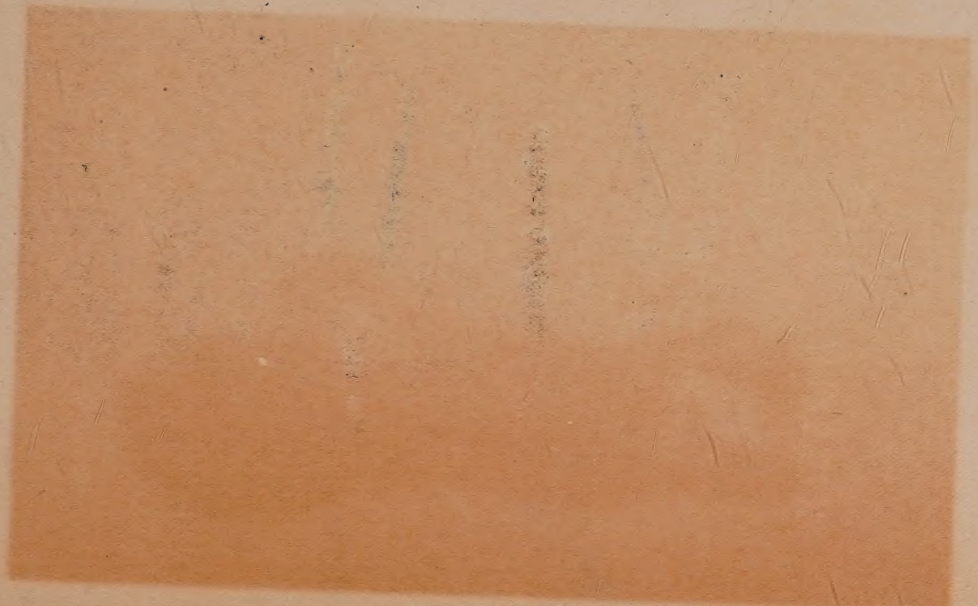
Eleven years after, in 1843, my father was in Europe again, and desired to visit Berlin with Horace Mann. The government, however, refused him permission, probably with feelings similar to those of his old college president, recorded on an earlier page. Mr. Mann went alone to Berlin and wrote thus to my father in London:

"It was not until our arrival here that we became fully aware of your situation. This we learned from Mr. Wheaton (the American minister), and it has been with the deepest regret that we have learned from him, day after day, that no answer has been received from the government in reply to his application for your admission. In the meantime I consider it a compliment, though an inconvenient one, to you. I understand the King of Prussia has about two hundred thousand men constantly under arms, and, if necessary, he can increase his force to two million. This shows the estimation in which he holds your single self; which, so far as the monarch of Prussia can confer honour

upon you, is highly honourable to you and creditable to your country. If he is so afraid of *one* American citizen, how much must he respect the whole country? But you are no common citizen, and probably you have occupied his thoughts more than General Jackson or John Tyler."[1]

[1] Mr. Tyler was then President of the United States, and ex-President Jackson was still living.

END OF VOLUME I.



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